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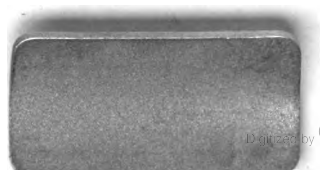
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Stories of old families

William Chambers

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STORIES
OF
OLD FAMILIES

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STORIES OF OLD FAMILIES

BY

W. CHAMBERS, LL.D.

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Mary Queen of Scots at Seton Palace

L.C

W. & R. CHAMBERS,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
1878.

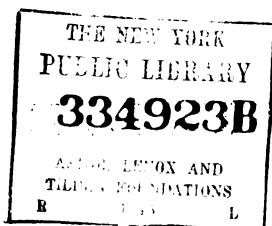
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STORIES OF OLD FAMILIES.

STORY OF THE SETONS.

AS young Roland Græme, guided by his conductor, Adam Woodcock, according to Scott's description in *The Abbot*, was wending his way down the High Street of Edinburgh, there suddenly occurred one of those deadly brawls incidental to the troubled reign of Mary Queen of Scots. Two noblemen of equal rank, and opposite parties, a Seton and a Leslie, met face to face. Neither would give way to right or left, and a fight with drawn swords was the consequence. Roland Græme, as an impetuous youth, takes part with Seton, who seemed to have the chance of being worsted. Shouting like the rest, 'A Seton, a Seton! Set on, Set on!' he thrust himself forward into the throng, and was happily the means of saving Lord Seton from serious bodily harm until the affray was calmed by magisterial interference. Going farther down the street, when the combat is over, Roland catches sight of the damsel,

Catherine Seton, whom he had previously seen, and in following her, reaches the town residence of Lord Seton, forming one of the gloomy quadrangles diverging from the ancient thoroughfare, the site of which is now occupied by Whiteford House.

We need not pursue the fiction, which, like all that has been written by Sir Walter, is founded not on the miserable rack of invention, as is now the case with ordinary novels, but on an intimate knowledge of national and family history, as well as on an acquaintance with human nature. He wished to introduce us to George, seventh Lord Seton, who made a distinguished figure in the reign of Queen Mary, and was noted as staunchly loyal to that unfortunate princess. Officially, Lord Seton was connected with the court. He occupied the position of grand-master of the household, in which capacity he had a picture painted of himself, with two lines in Latin, signifying, 'Patient in Adversity, Benevolent in Prosperity,' with the bold family motto, 'Hazard zet Fordward.' We are told that he declined to be promoted to an earldom, which was offered to him by Queen Mary. On refusing this dignity, the queen, who was an accomplished scholar, wrote certain lines in Latin and in French, which have thus been rendered in English :

Earl, duke, or king, be thou that list to be ;
Seton, thy lordship is enough for me.

The 'Catherine' Seton in the romance of Sir Walter is represented to have been an honorary attendant on Queen Mary, and to have followed her royal mistress to the islet prison in Lochleven. History and legend sanction the supposition. When Queen Mary, as a

child, was taken to France, she was accompanied by four girls, who acted as playmates, daughters of Scottish noblemen, all of the same age, and the same Christian name. They were usually styled 'the Four Maries.' Their surnames were Livingston, Fleming, Seton, and Beatoun. On returning to Scotland, and holding court at Holyrood, the queen still had her four 'Maries,' though with some change in person and even in name. For Livingston and Fleming were substituted Carmichael and Hamilton. That such a change had taken place among these young damsels, is sadly evident from the tragical ballad of *Marie Hamilton*, who, for the crime of infanticide, was about to suffer an ignominious death. The poor girl pathetically sings :

Yestreen, the Queen had four Maries ;
This nicht she 'll hae but three ;
There was Marie Seton and Marie Beatoun,
And Marie Carmichael and me.

The family of Seton, so made known to us, can be traced through a distinguished ancestry for more than seven hundred years. In the opinion of the late Mr John Riddell, the eminent peerage lawyer, the family, on account of its innumerable high connections and ramifications, may be considered the noblest in North Britain.

Philip de Setune,' third of the family on record, had a royal grant of lands in East and West Lothian in 1169, from which time the name, under the form of Seatoun, Seyton, Setton, or Seton, constantly occurs in the history of memorable events, and always in connection with acts of fidelity to the reigning monarch. On the family estate of Winchburgh arose their castle of Niddry, a massive feudal peel, now dismantled ; being the house in which

Queen Mary was indebted for a night's lodging on her escape from Lochleven. Another extensive property granted to the family in the twelfth century was that of Seton and Wintoun in East Lothian, on which were built Seton Palace and Wintoun House, which became their principal mansions, and by their residence here they are best remembered. The family, from an early date, was noted for the tallness of its members; the men being frequently above six feet in height, and the women also of lofty stature. A grand-looking race they must have been, in the old chivalric times, in their war panoply, but not more remarkable for tallness than their proud and dignified bearing. 'Tall and proud, like the Setons,' was at one time a proverbial saying in Scotland.

Till this day the Setons are noted for their stature. The family of Colonel Seton (descended from the fifth Baron of Cariston), who commanded the 88th Regiment at Badajos and Salamanca, and who was himself a tall man, are all considerably above the average height—his eldest son being six feet two inches, while the average height of five of *his* sons is nearly six feet four inches.* With the war-cry of Set on, Set on! and a sense of protection from St Bennet, the patron saint of the family, the Setons in old times rushed headlong like a troop of giants on the enemy, carrying all before them.

In Barbour's *History of Bruce*, and Blind Harry's metrical *History of Wallace*, we hear of one of these gigantic soldiers, Sir Christell or Christopher Seton, who was the companion-in-arms of Wallace and Bruce in the war of Scottish Independence. Sir Christell

* See Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (1870), p. 401.

gallantly rescued King Robert Bruce at Methven, and afterwards married the king's sister, Christian Bruce. Sir Christell, as we learn, wielded a two-handed sword, measuring four feet nine inches in entire length, and weighing seven and a half pounds. It still exists in the possession of George Seton, Esq., representative of the Setons of Cariston, whom we presume to be about the tallest of that very tall family.* With a sweep of this formidable weapon, Sir Christell is said to have done immense execution. His prowess was on one occasion unavailing as regards his personal security. He was taken prisoner by the English at Dumfries, and put to death, for adherence to the cause of Bruce, his brother-in-law, who erected a chapel to his memory. The patriotism of Sir Christell was emulated by his grandson, Sir Alexander Seton, who, in 1333, heroically held out the town of Berwick-on-Tweed against the forces of Edward III. It is related that he stood on the ramparts and witnessed the death of his two sons, rather than yield that 'key' of his country to the English. When things settled down in Scotland under a native

* The first of the Setons of Cariston was John, only brother of George, seventh Lord Seton, Queen Mary's faithful adherent; their half-sister being Mary Seton, the maid of honour, who was daughter of George, sixth Lord Seton, by his second wife. Mary Seton died unmarried at Rheims, and her heir-of-line is the present representative of the family of Cariston, as lineal descendant of her half-brother John. Since the beginning of the fifteenth century, *George* has been the prevailing Christian name in the Seton family, and was probably adopted in consequence of the union between John, second Lord Seton, and the daughter of George, tenth Earl of Dunbar and March, one of the most powerful nobles in Scotland. The son of the present representative of the Cariston branch is the fifteenth George in nearly direct lineal descent.

dynasty, the family was raised to the peerage in the person of William Seton, who was created Lord Seton towards the end of the fourteenth century. From this time, the family branches out wonderfully. From the first Lord Seton, there sprang the Earls of Huntly, Aboyne, Sutherland, Eglintoun, and the Dukes of Gordon; the ancestor of each of these Houses being a Seton, but changing his surname by marriage.* Numerous baronetcies are traceable to the Setons, including those of the families of Pitmedden, Abercorn, and Garleton, of which the first has made its mark in our legal as well as our military annals. The heroic conduct of Colonel Seton of the 74th Highlanders—a cadet of the Pitmedden branch—at the loss of the *Birkenhead* in 1852, will not soon be forgotten.

We have not space to record the incidents worthy of note in which this remarkable family historically figured. One circumstance, however, cannot be passed over. The disastrous field of Flodden (1513) proved fatal to the Lord Seton of the day. He left a widow, Janet, Lady Seton, a daughter of the Earl of Bothwell. She survived him for a period of nearly half a century, and was celebrated for her exalted and matronly conduct, which drew around her, at her residence at the Sciennes, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, many of the female members of her own and other noble families. This aged lady, whose husband perished at Flodden, must

* Catherine Seton, sister of George, second Lord Seton, married Sir Alan Stewart of Darnley, ancestor of the Earls of Lennox; while his son George, third Lord Seton, was the husband of Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter and heiress of John, Earl of Buchan, and Constable of France, son of the Regent Albany, and grandson of Robert II.

have lived to about the time when Mary arrived from France to hold court at Holyrood.

George, seventh Lord Seton, whose history we began with, attended Queen Mary to the battle of Langside (1568); there he did his best, and when all was lost, he retired to Flanders, where he lived for two years in exile, during which he was reduced to the necessity of driving a wagon for subsistence. Then came better times. He returned to Scotland, and resuming his paternal property, had himself painted in his wagoner's dress, in the act of driving a wagon with four horses, on the north end of a stately gallery in his mansion at Seton. A portrait of his lordship in the midst of his family is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as being to be seen in the fishing villa of Lord Somerville, near Melrose. By James VI. his eldest son was created Earl of Wintoun, while his fourth son, Alexander, the munificent builder of Fyvie and Pinkie, became Earl of Dunfermline, and Chancellor of Scotland. James, fourth and last Earl of Dunfermline, grandson of the chancellor, forfeited his title in 1690 for his participation in the battle of Killiecrankie. Tytler concludes his *History of Scotland* with a touching account of James VI. resting in the immediate neighbourhood of Seton Palace, on his way to take possession of the English crown in 1603, while the funeral of the first Earl of Wintoun was passing by. A younger son of the third Earl of Wintoun was created Viscount Kingston by Charles II., in 1650; and his son James, third Viscount, was attainted like his chief, in 1715, on account of his adherence to the Stuarts. A quaint and plucky letter from the first Viscount Kingston, while gallantly defending Tantallon Castle in February 1651,

will be found in the second volume of the interesting *Correspondence of the Earls of Ancrum and Lothian*, recently printed by the Marquis of Lothian. The present heir-of-line of the Kingston branch is Mr Hay of Dunse Castle. During the Commonwealth, the Seton family suffered fines and depressions; but again there was a revival, and matters were going on prosperously, when all at once everything was ruined—titles and estates blown to the winds—by the political escapade of the fifth Earl of Wintoun.

In this remarkable personage, the story of the Setons invokes a special interest. George, fifth Earl of Wintoun, possessed excellent abilities, but from his early years he displayed strange eccentricities of character. Some family misunderstandings caused him to leave home while a mere youth, and to spend several years in France, where he hired himself as bellows-blower in the workshop of a blacksmith. It was a queer whim; but such oddities occur in the aristocracy. A late Earl of Aberdeen, it will be recollected, sank his high rank and princely fortune, and became an obscure and toiling sailor in a merchant-vessel, in which position he was unhappily drowned. Young Seton was of this sort. His foible was a love of bellows-blowing, in which he excelled. It is a poor art, but requires tact, to blow slowly, firmly, and with regularity. With this overpowering fancy, the young nobleman did not disdain to take a hand at the hammer and file, and occasionally wielding these implements, under the instructions of the blacksmith, he worked with might and main, as if his means of existence depended on his physical exertions. We suspect that eccentricities of this kind may sometimes arise from the pleasure of baffling the

researches of perplexed, and almost heart-broken relations. The family at home, in their palace at Seton, mourned over the loss of George, and hearing nothing of him, gave him up as lost, vanished from the face of the earth. On the death of his father, the next heir, taking for granted that the young earl was dead, was proceeding to take possession of the inheritance, when he suddenly appeared, claimed, and made good his rights. It was afterwards ascertained that a confidential servant in the family kept him acquainted with what was taking place, and had sent him intelligence of his father's death.

The Seton family had always been noted for their loyalty, and their attachment to the old church, and though George, the fifth earl, had renounced the Romish faith, he inclined firmly to the political leanings of his ancestors. He was living peacefully at Seton Palace when the rebellion of 1715 broke out. Probably, he would in any circumstances have taken part in the insurrection, but his doing so was hastened if not absolutely caused, by a body of the Lothian militia, who forcibly entered and rifled his house, as alleged through private pique and revenge. The most sacred places, as he said, did not escape their fury and resentment. They broke into his chapel, defaced the monuments of his ancestors, desecrated their sepulchres, tore out the remains of the bodies, and treated them in a barbarous manner. This unprovoked brutality, which met with no check from the authorities, determined the earl to throw himself into the cause of the insurgents. It was from the first a hopeless adventure, and badly carried out. The Earl of Wintoun and other lords surrendered themselves as prisoners at

Preston, and were carried to London for trial on a charge of high treason.

The trial of the Earl of Wintoun took place at the bar of the House of Lords, and, with tedious formalities, lasted from the 15th to the 19th March 1716. His lordship pleaded not guilty, and in his defence urged certain extenuating circumstances, which were deemed unavailing. The principal witness against him was the Rev. Robert Patten, who, as a chaplain, had taken part in the insurrection, and lived to write its history. At the trial of the Earl of Wintoun, he cut a poor figure as king's evidence. It was clear from what he stated, that although the earl only took what might be called a mild part in the rebellion, the fact of being present with a drawn sword on several occasions when the 'Pretender' was proclaimed, was sufficient to prove his complicity in the affair. Being found guilty, he was condemned to return to the Tower, and thence taken to the place of execution, to be hanged, beheaded, and quartered. He was accordingly removed to an apartment in the Tower, with the prospect of having only a short time to live. The period of his confinement, however limited, was not spent in idleness. How, through the ingenuity of his wife, the Earl of Nithsdale was smuggled out of the Tower on the night previous to the morning assigned for his execution, will shortly be related in these pages. The Earl of Wintoun was equally fortunate in escaping his doom ; it was not, however, through female intervention, but by the mechanical skill which he had acquired while working as a blacksmith in France. Being secretly furnished with files and other instruments by a trusty servant, he sawed through the iron bars of his window, and dropping to the ground, managed to

make his escape to the continent. His titles, so far as concerned himself, and any issue he might have, were attained, his estates were forfeited to the crown, and there was practically an end of the ancient House of Seton. The earl died at Rome, December 19, 1749.

According to usual accounts, the earl had never been married, and the family in the direct line was extinct. An attempt was made to set aside the accepted belief on this point within our recollection. A young man named George Seton, who followed the profession of a saddler, at Bellingham, in the county of Northumberland, arrived in Edinburgh in 1825, and forthwith proceeded to have himself served heir-of-line to the noble family of Seton. At that time, the serving of heirs before bailies was rather a loose process, and led to some strange assumptions of dignity. George Seton, the saddler from Bellingham, succeeded in a process of this nature before the bailies of Canongate. The evidence he appears to have relied on was a traditional belief that George, fifth Earl of Wintoun, had been married, about the year 1710, to Margaret M'Klear, daughter of a physician in Edinburgh. Charles Seton, a son of this pair, was said to have been born in Northumberland; as evidence of which fact there was produced 'a certificate by Mr Thomas Gordon, minister at Bellingham, of the birth of Charles Seton, dated 11th June 1711.' The birth of Charles Seton was undeniable, but no proper proof was advanced that he was the son of the attained Earl of Wintoun. Growing up, he resided as a labourer at Dunterly, in the parish of Bellingham, and George, the claimant in question, was his lawful grandson.

From the evidence of witnesses, there were probable grounds for believing that George Seton was the great-

grandson of the unfortunate earl ; but the want of a certificate of the marriage with Margaret M'Klear settled the invalidity of the claim ; and it was reduced by the Court of Session. Had it been otherwise, we should have had to record a narrative as interesting as anything that has been related in the *Romance of the Peerage*. For some time after the forfeiture, the representation of the family continued in the knightly branch of Garleton, which ultimately became extinct in the male line. The present lineal representative of the baronets of Garleton is Mrs Mary Seton or Broadbent, formerly a milliner in London, who was acknowledged by Mr Riddell to be *heir-of-line* of the great House of Seton. Such are the mutations in family history. In 1840, the late Earl of Eglintoun, who deduced his descent from Robert, first Earl of Wintoun, was served heir-male general, and heir-male of provision to George, the fourth Earl of Wintoun, father of the attainted peer ; and in 1859 he was created Earl of Wintoun in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

The Setons were remarkable for their fine taste in architecture and gardening, of which they left numerous memorials, including Niddry, Fyvie, and Pinkie, already referred to. Their old baronial castle of Wintoun, built chiefly for defence in troublous times, was replaced in the early part of the seventeenth century by a mansion in the Elizabethan style, erected from designs by Inigo Jones, as a jointure-house for Lady Wintoun. This handsome structure, situated near Pencaitland in East Lothian, still exists, but disfigured by modern and tasteless additions. Seton Palace, also in East Lothian, was the ordinary residence of the family. It occupied a grand position on the coast of the Firth of Forth, and within a mile eastward of the field whereon was fought

the battle of Prestonpans. The Palace of Seton—and it deserved to be called so—was considered the most magnificent and elegantly furnished house in Scotland; its adornment of towers, pinnacles, and buttresses, its splendid apartments and its beautiful surroundings, all raising an emotion of regret that so much to make life pass agreeably had been sacrificed needlessly and thanklessly in the cause of (latterly) the most worthless of dynasties.

There is no end of traditions regarding the style that had been kept up at Seton Palace. It had been visited in royal progresses by Queen Mary, and she had also been entertained here by Lord Seton in 1567, on which occasion the queen and Bothwell amused themselves shooting at the butts, and won a match against Seton and Huntly (*see Vignette Frontispiece*). Seton Palace had also been visited by James VI., and by his son Charles I. An account of the masques and ceremonies on these occasions would fill a volume. But, besides the splendour of the palace, there was the solemn grandeur of Seton Chapel, situated in the immediate neighbourhood. All are things of the past! That wonderfully fine ecclesiastical structure is now a cheerless ruin; and by an act of Vandalism, the palace, with its magnificent galleries, was swept away towards the end of last century, by a person who, for a short time, was possessor of the property. In its place was erected a mansion of that plain meaningless character that would answer for a boarding-house or penitentiary. Seton House—the term ‘Palace’ being judiciously dropped—is now the property of the Earl of Wemyss. Damaged by the odious taste that predominated in the Georgian era, there is even now,

something to command respect in the environs. The gardens are still celebrated for the finest and earliest fruits of the season, and the stately elms in the park remind us that the works of Nature outlive the greatest efforts of genius.

Among the legends that float round this interesting domain, there is one relative to George, fifth Earl of Wintoun. Prior to departing on his ill-fated expedition, he is said to have buried a large quantity of plate and other valuables, with the assistance of a blacksmith in the neighbourhood, in whose fidelity he placed reliance. The recollection of this buried treasure haunted him in his weary exile on the continent, and he contrived to return to Scotland, in the hope of recovering what he had so carefully deposited. The search was fruitless, and he fled in despair. It was afterwards observed that the family of the blacksmith became opulent farmers in East Lothian.

STORY OF LADY JEAN GORDON.

IN telling the 'Story of the Setons,' it has been mentioned that a younger son of this ancient family adopted by marriage the surname of Gordon, and became progenitor of the dukes with that title. The person in question was Alexander Seton, who flourished at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and speedily rose to eminence. The Gordons originally belonged to the south of Scotland. The marriage of Alexander Seton with the heiress of the family led to a migration northwards. Under the surname of Seton-Gordon, Alexander got a grant of Strathbogie and other lands on the border of the Highlands, and his eldest son, also called Alexander, was created Earl of Huntly, with limitation to his heirs-male by his third wife. History speaks of the earl as an ambitious and rather troublesome person, often at feud, and, as a laird, not very scrupulous in 'brizzing yont,' which in plain English signifies pressing beyond the boundaries of your property, and forcibly taking possession of the lands of your neighbours—an inexpensive process of enlarging estates, not at all uncommon in old times. The Highland border was eminently adapted for carrying out such a cheap process

of acquisition ; for there were various broken clans—tribes who, having lost their chief, had nobody to guide or protect them, and so were easily dealt with, and could, in short, be robbed with impunity. It may even have happened, that the poor people who were treated in this unceremonious fashion were glad to be taken possession of by some masterful neighbour, in order to be protected from violence, and reinstated as members of a well-recognised clan.

With these facilities, the first Earl of Huntly ‘brizzed yont’ to some purpose. Enlarging his domains, he became so potent as to be appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom ; while in testimony of his power, which few dared to challenge, he was familiarly spoken of as the ‘Cock of the North.’ As another step in family aggrandisement, George, second Earl of Huntly, was married, in 1460, to Joanna, third daughter of that accomplished monarch, James I., king of Scots. There was a further expansion in the family fortune by the marriage of the second son of George with Elizabeth, the sister and sole inheritrix of the ninth Earl of Sutherland, whereby the surname of Gordon was introduced into that noble family (about 1512). In his stronghold, the castle of Strathbogie, the Earl of Huntly’s style of living was on a scale even beyond that of royalty. Passing on to the reign of Queen Mary, George, fourth Earl of Huntly, was so powerful and unscrupulous as to be a terror to the state. Enriched at the Reformation by the plunder of the cathedral church of Aberdeen, and affecting to be ill-used in relation to some of his acquisitions, he had the audacity to put himself at the head of a force, with a view to seize the queen and her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, when on a

royal progress in the north in 1562. In this instance, he went a step too far. A battle took place at Corrichie, some fifteen or sixteen miles from Aberdeen, and it was fatal to Huntly. He was killed, and his titles and estates were forfeited; while Sir John Gordon, his fourth son, was convicted of treason and beheaded. It gives one a curious idea of the times to know that, at the instance of Murray, the queen attended the public execution of the unhappy youth, notwithstanding that he had been a favourite at court, and humoured with the notion that he might aspire to be Mary's husband.

Here was seemingly an end to the Huntly family, so far as social position was concerned. George, the representative of the ruined House, was a wandering fugitive. By a strange turn in the wheel of fortune, he was restored to the honours of his family, and partially to the possession of the forfeited estates. The reasons for this change in affairs had something to do with the insecure position into which Mary was brought in relation to her more powerful subjects. She had married Darnley in July 1565, and was at feud with Murray and other discontented noblemen. Friends required to be raised up, and in desperation, Huntly was brought into requisition.

Lady Jean Gordon, who was destined to take an important part in the history of the period, now comes upon the scene. She was daughter of George, the fourth earl, and sister of the restored Huntly. Being only twenty-one years of age, she could be turned to advantage by marrying the Earl of Bothwell, in whom, from his dash and fearlessness, the queen had vivid expectations of support. Lady Jean had no particular

objection to the alliance ; but there was a far-off family connection, and, according to the customary usage, it would be necessary to procure a dispensation from the pope to allow the marriage to be validly performed. Why any such dispensation should have been thought of, is by no means intelligible. By the overturn at the Reformation settlement, the canon law and the old ecclesiastical system had been abolished. The business of the church courts had been transferred to lay commissaries, by whose successors, until this day, the forms of process connected with wills and probates are administered. Yet, from an inveteracy of feeling, and to save any chance of future challenge—for no one could tell how things might drift back to the old arrangements—it was customary, in cases of this kind, still to rely on the good offices of the dispossessed archbishops, and the assent of their superior the pope.

Right or wrong—absurd as it now seems to be—the dispensation was procured from the pope, through the agency of his legate, Archbishop John Hamilton of St Andrews, for the marriage of Lady Jean Gordon with Bothwell. The alliance accordingly took place ; and we should never have heard more about it, but for the marriage of Mary with Darnley. History informs us of that disastrous connection. Within the short space of two years, Rizzio was assassinated, Mary's son, James, was born, Darnley was murdered, and Mary was carried off and married by his murderer, Bothwell—a rapid succession of momentous events. What, however, of Lady Jean Gordon ? How did Bothwell contrive to shake himself clear of her, so as to marry another ? This was effected by a trick, regarding which, after an interval of three hundred years, we have only

now got at the truth. We may go back a little in the narrative.

Bothwell, according to all testimony, was an unprincipled spendthrift and scoundrel, and Mary's infatuated attachment to him seems to be one of the oddest things we read of out of the realms of romance. That she knew he had taken the chief part in ridding her of Darnley, is matter of historical dispute. Huntly, however, was largely concerned in the transaction. For the selfish reason of getting the entire family property restored, he became a participator in the murder. What throws a certain grotesque character over the horrible affair is, that the desolate building at the Kirk of Field in which Darnley was blown up, was pompously adorned with hangings, carpets, and other trappings, the plunder of the cathedral of Aberdeen, which had been carried off from the castle of Strathbogie after the fall of the Huntlies. All this splendid upholstery was blown into the air, at two o'clock in the morning of the 10th February 1567—the people of Edinburgh being roused from their slumbers by the terrific crash.

Whether Darnley was killed by the explosion or previously murdered, is not quite clear. His body, bearing marks of violence, was found under a tree in the adjoining garden. The house in which he lodged was inside and close to the old city wall, near the north corner of the present South Bridge Street and Drummond Street. A full account of the shocking event—with collateral circumstances, including the bringing of bags of gunpowder on horseback from Holyrood, and the buying of 'six halfpenny candles from Geordie Burns's wife in the Cowgate,' to give light during the operations—will be found in Burton's *History*

of Scotland, second edition, vol. iv.: a work to be commended for its copious details, accuracy, and erudition.

Huntly was not unrewarded for his share in this dreadful business. He was put in possession of a large portion of the old domains of his family. In some sense, this was an act of gratitude for favours to come. It was expected that the earl would win over his sister, Lady Jean, to the scheme of a divorce from Bothwell.

The exact nature of Bothwell's propinquity to the Huntly family is nowhere satisfactorily explained. According to one authority, Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly, became by marriage Countess of Bothwell, and from her, in regular succession by three removes, was descended James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell. This, however, does not agree with the account given in the generally accurate *Peerage* of Sir Robert Douglas. All we can really understand is, that Bothwell was related to the Huntly family by several removes—a degree of consanguinity which would, in the present day, be no barrier to intermarriage. Bothwell was born about the year 1535, and succeeded his father in 1556. Though turbulent and profligate in his habits, and plain, if not repulsive in features, he artfully managed to have honours heaped upon him, as if morally and physically he had been a paragon of excellence. He was created Lord High Admiral of Scotland, sole Warden of the Scottish Marches, Governor of the castles of Dunbar and Edinburgh, and received extensive grants of lands in East Lothian and elsewhere. His marriage with Lady Jean Gordon gave him another lift onwards, for her ancestor, George, second Earl of Huntly, as has

been told, married a daughter of James I. ; and thus by birth and alliance he claimed connection with the royal family. As regards the dispensation for his marriage with Lady Jean, it has been long a subject of grave dispute. Some historians have averred that there was no such dispensation ; some have had doubts on the point ; while others, though on obscure grounds, have maintained that the dispensation was validly executed. A mysterious question is now happily solved.

Doubts are now at an end. Dr John Stuart, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, while engaged in examining documents in the charter-room at Dunrobin, for the Historical Manuscripts Commission, had the good-fortune to bring to light the original Dispensation for the marriage of James, Earl of Bothwell, with Lady Jean Gordon. In the volume published under the title of *A Lost Chapter in the History of Mary Queen of Scots Recovered*, Dr Stuart presents a fac-simile of the dispensation. It is an instrument in Latin, issued by Archbishop John Hamilton of St Andrews, as legate of the Holy See, and is dated February 17, 1566. In the same volume is given a copy of the contract of the marriage. Among the parties who by their signatures assent to the alliance, are the queen, who signs as 'Marie R. ;' and Dame Elizabeth Keith, Countess of Huntly. This honourable lady was so illiterate as not to be able to sign her name—a very common imperfection among ladies of rank in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To her ladyship's signature are appended the words : 'With my hand led on the pen be the lorde bischope of galloway.' Another of the signatures is that of George Lord Seton, who was the friend and counsellor of Queen Mary, and who sacrificed

everything in her cause. The great interest of the queen in the affair is attested by her gift of a wedding-dress to the bride, consisting of 'cloth of silver, lined with taffeta.' She also bequeathed to her a 'coiff, garnished with rubies, pearls, and garnets.'

The marriage of Bothwell with Lady Jean took place in the Canongate Church on the 24th February 1566. Now commences the second act in the drama. Bothwell, after the murder of Darnley, February 10, 1567, wished to have Mary for a wife; but, to effect this object, means must be found to dissolve his marriage with Lady Jean. This lady had been so grossly maltreated, that there was abundant cause for procuring a divorce; but another reason, likely to be more effectual, was resorted to. It was no less than that the marriage betwixt Lady Jean and Bothwell had been effected without a dispensation, and was invalid, according to the canon law; that, legally, there had been no marriage at all. How Lady Jean, with the instrument of dispensation in her possession, should have lent herself to this deception, is only explicable by two facts—her desire to be rid of Bothwell, and a wish to conciliate the queen, with a view to promote the interests of her brother, the Earl of Huntly. But still more extraordinary is the behaviour of Archbishop John Hamilton. He had granted the dispensation on the 17th February 1566. Bothwell's application to him for a declaration of nullity of the marriage, on the ground that there had been no dispensation, was initiated on the 17th April 1567; and on the 7th of May following, the archbishop pronounced his sentence, 'that the marriage was radically null, in respect that the parties were related to each other within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity,

and consequently were debarred from lawful marriage without a previous dispensation having been obtained.' Historical literature, we imagine, can scarcely produce a more scandalous instance of conniving with fraud. For John Hamilton, titular Archbishop of St Andrews, there can be no excuse. He must henceforth be stigmatised as a wilful perverter of justice and time-server, a disgrace to his profession. But for political or selfish ends, there was duplicity throughout. Lady Jean's brother, the Earl of Huntly, was a consenting party to the annulling of the marriage, and thereafter he took a prominent part in a meeting of nobles to recommend Bothwell as a suitable husband for Mary.

While the matter of the divorce was in hand, the queen, April 21, 1567, went to Stirling to visit her infant son. On her return, she was intercepted by Bothwell, with a body of horse, on the way to Edinburgh, and carried by him to the castle of Dunbar, where she was detained upwards of a week. Instead of taking offence at this outrage, Mary, on the score of his eminent services to the state, gave a step in the peerage to Bothwell, by creating him Duke of Orkney. Her ill-starred marriage with this worthless personage took place on May 15, 1567, little more than three months after the murder of Darnley. What ensues belongs to history. Shocked with Mary's conduct, the people rose in insurrection. With Bothwell, she first sought refuge in Borthwick Castle. That being an insecure stronghold, they retreated to the castle of Dunbar. Thence, Mary adjourned to Seton Palace, while Bothwell tried to raise a defensive force. In the shelter of this grand old mansion, as referred to in the 'Story of the Setons,' one of the amusements provided for the queen

was 'shooting arrows at the butts.' Then came the termination of her regal career. At Carberry Hill, on June 17, she surrendered herself to a confederated force, and, 'with tears and kisses,' bade farewell to her evil genius, Bothwell. She never saw him more. Their relationship as husband and wife lasted only a month and two days—a troubled honeymoon, ending in despair and anguish. We need not follow her to her island prison, her flight to England, the cruel treatment she experienced from Queen Elizabeth, and the tragical conclusion of her life at Fotheringay, February 8, 1587. We may pity and deplore Mary's sad fate, without extenuating her errors.

Let us now turn to Lady Jean Gordon. Retaining the title of Countess of Bothwell, and endowed with a jointure from the Bothwell estates, she lived for a time in a suburb to the south of Edinburgh—probably the Sciennes, then a resort for retired persons of quality. Afterwards she went to reside with her brother, the Earl of Huntly, at his castle of Strathbogie. There she met Alexander, eleventh Earl of Sutherland, who, like herself, was by descent a Seton; her intimacy with him ripened into affection; and the pair were married in 1573. At this time, Bothwell was still living; but he died not long afterwards. Stripped of honours and estates, consigned to infamy, he was suddenly plunged into the condition of a homeless and reckless desperado. A moral retribution had at length overtaken one of the worst men of whom we have any record in history. Having ruined the fortunes of the young and hapless Mary Stuart, he was, by a just Nemesis, ruined himself. He betook himself to the profession of a pirate, in which he was captured by Norwegians, and he died mad in

confinement, about 1576. It is not stated that Lady Jean regretted his decease. To Dunrobin, where she resided with her second husband, the Earl of Sutherland, she carried the dispensation which has been so much the subject of controversy. Deposited among the family archives, there it lay unknown to any one until lately discovered by Dr Stuart, who, by its publication, has done a material service to history.

Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, died while still a young man, at Dunrobin, in 1594, leaving his countess, Lady Jean, with a family to engage her motherly attention. One of her sons was Sir Robert Gordon, the historian of the House of Sutherland. To enable herself, as she said, to conduct with advantage the extensive estates for the benefit of her children, she took for third husband Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, who had been previously married to Mary Beaton, one of the queen's 'four Maries.' In the excuse offered by Lady Jean for entering into this fresh matrimonial engagement she can hardly be considered to have done herself justice. She was what would now be called 'a strong-minded woman,' with good business qualities. Douglas speaks of her as 'a woman of great prudence.' During the last illness of the Earl of Sutherland, she managed all the affairs of the family; and such was her energy and enterprise, that she caused coal to be dug for, and established a manufactory of salt, at Brora. The opening of a coal-pit at the spot had been previously attempted, but relinquished.

Lady Jean's union with the Laird of Boyne lasted only a few years. At his decease, she remained permanently a widow. Till her death, she continued to take an active share in the management of the Sutherland

estates. Dr Stuart embellishes his book with a portrait of this remarkable woman, which seems to have been executed when she was advanced in years, and resembles the sober countenance of an aged nun. Till the last, she preserved the dispensation which had allied her to Bothwell, and it continues at Dunrobin among the carefully preserved muniments of the Sutherland family. Lady Jean lived till her eighty-fourth year. She quietly drew out existence till the reign of Charles I., and died in May 1629.

How much it is to be regretted that, with her wonderful power of observation, Lady Jean did not write a diary of her experiences from the reign of Mary till the rise of the troubles which issued in the Commonwealth ! For all this, she was competent ; but possibly she was too much engrossed in family affairs to think of writing down an account of passing events. In 1615, she had to mourn the loss of her eldest son, John, twelfth Earl of Sutherland. At his decease, he left a son, from whom, in direct descent, sprang William, the seventeenth earl, who was destined to be the last of the family in the male (or Seton) line. His lordship had two children, daughters, Catherine and Elizabeth. An unlucky event deprived him of the elder when she was about a year and a half old. One day, after dinner, on coming into the drawing-room at Dunrobin, he, by way of frolic, held up the infant above his head, and, sad to say, let her accidentally fall, by which she received injuries from which she shortly died. In distress of mind at being the cause of his child's death, his lordship became ill, languished, and died at Bath in June 1766. From fatigue in having attended him on his deathbed, day and night for three weeks, the countess,

his widow, also died. Both were laid in one grave in the abbey church of Holyrood—a sacrifice to affection, and an acute sense of duty, pathetically commemorated in lines by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto :

for ne'er did wedded love
To one sad grave consign a lovelier pair,
Of manners gentler, or of purer heart !

There now only survived the orphan child, Elizabeth, who was born at Leven Lodge, near Edinburgh, in May 1765, and was only a few months old when the heritage of the Sutherland family devolved upon her, which, unhappily, became matter of contest. Her right to succeed was litigated by two male relatives; but after various proceedings, lasting over five years, Elizabeth's title was sustained, as springing in a clearly traced line from the first Earl of Sutherland, 1275, and that, on a previous occasion, a female had unchallenged inherited the titles and estates. Popularly, the decision was deemed a triumph, and extraordinary rejoicings took place in consequence.

The prudence, foresight, and vigour of character of Lady Jean Gordon were inherited by the young Countess Elizabeth. In 1779, she patriotically raised a regiment of a thousand men; and in 1793, raised another regiment of fencibles, which is now known as the 93d Sutherland Highlanders. At the court of George III., the Countess Elizabeth, for her beauty and fine figure, was justly considered to be a distinguished ornament. With her many estimable qualities, titles, and princely domain, her marriage could not but be brilliant. In 1785, the countess was married to George Granville Leveson Gower, Marquis of Stafford; he was

also heir of his uncle, Francis, the famed Duke of Bridgewater. The marquis was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833; after which date, the Countess Elizabeth was generally styled the Duchess-Countess. She died in 1839.

To some, it may seem strange that we should extend the story of Lady Jean beyond the period of her varied existence. But in the institutions of Great Britain, a family with extensive possessions, and of historical note stretching over centuries, is a species of corporation identifying the past with the present, and calculated to be of use in imparting a certain solidity and permanence to the fabric of society. Is it not interesting to know, that the present Duke of Sutherland, noted for his public spirit and extraordinary desire to effect improvements on his property, traces his descent from Lady Jean Gordon, whose extraordinary history, in connection with Queen Mary, Darnley, Rizzio, Huntly, and Bothwell, we have very faintly delineated?

Below - Gordon - Lewis - Gowea (Gowenlock)

STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

THE Maxwells, in days bygone, were the most powerful family in the western part of the Scottish Border. One of them, Lord John Maxwell, was a bold and audacious man, overbearing and unruly, and for a time was the torment of the whole south of Scotland. His successors were less marked in character. If they were more peaceful, it was perhaps because the scope for feudal broils and political confusion had been vastly diminished by the union of the crowns. Robert, eighth Lord Maxwell, was created Earl of Nithsdale in 1620. Attached to the Stewart dynasty, they were steady royalists, for which predilection they suffered forfeiture of title and estates in the person of William, the fifth earl. This young nobleman, having proceeded to St Germain to do homage to James II., there fell in love with Lady Winifred Herbert, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Powis. His devoted affection met with a favourable response. The two were married in 1699; the young earl carrying away his bride to his mansion of Terregles, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

Settling down at this fair scene—noted for its fine gardens—the Countess of Nithsdale had a family of five children, three of whom died in infancy, leaving a son, Lord William Maxwell, and a daughter, Lady Anne. With these surviving children she was living peacefully, expecting no overturn in affairs, when the madly conceived and badly conducted rebellion of 1715 broke out under the Earl of Mar. Lord Nithsdale joined the insurgents; and was taken prisoner at Preston, along with Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, Nairn, Charles Murray, and many other persons of note, all of whom were forthwith conveyed to London. They were introduced into the city in a kind of triumphal procession, which was much less dishonourable to the unfortunate sufferers, than to the mean minds who pandered to the passions of the mob by planning such an ignoble triumph. When the prisoners had reached Barnet, they were all pinioned with cords like the vilest criminals. At Highgate they were met by a strong detachment of horse-grenadiers and foot-guards—halters were put upon their horses, and each man's horse was led by a private soldier, and their ears were stunned by the drums of their escort beating a triumphal march, and by the shouts of the multitude, who loaded them with every kind of scurrilous abuse and insult. In this manner they were led through the streets of the city, and divided among the four principal prisons, the noblemen being secured in the Tower.

They were not long suffered to remain in uncertainty regarding their fate. On the 9th February 1716, they were tried by the House of Lords on a charge of armed rebellion. They could only plead guilty, and throw themselves on the royal clemency. They were

condemned to death, and their execution as traitors was appointed to take place on Tower Hill on Wednesday the 24th of the month. In compliance with an opinion expressed by the House of Lords, the king commuted the punishment so far as concerned Carnwath and Widdrington. As regards Lords Derwentwater, Kenmure, and Nithsdale, the law was left to take its course.

During the insurrection, the Countess of Nithsdale remained quietly with her two children at Terregles; but on learning that her husband had surrendered, and was a prisoner, she resolved, at whatever risk, to join him. The season was the dead of winter, travelling was difficult, an infant daughter had to be taken charge of, and some family papers were to be secured. In the exigency, the countess buried the papers in a corner of the gardens, and committed her child to the care of her sister-in-law. This lady, known in her young days as Lady Mary Maxwell, was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Nithsdale, and had married Charles, fourth Earl of Traquair. Having made such arrangements as were possible in the circumstances, the Countess of Nithsdale set out on horseback, attended by her faithful maid, Cecilia Evans. Thus she travelled as far as York, where she procured a seat in the stage-coach, and was obliged to leave Evans to continue the journey on horseback. After all, the coach was of little use. On arriving at Grantham, it could get no farther on account of a snow-storm. The countess, writing from Stamford to Lady Traquair, says: 'The snow is so deep it is impossible it [the coach] should stir without some change of weather; upon which I have again hired horses, and shall go the rest of the journey on horseback to London, though the snow is so deep that our

horses yesterday were in several places almost buried in it. . . . To-morrow, I shall set forward again. Such a journey, I believe, was scarce ever made, considering the weather, by a woman. But an earnest desire compasses a great deal with God's help. If I meet my dear Lord Will, and am so happy as to be able to serve him, I shall think all my trouble well repaid. . . . I think myself fortunate in having complied with your kind desire of leaving my little girl with you. Had I her with me, she would have been in her grave by this time, with the excessive cold.'

Animated by an heroic ardour and self-devotion, the countess endured a degree of suffering to which many succumbed; she at length reached London in safety, but so overcome with fatigue and exposure, that she lay several days in bed. Her first endeavour was to procure admittance to the Tower; and this, after some difficulty, and under certain restrictions, she obtained. It was a joyful, but also a melancholy meeting with her husband. Only a few days were to elapse before the execution, and if not saved by an interposition of the royal authority, the fate of the earl was to all appearance sealed. The countess, of course, spared no pains in making an appeal for mercy. She went to St James's Palace, and had an interview with the king, to whom on bended knee she presented her petition. Not much to the credit of George I., he turned from her, while in an agony of feeling she clung to the skirts of his coat, and on her knees was dragged along a passage, until she fell back fainting. It was a miserable scene. The petition dropped to the ground in the struggle, and was unavailing.

The attempt was discouraging, but hope had not

altogether vanished. There were certain proceedings in the House of Lords which offered a chance of the sentence being remitted. The conclusion at which the House arrived was practically this : that the king should exercise the prerogative of mercy only to those who would voluntarily give such information as would be serviceable to the government. In short, pardon was to be granted to none but informers. Hopes could no longer be entertained. Lord Nithsdale would disdain to be an informer. His lady could not wish him to be so, even to save his life. There was now nothing left to evade the execution save an attempt at escape. Pondering on all the circumstances, the heroic countess could fall on no plan likely to be more successful than that of smuggling the earl out of the Tower in women's clothes. It was an ingeniously conceived project, and entered upon with, till then, a matchless degree of skill and resolution. There was little time to lose. In two days the execution was to take place.

Resolved to carry out her plan, the countess, as a first step, rushed to the Tower, and, referring to the proceedings in the House of Lords, gaily remarked to the soldiers on guard that there were good news, and that the sentence on the prisoners would soon be remitted. She further gave them money to drink the health of the king and the peers. Her object was to put them in good-humour and lessen their vigilance, and she did so without raising any suspicions of a trick being contemplated. The earl was judiciously kept in ignorance regarding the scheme devised for his escape ; much, as the countess thought, depending on the perfect secrecy with which it should be carried out. Besides, from all we can learn, Lord Nithsdale was not particularly

brilliant nor reserved in character, and we might say that he presented the far from unusual instance of a somewhat dull and selfish husband united to a clever and wholly unselfish wife. That a very high sense of duty and affection animated the countess in this extraordinary effort, cannot be doubted. Until our own times, when Madame Lavalette resorted successfully to the scheme of effecting her husband's escape from execution, there was no case at all to compare with the wifely devotedness of the Countess of Nithsdale.

The manner in which she accomplished her object has, in a general way, long been known. It is only now, however, that we learn the particulars in all their minute fidelity from the *Book of Caerlaverock*, a work in two large quarto volumes, printed for private circulation, consisting of a collection of family papers, edited by W. Fraser, an eminent Scottish antiquary and genealogist. Among the mass of letters contained in this remarkable work, is one written by Lady Nithsdale to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, detailing the circumstances of the escape, and for the first time copied without any attempt at smoothing asperities of language. What we have now to say, therefore, is very much a condensation of this interesting document, which is still happily preserved in the library at Terregles.

In her enterprise, the countess did not trust entirely to herself. She found it expedient to seek the assistance of Mrs Mills, at whose house she lodged, and also Mrs Morgan, a friend of her maid, Evans. On the morning before the intended execution, she said to Mrs Mills, confidentially: 'Finding now there is no further room for hope of my lord's pardon, nor longer time than this night, I am resolved to endeavour his escape.

I have provided all that is requisite for it, and I hope you will not refuse to come along with me to the end that he may pass for you. Nay, more, I must beg you will come immediately, because we are full late.' Thus besought, and having no time for consideration, or for raising objections to the scheme, she consented to render the assistance required of her ; a sense of pity overcoming any apprehension in being concerned in aiding the escape of a convicted traitor. So much being settled, the countess turned to Mrs Morgan, and requested her to put under her own riding-hood another which she had provided. All these now stepped into a coach Evans had brought to the door. They drove to the Tower, and fearing that her two companions might retract, the countess took care to keep up an incessant talk until they arrived at their destination.

Having got within the Tower, the coach was dismissed, and the critical part of the drama commenced. As only one person could be allowed to accompany her on her visit, the countess left Mrs Mills in the vestibule, and took Mrs Morgan up-stairs to the earl's apartment, talking to her, in a tone to be overheard, as to the probability of a pardon being granted, on presenting a petition which she had with her. When within the chamber, Mrs Morgan divested herself of the spare hood, and was dismissed with the request : ' Pray, do me the kindness to send my maid to me that I may be dressed, else I shall be too late with my petition.' Mrs Mills, who represented the maid, speedily entered the room, holding, as previously arranged, a handkerchief to her face, as if to conceal her tears ; by which manœuvre the guards did not see her countenance. Now took place a rapid but ingeniously executed

transformation. There being no time for the earl to have his long beard shaved off, it was daubed over with some white paint, the cheeks were tinged with rouge, and some yellow colouring put on his dark eyebrows. He also tried on Mrs Mills's riding-hood, or more properly cloak, which on going out would effectually shroud his person. It was no part of the countess's design to leave Mrs Mills in the apartment, after the departure of the earl, for she could not tell what might be the vengeance of the government on finding that the prisoner had escaped. She now, therefore, dismissed Mrs Mills, speaking to her so loudly as to be heard by the guards in the ante-room: 'Dear Mrs Catherine, I must beg you to go in all haste and look for my woman, for she certainly does not know what o'clock it is, and has forgot the petition I am to give, which, should I miss, is irreparable, having but this one night; let her make all haste she can possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody within hearing, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to be full of compassion; and the sentinel officiously opened the door.

'When I had seen Mrs Mills out,' proceeds the countess in her narrative, 'I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. When I had given the last touches to his disguise, dressing him in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out, leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I: "My dear

Mrs Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present: I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down-stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs, I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. Evans and Mr Mills having found a place of security, they conducted my lord to it.

'In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up-stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for that night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles, that

I saw no other remedy than to go in person ; that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night ; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower, and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down-stairs, and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped ; but that I did not know where he was.

‘Having discharged the coach, I went in a sedan-chair to the house of the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses, and to whom I confided the joyful intelligence of his lordship’s escape. When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. I learned that his lordship was in the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house, and I went thither. The woman had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and

Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came, and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his Excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach-and-six was to go down to Dover, to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been fleeing for their lives; little thinking it to be really the case. Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him; which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master.

'For my part, I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury Lane, where I remained till I was assured of my lord's safe arrival on the continent. With regard to myself, it was decided by government, that if I remained concealed, no further search should be made; but that if I appeared either in England or Scotland, I should be secured. But that was not sufficient for me, unless I could submit to expose my son to beggary.' The countess concludes her interesting relation by mentioning that she went to Scotland to secure the family papers, and having effected this object, she returned to London, and made a strong appeal on her own and her son's behalf to George I. This

petition was treated with indignity ; and she was advised by her friends to leave the kingdom. The countess accordingly went abroad, and joined her exiled husband at Lille.

Until the appearance of the *Book of Caerlaverock*, little was known of the career of the countess after her brilliant exploit. It is now learned from her letters, that she suffered much and thanklessly for a husband who was undeserving of her. He was, in fact, a senseless spendthrift, recklessly squandering his slender means, even to the extent of depriving his wife of the comforts which were unquestionably her due. Yet she speaks modestly of what she endured on his account, and of what was equally painful, the want of sympathy from the court of St Germain, for the sake of which the Nithsdale family had been ruined. Writing to Lady Traquair from Paris in 1717, she speaks of the failure of an application to procure from court some appointment for the earl. 'My next business,' she adds, 'was to see what I could get to live on, that we might take our resolutions where to go accordingly. But all I could get was a hundred livres [four pounds sterling] a month to maintain me in everything—meat, drink, fire, candle, washing, clothes, lodging, servants' wages ; in fine, all manner of necessaries. My husband has two hundred livres a month, but considering his way of managing, it was impossible to live upon it. . . . For let me do what I will, he cannot be brought to submit to live according to what he has ; and when I endeavoured to persuade him to keep in compass, he attributed my advice to my grudging him everything, which stopped my mouth, since I am very sure that I would [give] my heart's blood if it could do him any service. . . . It

was neither in gaming, company, nor much drinking, that it was spent, but in having the nicest of meat and wine; and all the service I could do was to see he was not cheated in buying it. . . . I having no hopes of getting anything out of England, am forced to go to the place where my son is, to endeavour to live, the child and me, upon what I told you. All my satisfaction is, that at least my husband has twice as much to maintain himself as I have, so I hope when he sees there is no resource, as, indeed, there is not, having sold all, even to the necessary little plate I took so much pains to bring over, he will live accordingly, which will be some comfort to me, though I have the mortification to be from him, which, after we met again, I hoped never to have separated; but God's will be done, and I submit to this cross, as many others I have had in this world.'

By way of attempting to mend his circumstances, the earl went to the court of the Chevalier at Urbino. Here, he received so poor a welcome, and encountered so many mortifications, that he had reason to regret what he had endured for the cause of the Stewarts. Meanwhile, his wife, in her lonely desertedness, was experiencing the sharpest privations of poverty, and but for kindly succour from Lady Traquair, would have been reduced to absolute want. As for the earl, he inconsiderately borrowed money he could not hope to repay, and drew bills on Lord Traquair, trusting merely to his lordship's generosity for their acceptance. Skirmishing with difficulties, the Countess of Nithsdale had something consolatory in the marriage of her daughter, Lady Anne, with Lord Bellew, an Irish nobleman, in 1731. About the same period, her son John, Lord Maxwell, was married to his cousin, Lady

Catherine Stuart, daughter of Lord and Lady Traquair. Another agreeable event was in store. Lord Maxwell successfully established his claim in virtue of an entail to Terregles and the other family estates, notwithstanding his father's forfeiture. At the death of the earl, which took place at Rome in 1744, he entered fully into possession of the property. In his recovered prosperity, Lord Maxwell did not forget his mother. He persuaded her to accept an annuity of two hundred pounds ; and we have a striking proof of her unselfishness in the fact, that during her life she set apart a hundred a year to pay her husband's debts. This noble-minded woman died in 1749—her memory being embalmed in the brightest annals of female heroism and devotedness.

The Maxwells never recovered the title of Earl of Nithsdale, and the family in the direct line became extinct.

STORY OF LADY GRISELL BAILLIE.

AMONG that small band of faithful contenders for civil and religious liberty in the reign of Charles II., there were two Scotsmen, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, and Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, who were quite as memorable as those eminent sufferers in the same cause, Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. Polwarth is a small parish near the centre of Berwickshire, deriving some note from its village, ordinarily known as Polwarth-on-the-green—the village being a scattered collection of dwellings in a green or common, on the centre of which once grew a thorn-tree, celebrated in song and local tradition. Sir Patrick Hume succeeded his father as laird of the estate of Polwarth in 1648, while still a mere child, and was indebted to his excellent mother, a pious lady, for the better part of his early education. The dwelling-place of the family was Redbraes Castle, about two miles from the parish church of Polwarth. In due time, Sir Patrick was married, and had a large family—as many as eighteen children, the eldest of whom was a daughter, Grisell, born on Christmas-day 1665.

It need scarcely be told that at this time Scotland

was in a ferment on account of certain severe measures adopted by the ruling authorities against nonconformists, who declined to take the 'test,' and murmured at the arbitrary orders of the court and privy-council. In 1673, when Sir Patrick sat as a member of the Scottish parliament, he was bold enough to oppose the despotic propositions of Lauderdale, and was henceforth denounced as a person dangerous to the state. Two years later, having remonstrated against the measure for establishing garrisons to keep down the people, he was committed to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and subsequently sent to Stirling Castle, in which he suffered six months' imprisonment. He was liberated by the intercession of friends, but not long afterwards was again confined, and altogether suffered imprisonment for about two years. Finding that the Scottish ministers of state were bent on his destruction, he went for a time to England, and had some friendly intercourse with the Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Russell.

Returning to his home at Redbraes, Sir Patrick hoped to escape notice, but things were now worse than ever. The persecution of the Covenanters was at its height. On the 22d of June 1679, was fought the battle of Bothwell Brig, at which the insurgents suffered severe loss; twelve hundred of them being taken prisoners, were driven to Edinburgh, and confined in a pen like cattle, till their numbers were thinned by public execution or banishment. Claverhouse traversed the disturbed parts of the country with a troop of dragoons trying people by military law, and slaying without mercy, or, at the least, capturing persons of note, and sending them to Edinburgh for trial by the justiciary court and privy-council. We only glance at a state of things

which brought disgrace on the Stewart dynasty, and helped materially towards its expulsion. Perhaps Charles II. was not to blame personally for the inhumanities inflicted in his name ; but, by his indifference or weakness, his Scottish ministers—a set of despicable time-servers—were allowed to do pretty much as they liked, and in their caprice or hostility no man was safe. While Sir Patrick Hume was almost in daily expectation of being seized as a suspected person, we turn for a moment to his friend, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, who was less fortunate in maintaining a state of immunity.

Special attention had two or three years previously been drawn to Baillie by a somewhat curious circumstance. His brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr Kirkton, a nonconformist minister, was one day civilly accosted in the High Street of Edinburgh by a man named Carstairs, who expressed a desire to speak to him in private. Suspecting no evil, he followed the stranger to a mean-looking house, which he no sooner entered than the door was shut and locked upon him, his captor hurrying off in quest of a warrant to place him in confinement. Carstairs was a spy, and to gain a reward as an informer on what he presumed to be a suspected recusant, he had resorted to this manœuvre. The cries made by Kirkton brought people to the door, and at his request Baillie, who happened to be in town, was brought to his succour. Carstairs returned, as he said, with a warrant, but he refused to shew it ; whereupon a desperate struggle took place, in which he was worsted, and Kirkton got away with his friend. The end of the affair was that Baillie was subjected to a fine, and branded as a favourer of conventicles. This was but the beginning

of ruination. Being charged with conspiracy to raise rebellion, and for concern in the Rye-house Plot, with which, if it had any reality, he was no way connected, he was imprisoned, and fined in the heavy sum of six thousand pounds, being nearly the value of his whole estates.

A — At this time Grisell Hume was about seventeen years of age. Well educated, according to the notion of the period, she was also accomplished in household work, (such as spinning wool and flax to be woven into webs for domestic use; and likewise skilled in matters connected with the dairy. Her mother, Lady Hume, being, unfortunately, in a weak state of health, the management of the family was assigned to her, and cleverly she acquitted herself. Young as she was, her father took her into counsel respecting public affairs, and the perils with which he was surrounded. On two occasions, she was despatched on a mission to Baillie of Jerviswood while he was confined in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. The journey was full of danger, for the country swarmed with detachments of soldiers, charged to examine travellers, and discover who they were and what were their designs. Grisell carried no papers; the messages transmitted to and fro were verbal, and required a good memory, as well as tact in concealing them from the inquiry of strangers. The journey from Redbraes to Edinburgh was at least fifty miles, and performed on horseback, could not, considering the badness of the roads and the necessity for making a circuit to avoid towns, be performed in less than from two to three days.

In these hazardous excursions, she was sometimes put to considerable straits to avoid being stopped and

questioned. In one of her journeys, she took the road by way of Earlstoun, and there learned that the passes northwards were strongly guarded. In her extremity, she was succoured by a party of gipsies, to one of whom, a female named Jean Gordon, she had done an act of kindness. Taking her under their guidance, the party led her by obscure byways to Lowrie's Den, a small and lonely hostel on the top of Soutra Hill, where, disguised in gipsy garments, she was accommodated in an out-house for the night; and next morning she was escorted safely on her way into Mid-Lothian. The scenes she encountered on reaching Edinburgh were sufficiently appalling. Executions were of daily occurrence, and the ports of the ancient city bristled with the heads of so-called traitors. How she managed to gain access to that grim old Tolbooth is not related. Probably it was through the interest of some friends or relatives of Mr Baillie. At all events, she was allowed on each occasion to have a private interview with that unfortunate gentleman in the loathsome small apartment in which he was confined, in the east or criminal division of the prison. There she delivered the messages from her father, and received verbal communications in reply. At one, or it might have been at both interviews, Grisell met and conversed with George Baillie, younger of Jerviswood, eldest son of the prisoner. He was over two years her senior. A community of danger and fears led to mutual regard and attachment. At present, thoughts of marriage were out of the question. The feelings of both were centred in the condition of their respective fathers. Grisell's last visit to the Tolbooth was necessarily hurried. She had to hasten home, in consequence of increasing apprehensions as to her father's safety.

Not long afterwards, the fate of Baillie of Jerviswood was sealed. On the 23d of December 1684, he was brought before the High Court of Justiciary. He was now so weak as to be obliged to appear at the bar in the dishabille of his dressing-gown, and frequently to take cordials, which were supplied to him by his sister. He solemnly denied having been accessory to any conspiracy against the king's life, or of being unfavourably disposed to monarchical government. The only evidence brought against him were confessions extorted by the torture of the 'thumbikens'—an instrument which, working like a vice, crushed the thumbs, and produced the most excruciating agony. On such imperfect and untrustworthy evidence, he was, on the morning of the succeeding day, declared to be guilty, and sentenced to be executed that afternoon at the Cross of Edinburgh; his body to be dismembered, and portions to be exhibited on the prisons of four different towns. The iniquitous sentence was carried out accordingly. With extraordinary composure, in a pious frame of mind, he ascended the scaffold leaning on the arm of his sister (Mrs Ker of Graden), and protesting his innocence, meekly submitted himself to the executioner.

Thus was ignominiously put to death Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, a man of sterling worth and abilities, and who has been commemorated as the Scottish Sidney. By the forfeiture of his estates his family were completely ruined. His son George, like many others at the time, took refuge in Holland. Our interest is now transferred to the unhappy family at Redbraes. For some weeks, Sir Patrick Hume had gone into hiding. The place selected for his concealment was the old sepulchral vault of the family, underneath the parish church at

Polwarth, which, as has been said, is about two miles from Redbraes Castle. Besides Lady Hume and Grisell, only one person was let into the secret of his hiding-place. This was Jamie Winter, a carpenter, who lived a mile off, and used to do odd jobs of work about the house. On the fidelity of Jamie they thought they could depend, and were not disappointed. By the assistance of this man they got a mattress and bed-clothes, a small table and chair, and some other articles, carried during the night to the vault. In the daytime, the vault was lighted only by a small slit in the wall at one end, through which nobody could see what was below. Here Sir Patrick lived part of the autumn of 1684, without fire, and surrounded by the mouldering remains of his ancestors and other ghastly objects. Though infirm in health, he was enabled to endure the privations of this dreary hiding-place, by the strength of his mind, and the affectionate ministrations of his daughter Grisell. For warmth he wore a Kil-marnock night-cap. His chief mental solacement consisted in perusing Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms, a book which, during his dismal solitude, he learned to repeat from memory. It seems that, when sitting one night at table reading this favourite work, by the light of a small and carefully shrouded lamp, his eye happened to stray towards a skull which lay near his feet. To his surprise, the skull moved. He was at first disturbed in mind by this strange circumstance; but soon recovered his composure. In a short time the motion became too strong to be doubtful. Sir Patrick had the courage to turn over the skull with his cane, when a mouse jumped from the interior, and afforded an explanation of the phenomenon. He used to tell this

story in after-life, to shew that people should not be alarmed at things which may appear supernatural.

His daughter Grisell must have possessed a degree of fortitude not inferior to his own. She went every night, alone, at midnight, along a dreary road, to carry him victuals and drink ; always staying with him as long as she could, getting home before day. Though possessing some dread in crossing the churchyard in the dark, stumbling over graves, her only real apprehension was the fear of soldiers and parties in search of her father. In these excursions the least noise was alarming. There was another cause of anxiety. This was the difficulty of getting victuals to carry off without arousing the suspicions of the servants. A diverting incident has been related. Her father liked sheep's head. One day, at dinner, this favourite dish appeared at table. While the children were supping their broth, Grisell had the dexterity to convey the greater part of the head into her lap. When her brother Sandy had finished his broth, he looked up with astonishment, and said : ' Mother, will ye look at Grisell ; while we have been supping our broth, she has eaten up nearly the whole sheep's head ! ' This occasioned so much mirth amongst them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired that Sandy should have a share of the next.

The damp and gloomy vault became at length unendurable as a habitation, and a new expedient was adopted. With the aid of Jamie Winter, a hole was excavated in the lower floor of the family residence, and filled up with a box to contain a bed, which was concealed under the boards. To this place of concealment, Sir Patrick was brought, and by means of

air-holes in the floor, he could contrive to live and breathe. It proved a vain effort. One day, after heavy rains, the bed was full of water, and had to be given up. At this juncture, a carrier arrived from Edinburgh, bringing the news of Baillie of Jerviswood's barbarous execution. As all intercourse by letters was dangerous, this was the first notice they had of the melancholy event. It was now seen that Sir Patrick Hume should, if at all possible, make his escape from the country. Grisell worked night and day, making clothes in which he would be disguised. When all was ready for departure, he set out early in the morning on horseback, attended by John Allan, his grieve, or farm-overseer, in whom confidence could be placed. The party had proceeded a considerable distance on their way, when Sir Patrick, falling into a reverie, parted company with his attendant, and did not discover the mistake till he found himself close to the Tweed. This, however, was a fortunate misadventure, for soon after his parting with Allan, a company of soldiers that had been in search of him at Redbraes, and followed, in expectation of overtaking him, came up, and would inevitably have discovered and seized him, if he had not been on another track. On learning what had happened, he dismissed his attendant, and, leaving the main-road, reached London through by-ways. During the journey, he represented himself as a surgeon, a character he could have supported effectually; for he carried a case of lancets, and was acquainted with their use. From London he found his way to France, and thence, after a short stay, passed by way of Brussels to Holland. He had an audience of the Prince of Orange, who treated him with particular respect. His estates in

Scotland being forfeited, the family were almost reduced to destitution. By pawning some plate, and procuring pecuniary assistance from friends in England, they were able to get to Holland, where all resided, though suffering great straits, until the Revolution.

What followed belongs to history. Sir Patrick Hume made a distinguished figure in the new government of William and Mary. His attainder was reversed by parliament, and, as a testimony of his virtues and sufferings, he was created a peer by the title of Lord Polwarth. In 1696, he was promoted to be Earl of Marchmont. This illustrious patriot died in 1724. He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Alexander—the Sandy—of the anecdote about the sheep's head—who, having previously married the daughter and heiress of Campbell of Cessnock, added Campbell to the family surname. The Marchmont peerage became extinct through the failure of male heirs in 1793. The claim to be Baron Polwarth was allowed by parliament, in 1835, to Hugh Scott of Harden, whose father had married Lady Diana Hume Campbell, daughter of Hugh, third Earl of Marchmont.

We now have to speak of the fortunes of the heroic Grisell. Returning to England with the Princess of Orange, she got an offer of being one of her maids of honour, but this she declined, and chose going to Scotland with the rest of the family. The attachment between her and George Baillie was not made known until the reversal of the forfeiture of the Jerviswood estate, when there being no longer a necessity for keeping the matter a secret, the two by general assent were married. She had now, in virtue of her father's earldom, the title of 'lady,' and becomes known as

Lady Grisell Baillie of Jerviswood. She is stated to have had a peculiarly happy married life, and to have been most exemplary in all the duties of her station. She had two daughters, Grisell and Rachel. The former was married to Mr Murray, afterwards Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope; the latter, to Charles Lord Binning, eldest son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington, from whom are descended the present families of Haddington and of Baillie of Jerviswood. The heroine of our story, if it can be called so, died in London in 1746, having outlived George Baillie eight years. Her last expressed wish was to be buried beside him at Mellerstain, and, with characteristic forethought, she left for this purpose a purse of money in her cabinet. Her daughter, Lady Murray, who has written her Memoirs, was unfortunate in her marriage, though we do not learn the particulars. Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope dying without issue, was succeeded by his nephew, Sir David Murray, who, for his concern in the rebellion of 1745, was condemned to death; but, as an act of royal clemency, his life was spared, and he went into banishment. The Stanhope estates were, however, forfeited and sold. As regards Lady Grisell Baillie, her memory has been preserved not alone by her heroism in early life. Possessing no mean poetic talent, she is embraced in the list of songstresses of Scotland, her best known piece being the ballad, *Werena my heart licht, I wad dee*, which, original and amusing, is found in most of the popular collections.

STORY OF GRISELL COCHRANE.

THE Cochranes are an old family in Scotland. They rose to distinction in the fifteenth century, and have always been remarkable for courage and ingenuity. Sir William Cochrane was elevated to the peerage as Baron Cochrane in 1647, and advanced to the dignity of Earl of Dundonald in 1669. His grandson was Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, who, along with Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, was concerned in the political troubles which, in the reign of James II., brought ruin on the Stewart dynasty. While Hume was so fortunate as to escape abroad, Cochrane was taken prisoner in the rising under the Earl of Argyll, and, being conducted to Edinburgh, was ignominiously lodged in the Tolbooth, on the 3d July 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and, as a matter of course, he was condemned to death.

Sir John Cochrane was married, and had a family of several sons, and at least one daughter, Grisell. This young lady, who was about eighteen years of age, emulated in courage and resources Grisell Hume, whose story, under her married name of Lady Grisell Baillie, has been told in the preceding pages. Living at the same

period, it is not unlikely that they were acquainted with each other. In their heroic efforts, there was, at all events, a remarkable similarity, for each exerted herself in no ordinary manner to save the life of her father.

While lying under sentence of death in that gloomy Tolbooth, Sir John Cochrane was permitted to see members of his family. Afraid, however, of implicating his son's, he forbade them to visit him until they could take a last farewell on the night previous to his execution. His daughter, however, was allowed to come as often and stay with him as long as she pleased. The chief subject of their conversation was an appeal made to the king for mercy. Although several friends interested themselves in trying to procure a remission of the sentence, there were no sanguine expectations that they would be successful. As the time wore on, Grisell's fears increased in intensity; and, without explaining herself to any one, she resolved to make a bold attempt to postpone her father's fate, if not to save him. A short time before the death-warrant was expected by the privy-council in Edinburgh, she mentioned to her father that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting some hazardous project in his favour, he warned her against any rash enterprise. Her answer was brief and emphatic: 'I am a Cochrane;' and so tenderly bidding him adieu, she departed to perform as extraordinary an exploit as ever fell to the lot of a young and daring female.

Next morning, long ere the inhabitants were astir, Grisell was some miles on her road to the Borders. She had attired herself as a young serving-woman,

journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother. So equipped and well mounted, she on the second day reached in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, she revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolution. In pursuance of this design, she had brought with her a brace of small pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle; and now borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight-made lad, fitted her reasonably well.

At that period, all those appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in less than twelve hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the places at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was

a small public-house kept by a widow, on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours' repose before proceeding farther on his journey. In pursuance of the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.

Having put her horse into the stable—which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little public-house, from its mistress having no hostler—she entered the only apartment which the house afforded, and demanded some refreshment. 'Sit down at the end of that table,' said the old woman, 'for the best I have to give you is there already; and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as you can, for there's ane asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb.' Miss Cochrane promised fairly; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water.

'What!' said the old dame, as she handed it to her, 'ye are a water-drinker, are ye? It's but an ill custom for a change-house.'

'I am aware of that,' replied her guest, 'and therefore, when in a public-house, always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take.'

'Indeed—well, that is but just,' responded the dame; 'and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct.'

'Is the well where you get this water near at hand?'

said the young lady; 'for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather tepid, it shall be considered in the reckoning.'

'It is a good bit off,' said the woman; 'but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil-discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But, for any sake, take care and don't meddle with these pistols,' she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, 'for they are loaded, and I am always terrified for them.'

Saying this, she disappeared; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her, had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut than she passed, with trembling eagerness, and a cautious but rapid step, across the floor to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping, in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the integument which contained what she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the shaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap! A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her that, if she obtained possession of this treasure, it must be in some other way; and again closing the door of the bed, she approached the pistols, and having taken them one by one from the holsters, she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which having secreted, she returned them to their cases, and resumed her seat

at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man's awaking during her recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water; and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady's content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and mounting her horse, she set off at a trot in a different direction from that in which she had arrived.

Making a circuit of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high-road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father's deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loading replaced, in which case it was more than likely that her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude, notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage; and it was with perfect coolness that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong thick-set fellow, with a good-humoured countenance, which did not seem to Miss Cochrane, as she

looked anxiously upon it, to savour much of hardy daring. He rode with the mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters (for there were two), one containing the letters direct from London; and the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road. After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were nearly half-way between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She therefore rode nearly close to her companion, and said, in a tone of determination: 'Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail-bags of yours, and I must have them; therefore, take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed; I carry firearms; and moreover, am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood,' she continued, pointing to one at the distance of about a mile, with an accent and air meant to carry intimidation. 'Again I say, take my advice; give me the bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come.'

There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement. 'If,' said he, as soon as he found his tongue, 'you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But if,' he said, taking one of his pistols from the holster, and turning its muzzle towards her, 'you are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter, I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad,

you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit-stall would befit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout man such as I am upon his highway. Be thankful, however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sheer off before you provoke me to fire.'

'Nay,' said his young antagonist, 'I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are; but if you will not be persuaded, what can I do? For I have told you a truth—that mail I must and will have. So now choose,' she continued, as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.

'Nay, then, your blood be on your own head,' said the fellow, as he raised his hand and fired his pistol, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing the weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant, and fired with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment, the man sprang from his horse, and made an attempt to seize her; but, by an adroit use of her spurs, she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile, his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting towards it, caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunder-struck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed, and on turning to look at the man she had robbed, had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had

taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.

Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange horse to a tree, out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appended locks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government despatches, which were unerringly pointed out to her by their address to the Council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These, however, it may readily be supposed, she did not then stop to examine: she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.

The intrepid girl now mounted her steed, and rode off, leaving all the private papers where she had found them, imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long, from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and thus reach their proper places of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse, where, having committed to the flames not only the fragments of the dreaded warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grisell Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse, and directed her flight towards Edinburgh, and, by avoiding as much

as possible the high-road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.

It must now suffice to say, that the time gained by the heroic act related above was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favourite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which on this occasion filled the heart of his courageous and devoted daughter, we cannot speak in adequate terms; and it is perhaps best, at anyrate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader. The state of the times was not such for several years as to make it prudent that her adventure should be publicly known; but after the Revolution, when the country was at length relieved from persecution and danger, and every man was at liberty to speak of the trials he had undergone, and the expedients by which he had mastered them, her heroism was neither unknown nor unapproved. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr Ker of Morriston, in the county of Berwick; and there can be little doubt that she proved equally affectionate and amiable as a wife, as she had already been dutiful and devoted as a daughter. Sir John Cochrane succeeded as second Earl of Dundonald.

The foregoing storiette, which we have condensed mainly from an historical tradition by the late Dr R. Chambers, may possibly suggest, as in the case of Lady Grisell Baillie, that young ladies in the seventeenth century must have excelled those of the nineteenth

in heroic ardour. We doubt not, however, that under the pressure of circumstances, there are many young females of the present day, who, though tenderly nurtured, would be animated by a heroism in facing danger quite equal to that shewn by their predecessors centuries ago.

STORY OF THE KEITHS.

And I'll be Lady Keith again,
The day our king comes ower the water.

SUCH are a couple of lines in a characteristic Jacobite ballad which Lady Keith is supposed to hopefully sing on the possible restoration of the dynasty that would replace her family in their ancient dignity and possessions. Attainder for accession to the rebellion of 1715 had ruined everything. The eldest son of a widowed mother, a youth of great promise, had forfeited patrimonial title and estates, and the only other son had been dragged into the general ruin. From affluence, the mother was reduced to obscurity, but sitting in her 'wee croo house,' spinning with the rock and reel, and sore at heart, she still derived some consolation that the cause her family had espoused might, after all, triumph, and that she and her sons would be restored to their original position. The ballad purports to have been composed by Lady Keith herself; but it is more probably the composition of James Hogg, in whose collection it first appeared; its very beauty as a pathetic effusion suggesting its authorship. The plaintive air to which it is set resembles that of *The Boyne*

Water. We propose to say something of the Keiths, and the domains of which they were dispossessed.

In sailing northwards along the coast of Kincardineshire, at a point where the land projects boldly into the German Ocean, a few miles before arriving at the thriving town of Stonehaven, we come in front of a dilapidated fortress, roofless and deserted, occupying the broad summit of a rocky eminence, and more like the ruins of a town, than a dismantled feudal stronghold. Such is Dunnottar Castle, a place famed in history, an old inheritance of the Keiths, and now only a resort for the screaming sea-mews which hover wildly about the cliffs. Like many other families of distinction in Scotland, the Keiths came into notice through military achievements. First, we hear of a Sir Robert Keith, for an exploit of this kind, being appointed hereditary Grand Marischal of Scotland; and in 1458, his descendant, Sir William Keith, was created Earl Marischal and Lord Keith. By-and-by, the originally small possessions of the family were swelled out to a magnificent scale, by marriage; the bulk of the property being situated in Kincardine, Aberdeen, Banff, and some other northern counties. At the close of the seventeenth century, the family, with its headquarters at Dunnottar, was at the height of its glory. George, the fifth earl, taking a deep interest in the advancement of learning in the north, founded Marischal College, Aberdeen, 1593, and munificently endowed it as a university. This fact, which stands finely and uniquely out in the annals of the Scottish peerage, has, as may be supposed, permanently hallowed the fame of the Keiths Earls Marischal. As an accessible centre of learning, the Marischal College (now merged in the University of Aberdeen) has amply

realised the wishes of its founder, and remains a diffusive blessing in the northern part of the kingdom.

The Keith Earl Marischal who flourished in the reign of Queen Anne, appears to have somewhat impaired the fortunes of the family by his magnificent style of living, and to have done his reputation little good by obstinately, and, as he thought, patriotically, protesting against the Act of Union. Despite his remonstrances, this salutary measure was carried, and henceforth he sinks into obscurity and dies, leaving a widow, Countess Keith, the songstress of the ballad, and two sons, George and James. There is some reason to think, that the misfortune into which the young men were plunged was in no small degree owing to their mother's uncompromising Jacobite proclivities. Of high birth, she had high notions of loyalty to the Stewarts, whose mad pranks in the person of James II. had forfeited the crown, never more to be recovered. The son of that infatuated monarch, the titular James III., dreamt, however, of regaining the lost inheritance, and made an attempt to do so in 1715; so adding one more act of folly to a long catalogue of family blunders. Such was the rebellion got up under the Earl of Mar, and into which the countess enthusiastically thrust her two sons; the eldest, George Earl Marischal, being at the time only twenty-two years of age. At the battle of Sheriffmuir, the two brothers had each the command of a squadron. Rather tardily, James arrived from France, and tried to revive the drooping hopes of his party, by marching southwards from Peterhead, taking with him Earl Marischal, who rode on his left hand in entering Dundee. As history tells, it was altogether an ill-managed affair. James was

glad to quit the country. His adherents were scattered; Earl Marischal and his brother fled to the continent; the title and estates were forfeited. The countess, a primary cause of the family ruination, remained in Scotland in some comparatively obscure way—'sad and sabbing,' but with as undaunted a spirit as ever. If there be any truth in the ballad, it was fortunate she could console herself with a song for the loss of an earldom; but this was a species of consolation to which the Jacobites of all ranks had a special aptitude. We leave her singing in her 'wee croo house,' to follow the fortunes of her two sons.

It would be difficult to say which of the exiled Keiths possessed the nobler nature or the sounder understanding. They had been well educated, and, but for the unfortunate political escapade, would have been distinguished ornaments of society in their native country. To Britain they were lost. The terrible reverse they had undergone transformed them into foreigners. We hear of them as playing an important rôle in France, Spain, Germany, Russia, growing gray in the service of one country or other, admired and honoured for their ability and uprightness. Never was there a reproach on the Keiths. In England, there were regrets that men so estimable had by circumstances been wafted so egregiously out of their proper sphere.

In telling the story of the two brothers, we must at times speak of them separately; for they did not remain together, and it happened that George, the elder, was the survivor. Arriving in Paris, in May 1716, their prospects were sufficiently dreary. James, who wrote a fragment of his autobiography, says that, for a time

he lived by 'selling horse-furniture, and other things of that nature which an officer commonly carries with him; and though I had relations enough in Paris who could have supplied me, and who would have done it with pleasure, yet I was then either so bashful, or so vain, that I would not own the want I was in.' In this semi-destitute condition, the two brothers were induced to go to Spain, and take part in a fresh expedition to recover the British crown for the Stewarts. This was the ill-fated attempt of 1719. Landing at Stornoway, and crossing to Loch Duich in the mainland, the party were signally defeated at Glen-shiel; the Spanish troops concerned in the affair being taken prisoners of war. With some difficulty and hair-breadth escapes, the two Keiths got safely back to the continent. For some years, James led a wandering life, dependent on the good offices of friends. As a soldier of fortune, and anxious for employment, he offered his services to Russia, and they were gladly accepted. This was about the year 1730, when Russia was making great efforts to improve and consolidate her naval and military system. As a brave and skilful general, Keith was appreciated for his services. But the business of encroaching on Polish and other nationalities was distasteful to his sense of justice, and after more than ten years of active military duty, he was fain to quit the Russian service, and in 1747 entered that of Frederick the Great, of Prussia. General James Keith was now in his proper element. By Frederick he was engaged in various important enterprises, and at length was raised to the dignity of Field-marshal. The career of Marshal Keith was of no long duration. In the 'Seven Years' War, he performed brilliant acts of daring.

Ordered to maintain a particular position, he was killed by a cannon-shot at the battle of Hochkirchen in 1758.

The career of the elder brother, who is uniformly spoken of as Earl Marischal, was of a more peaceful character. He was engaged in various diplomatic missions, and esteemed for his urbanity and excellent business management. Though not relinquishing his original political bias, he declined to take any part in the insurrection of 1745. Perhaps he was aware, from what he knew, and what he saw behind the scenes in France, that the affair was hopeless; and it proved so. Like his brother, attaching himself to Frederick the Great, he was employed by him as ambassador to the court of France, and afterwards appointed governor of the canton of Neuchatel in Switzerland. Settling down in a rural mansion at Colombier—still shewn to English tourists—he became acquainted with Rousseau, who was pleased with his sedate and simple manners; and a friendship sprung up between the two, of which some notice appears in Rousseau's *Confessions*. Relinquishing his governorship, Earl Marischal was appointed ambassador to Spain. While in that country, he had an opportunity of doing a piece of useful diplomatic service for England, which secured him the favour of the Earl of Chatham, through whose influence the act of attainder against him was reversed, 25th May 1759, and he could now return with safety to his native country. Recalled at his own request from Spain, he visited England, and was graciously received by George II., who gave him the right to draw the sum of three thousand six hundred and eighteen pounds, which was yet unpaid by the purchasers of his estates.

Here was an entire change of circumstances. The

Earl Marischal had it now in his power to purchase back some of the properties of which his family had been bereft. He made excursions into Scotland, was received everywhere with tokens of respect and affection, and he actually bought some of the heritages that had belonged to his family. But after so long an absence from his original haunts, he felt himself as a visitor to a strange land. His mother, the songstress of the ballad, had passed away, without seeing a restoration of the family honours. Her anticipations that the king would 'come ower the water,' and restore matters to their old condition, had lamentably failed. The sight of one of his castles in ruins affected him to tears. He could not make for himself a home even in the district where he was held in the highest esteem. The king of Prussia pressed him in eager terms to return. 'Come,' said he, 'to ease, to friendship, and philosophy; these are what, after the battle of life, we must all have recourse to.' He obeyed the summons; and to be near His Majesty, he was given a house adjoining the gardens of Sans Souci. At this charming spot, Earl Marischal Keith reached the end of his earthly pilgrimage. He died serenely on the 28th May 1778.

Neither of the brothers had married. The circumstance of being a Protestant placed an insuperable bar to the Earl Marischal's alliance with a French lady, who subsequently, not without a pang of regret for the loss of 'dear Milord Maréchal,' became the wife of Monsieur de Créquy. It was not till many years afterwards, when Madame de Créquy had grandchildren, and Earl Marischal was in his seventieth year, that the two saw each other. What were their mutual sensations on beholding the changes that time had wrought? Keith

presented her with some French verses on the beauty of white hairs, which he had written on purpose for the occasion. She wrote of the interview as follows: 'When we met again, after the lapse of many years, we made a discovery which equally surprised and affected us both. There is a world of difference between the love which had endured throughout a lifetime, and that which burned fiercely in our youth and then paused. In the latter case, time has not laid bare defects, nor taught the bitter lesson of mutual failings: a delusion has subsisted on both sides, which experience has destroyed; and delighting in the idea of each other's perfections, that thought has seemed to smile on both with inexpressible sweetness, till, when we meet in gray old age, feelings so tender, so pure, so solemn, arise, that they can be compared to no other sentiments or impressions of which our nature is capable.' What a pity that Madame de Créquy was so inexorably prevented from becoming the consort of 'Milord Maréchal,' and so probably perpetuating a lineage that sunk and was extinguished!

The admirer and munificent patron of the Keiths is seen to have been Frederick the Great. The loss of Field-marshal James Keith at the battle of Hochkirchen was deeply mourned by him, and he caused a characteristic figure of the marshal, in white marble, to be erected on a pedestal of red granite, to his memory in the Wilhelm Platz, Berlin. Here the story of the monument does not end. The original figure in marble having suffered by exposure to the weather, was afterwards removed, and a figure in bronze was put in its place. Believing that the dismissed marble monument might be procured for Peterhead, a private individual in that town, in 1865, agitated the question. A communication

from the town-council to the Prussian government ensued. The marble statue of Marshal Keith, like that of other heroes of the Seven Years' War, had been set up within the walls of the Military School of Berlin, and could not be withdrawn; but His Majesty William I., Emperor of Germany, had been pleased to order a fac-simile of the bronze monument to be prepared and despatched for the acceptance of the Peterhead authorities. The cast arrived safely, October 1868, and placed on a pedestal, adorns a place of public resort in Peterhead. The figure, in cocked-hat and military costume of the period, is peculiarly effective, and with its appropriate inscription, visibly reminds the inhabitants of an ancient family, who once owned an extensive inheritance in the district, and whose memory is still fondly cherished.

At the upbreak of the Earl Marischal's estates, consequent on the forfeiture, large portions were purchased for redistribution by the York Buildings and other public companies. Among those to whom lands were thus subsequently disposed of, were the governors of the Merchant Maiden Hospital of Edinburgh—an institution for educating the daughters of merchants in decayed circumstances. Their purchases, which comprehended the estate of Peterhead, took place at several times beginning with 1728, at a united cost of £8814. But this was the smallest part of the outlay. Under the spirited direction of these new proprietors, acting as trustees, as much as the sum of £43,905 was first and last expended in improvements, raising the total outlay to nearly £53,000. In the course of time the rental has risen from a few hundreds of pounds to about £4400 per annum, while the valuation of the estate

in 1861 was moderately estimated at £98,365—a striking, but far from unusual instance of what has been effected in raising the value of heritable property in Scotland, through sound administration, and a condition of settled peace and security. Could the Keiths have foreseen the vast educational benefits that were to be imparted by the Peterhead portion of their estates, they would have been satisfied that the old inheritance could not be devoted to more worthy, more publicly useful purposes.

STORY OF LADY GRANGE.

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IN the western environs of Edinburgh lies the estate of Dalry, once entirely rural, with a spacious mansion situated in a park, and sheltered on the north by a grove of tall trees. The property is now almost covered with houses, intersected with streets, and cut up with a line of railway.

In the days of its rural beauty, towards the end of the seventeenth century, Dalry belonged to a person named Chiesley, a man of considerable ability, but with violent passions, and indeed not altogether sane. He was one of those contentious beings with whom it is dangerous to have any dealings, particularly where money is concerned. Chiesley was married. He had a wife and children, and he used them so badly that they were forced to leave him. Their desertion he did not mind, but he felt dreadfully annoyed at the idea of their claiming from him some means of subsistence. His wife's claim for a separate maintenance threw him into a rage, and the rage rose to a kind of frenzy when she appealed to the law for an aliment. The Court of Session granted an allowance of ninety-three pounds per annum, chargeable on the estate of Dalry. The

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judge chiefly concerned in giving this reasonable and humane decision was the Lord President, Sir George Lockhart.

Chiesley meditated revenge. The Lord President, as he considered, had done him a wrong, and he did not hesitate to avow openly that he would have vengeance. He even wrote a threatening letter to his lordship. Strangely enough, the President took no notice of his threats, possibly looking upon them with pity and contempt. Knowing the character of the man, he ought not to have been so indulgent. Even in our own times, however, we are not without an instance of fatal indifference to the denunciations of a madman. For an imaginary offence, Bellingham threatened Mr Perceval with vengeance, and was suffered to go at large until he assassinated that unfortunate minister. The case of Chiesley and the Lord President closely resembled that of Bellingham and Mr Perceval.

We are to throw ourselves in imagination back to the state of affairs in Edinburgh shortly after the Revolution. The Stewarts are dethroned, but the castle still holds out for the exiled family. The town is full of the troops of the new government. It is Sunday morning, the 31st of March 1689. Divine service in the several churches into which St Giles' is divided, is about to begin. At the door of one of these churches, where the Lord President has his seat, hovers moodily a tall gentleman wearing a cocked-hat, with one of his hands thrust into the pocket of his coat, and grasping a loaded pistol. It is Chiesley of Dalry. He enters the church, and offers the beadle money to place him in a seat immediately behind that of the Lord President; but the pew is already filled, and he has to go to another

part of the church. Chiesley's intention was to shoot his victim in the very middle of the service, and it was only by the accident of the pew being occupied that he could not carry out his design.

At the conclusion of the service, the madman, for we must call him so, preceded the Lord President to the head of the Old Bank Close, a lane situated within less than a hundred yards of the church. It was in this lane that his lordship resided. While he was walking down towards his dwelling, talking to some friends, Chiesley came behind him and shot him through the back; the bullet going in beneath the right shoulder, and out at the left breast. The President immediately turned about, looked the murderer mournfully in the face, and then finding himself falling, he leant to the wall, and asked his friends to hold him. He was carried to his own house, and was almost dead before he reached it. His wife hearing the shot and a cry in the close, rushed out, and took the body in her arms, but immediately swooned. The assassin did not offer to flee. He owned the fact, and was carried off to prison. Chiesley was tried by the magistrates for murder, condemned, and was hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, with the pistol depending from his neck, and his body was thereafter hung in chains at Drum-sheuch. This latter indignity was too much for his friends. They stole away the body, and buried it underneath the hearthstone of a cottage at Dalry. There, a skeleton, along with the remains of a pistol, were found in recent times, in the course of some alterations.

We have recalled this tragical occurrence as preliminary to the story of a lady, the daughter of Chiesley, on

whose character some light is thrown by the conduct of her father.

Rachel Chiesley made what many thought a better marriage than could have been expected by the daughter of an executed felon, even although that felon had been a landed gentleman. She was married to James Erskine of Grange, an advocate at the Scottish bar, and brother of the Earl of Mar, who was attainted for the part he took in the rebellion of 1715. It was a daring thing for Erskine to ally himself to her, for she was known to have a violent temper, and to be somewhat irregular in her habits. The marriage took place about 1707, the year in which Erskine was raised to be a judge in the Court of Session, when he assumed the judicial title of Lord Grange. A judge's wife does not by usage take the title of *lady*, and why Mrs Erskine should have been habitually styled Lady Grange has never received a proper explanation. As Lady Grange she has always been spoken of, and so too we will call her. For some years the married pair lived pretty harmoniously. Sometimes there were bickerings, but they were smoothed over by the husband temporising as well as he could with his wife's unfortunate infirmity. They lived in a house in Edinburgh, situated in a court at the foot of Niddry's Wynd, a broadish alley leading from the High Street, near the site of the present Niddry Street. There they had a family of children, and kept up a stylish way of living.

At length there was discord—open war—in the household. According to the account of the lady, there had been love and peace for twenty-five years, when all at once Lord Grange took a dislike to her, and would no longer live with her : they must, he said, live separately,

he giving her a maintenance of a hundred a year. Forced to agree to this arrangement, in 1730 the lady was sent to reside in the country—discharged from ever setting her foot in Niddry's Wynd. If she did, it would be the worse for her. The hundred a year would be stopped. The account of matters by Lord Grange differed very materially from that of his wife. He said he had suffered long from her unsubduable rage and madness, and had failed in all his efforts to bring her to a reasonable conduct. It is too probable that the latter statement is the true one; although were it more so, it would still leave Lord Grange unjustifiable in the measures he took with respect to his wife. It is traditionally stated, that in their unhappy quarrels, the lady fiercely reminded his lordship whose daughter she was—darkly hinting that she could resort to means of vengeance like her father, and little more would induce her to do so. Grange became alarmed for his personal safety, and no wonder. But he had other grounds for apprehension. He had carried on some intercourse with Jacobites disaffected to the government, and this the lady had it in her power to make known, and which, if revealed, would at least have compromised his position as a judge. One can with difficulty be brought to believe that a wife would deliberately and maliciously try to ruin one whom by a solemn vow she is bound to love, honour, and obey. But such things are. The daughter of Chiesley of Dalry, in her mad imaginings, was fit for this degree of heartlessness and villainy.

Random accusations without proof would have been of little avail. The lady had a document in her possession to prove that her husband was a traitor. In the statement of Lord Grange, he tells us that some time

before the separation, he had gone to London to arrange the private affairs of the Countess of Mar, then become unable to conduct them herself, and he had sent an account of his procedure to his wife, including some reflections on Sir Robert Walpole, who had thwarted him much, and been of serious detriment to the interests of his family. This document she retained, and she threatened to take it to London, and use it for her husband's disadvantage, being supported in the design by several persons with whom she associated. While denying that he had been concerned in anything treasonable, Lord Grange says, 'he had already too great a load of that great minister Walpole's wrath on his back, to stand still and see more of it fall upon him by treachery and madness of such a wife and such confederates.'

Rather an unpleasant posture of affairs this for Lord Grange. He had a faint hope that things might mend. Her ladyship might calm down. She had gone to the country, and a sight of the beauties of nature—the birds, the trees, and the flowers, to say nothing of the hundred a year, might work wonders on that troubled brain. It was a vain expectation. Lady Grange soon became tired of the country. It was dull and stupid. There was nobody to speak to who understood her exalted notions. Careless of forfeiting her hundred a year, back she came to town, and, like a fury let loose, exhibited herself in the antique court at Niddry's Wynd. There she was, flourishing about with her arms, haranguing porters, chairmen, and footmen as to her wrongs, and declaring how she would shew up and finish her husband to his lasting disgrace and ruin. We can fancy the horror of Lord Grange in looking out of

window upon the uproar in the little court, and seeing his wife declaiming to the party-coloured multitude. 'The Guard,' an old-fashioned military police in the army uniform of George I., was, of course, sent for, on which she vanished, but was never long in again coming upon the scene. She stamped, she raved, shouted at the windows, followed his lordship in the street, and behaved altogether like a maniac. What was to be done?

Lord Grange could have stood the stamping and raving, and borne a good deal besides, but the demoniac threat to report him to Walpole was in his point of view more than flesh and blood could bear. It was the last feather that breaks the horse's back. Now for prompt measures. No one can justify what he did. It was illegal, and for one in the position of a judge, it was disgraceful. Instead of seeking the protection of the law, he arbitrarily resolved to get his wife carried off by force, and furtively sent into exile. He called it 'sequestering her;' the proper term was robbing her of her liberty, and this outrage he was able to effect by concerting measures with a number of Highland chiefs, including the notorious Lord Lovat, who above all had reason to apprehend certain political disclosures. The whole affair gives us a startling insight into the condition of society in the first half of the eighteenth century. All preparations were made for the abduction.

On the evening of the 22d of January 1732, a party of Highlanders, wearing the livery of Lord Lovat, made their way into the lodgings of Lady Grange. Forcibly seizing her, throwing her down and gagging her, and then tying a cloth over her head, they carried her off as if she had been a corpse. At the bottom of the stair was a chair containing a man, who took the

hapless lady upon his knees, and held her fast in his arms till they had got to a place in the outskirts of the town. There they took her from the chair, removed the cloth from her head, and mounted her upon a horse behind a man, to whom she was tied; after which the party rode off 'all by the light of the moon,' to quote the language of the old ballads, whose incidents the present story resembles in character.

If we can believe her own account, Lady Grange experienced no very gentle treatment. The leader of the gang, Mr Forster of Corsebonny, though a gentleman by station, would not allow her to stop for the relief of a cramp in her side, and only answered by ordering a servant to renew the bandages over her mouth. After a ride of nearly twenty miles, they stopped at Muiravonside, the house of Mr John Macleod, advocate, where servants appeared waiting to receive the lady; and thus it is shewn that the master of the house had been engaged to aid in her abduction. She was taken up-stairs to a comfortable bedroom; but a man being posted in the room as a guard, she could not go to bed or take any repose. In this manner she spent the ensuing day, and when it was night, she was taken out and remounted in the same fashion as before; and the party then rode along through the Torwood, and so to the place called Wester Polmaise, belonging to a gentleman of the name of Stewart, whose steward or factor was one of the cavalcade. Here was an old tower, having one little room on each floor, as is usually the case in such buildings; and into one of these rooms, the window of which was boarded over, the lady was conducted. She continued here for thirteen or fourteen weeks, supplied with a sufficiency of the

comforts of life, but never allowed to go into the open air; till at length her health gave way, and the factor began to fear being concerned in her death. By his intercession with Mr Forster, she was then permitted to go into the court, under a guard; but such was the rigour of her keepers, that she was not permitted to walk in the garden.

Thus time passed drearily on until the month of August, during all which time the prisoner had no communication with the external world. At length, by an arrangement made between Lord Lovat and Mr Forster, at the house of the latter, near Stirling, Lady Grange was one night forcibly brought out, and mounted again as formerly, and carried off amidst a guard of horsemen. She recognised several of Lovat's people in this troop, and found Forster once more in command. They passed by Stirling Bridge, and thence onward to the Highlands; but she no longer knew the way they were going. Before daylight they stopped at a house, where she was lodged during the day, and at night the march was resumed. Thus they journeyed for several days into the Highlands, never allowing the unfortunate lady to speak, and taking the most rigid care to prevent any one from becoming aware of her situation. During this time she never had off her clothes. One day she slept in a barn, another in an open inclosure. Regard to delicacy in such a case was impossible. After a fortnight spent at a house on Lord Lovat's ground (probably in Stratherrick, Inverness-shire), the journey was renewed in the same style as before; only Mr Forster had retired from the party, and the lady found herself entirely in the hands of Frasers.

They now crossed a loch into Glengarry's land, where they lodged several nights in cow-houses, or in the open air, making progress all the time to the westward, where the country becomes extremely wild. At Lochourn, an arm of the sea on the west coast, the unfortunate lady was transferred to a small vessel which was in waiting for her. Bitterly did she weep, and pitifully implore compassion; but the Highlanders understood not her language; and though they had done so, a departure from the orders which had been given them was not to be expected from men of their character. In the vessel, she found that she was in the custody of Alexander Macdonald, a tenant of one of the Western Islands named Heskir, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat.

The unfortunate lady remained in Macdonald's charge at Heskir nearly two years—during the first year without once seeing bread, and with no supply of clothing; obliged, in fact, to live in the same miserable way as the rest of the family; afterwards some little indulgence was shewn to her. This island was of desolate aspect, and had no inhabitant besides Macdonald and his wife. The wretchedness of such a situation for a lady who had been all her life accustomed to the refined society of a capital, may easily be imagined.

In June 1734, a sloop came to Heskir to take away the lady; it was commanded by a Macleod, and in it she was conveyed to the remotest spot of ground connected with the British Islands—namely, the isle of St Kilda, the property of the chief of Macleod, and remarkable for the simple character of the poor peasantry who occupy it. There cannot, of course, be a doubt, that those who had an interest in the seclusion of Lady

Grange, regarded this as a more eligible place than Heskir, in as far as it was more out of the way, and promised better for her complete and permanent confinement. In some respects it was an advantageous change for the lady : the place was not uninhabited, as Heskir very nearly was ; and her domestic accommodation was better. In St Kilda she was placed in a house or cottage of two small apartments, tolerably well furnished, with a girl to wait upon her, and provided with a sufficiency of good food and clothing. Of educated persons the island contained not one, except for a short time a clergyman, named Roderick MacIennan. There was hardly even a person capable of speaking or understanding the English language within reach. No books, no intelligence from the world in which she had once lived. Only once a year did a steward come to collect the rent paid in kind by the poor people ; and by him was the lady regularly furnished with a store of such articles, foreign to the place, as she needed—usually a stone of sugar, a pound of tea, six pecks of wheat, and an anker of spirits. Thus she had no lack of the common necessities of life : she only wanted society and freedom. In this way she spent seven dreary years in St Kilda. We learn that she was kind to the inhabitants, giving them from her own stores ; and sometimes had the women to come and dance before her ; but her temper and habits were not such as to gain their esteem. Often she drank too much ; and whenever any one near her committed the slightest mistake, she would fly into a furious passion, and even resort to violence. Once she was detected in an attempt, during the night, to obtain a pistol from above the steward's bed, in the room next to her own : on

his awaking and seeing her, she ran off to her own bed. One is disposed, of course, to make all possible allowances for a person in her wretched circumstances; yet there can be little doubt, from the evidence before us, that it was a natural and habitual violence of temper which displayed itself during her residence in St Kilda.

Meanwhile it was known in Edinburgh that Lady Grange had been forcibly carried away and placed in seclusion by orders of her husband; but her whereabouts was a mystery to all besides a few who were concerned to keep it secret. Moved by political ambition, Mr Erskine gave up his seat on the bench in 1734, and went into parliament as member for Clackmannanshire. He had hopes of distinguishing himself in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole; but he ruined all at his first appearance, by a display of oratory against the proposal to abolish the statutes against witchcraft. Affecting a pious horror of necromancy, he maintained that witches ought not to be suffered to live, for such was the injunction of Scripture. For this fanatical harangue he was laughed at by Walpole, and simply finished himself as a politician.

The world had wondered at the events of his domestic life, and several persons denounced the singular means he had adopted for obtaining domestic peace. But, in the main, he stood as well with society as he had ever done. At length, in the winter of 1740, a communication from Lady Grange for the first time reached her friends. Her letter, written from St Kilda, and dated January 20, 1738, had taken two years to reach Edinburgh. It was addressed to the Solicitor-general, gives a narrative of her sufferings, and concludes with the piteous appeal: 'When this comes to you, if you hear I

am alive, do me justice, and relieve me. I beg you make all haste ; but if you hear I am dead, do what you think right before God.' She subscribes herself Rachel Erskine.

The letter still exists. It is fairly written, though with defective orthography, and has been exhibited as a curiosity at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In it, she says that, if she had paper, she would write to one of her friends, Lord Dun ; from which, it would appear that she had had a difficulty in procuring so much as a single sheet of letter-paper. This interesting communication was brought by the minister Maclellan and his wife, who had left St Kilda in discontent, after quarrelling with Macleod's steward. The idea of a lady by birth and education being immured for a series of years in an outlandish place where only the most illiterate people resided, and this by the command of a husband who could only complain of her irritable temper, struck forcibly upon public feeling, and particularly upon the mind of Lady Grange's legal agent, Mr Hope of Rankeillor, who had all along felt a keen interest in her fate. Of Mr Hope it may be remarked that he was also a zealous Jacobite ; yet, though all the persons engaged in the lady's abduction were of that party, he hesitated not to take active measures on the contrary side. He immediately applied for a warrant to search for and liberate Lady Grange. This application was opposed by the friends of Mr Erskine, and eventually it was defeated ; yet he was not on that account deterred from hiring a vessel, and sending it with armed men to secure the freedom of the lady—a step which, as it was illegal and dangerous, obviously implied no small risk on his own part. It came to nothing.

The poor lady, however, was not destined to end her days in the remote island of St Kilda. The attempt to rescue her, though abortive, possibly stimulated Erskine and his political confederates to hide her in some new and secret place of confinement. She was removed to the mainland, in Ross-shire, and there, after undergoing a few more years of rigorous seclusion, she died in May 1745. She had been illegally detained for upwards of twelve years—a circumstance reflecting great discredit on the public authorities who had been made aware of her case. Erskine, her miserably intriguing husband, spoke lightly of her decease, and, indeed, viewed it as being in the character of a relief. His latter days were in strange contrast with his former position as a judge. He lived in not a very reputable way in a mean lodging in the Haymarket, Westminster. There he died in 1754, and was not regretted.

Such, in brief, without the varnish of fiction, is the story of Lady Grange, the daughter of Chiesley, whose mental peculiarities she had to a certain extent inherited. At the time she lived, there were no other ostensible means of restraint for persons in her unhappy condition, than the common prison, or Bedlam with its straw and its chains. How much reason have we to congratulate ourselves on the improved humanity that provides asylums with gentle treatment for the safety, and it may be the recovery of those on whom has been laid the heavy affliction of mental disorder!

STORY OF LADY JANE DOUGLAS.

IN the year 1700, died James, second Marquis of Douglas, leaving a son, Archibald, and a daughter, Jane. Both were still young. Lady Jane was born in 1698, and was only three years old at the death of her father. Archibald, of course, succeeded as third Marquis. We are to contemplate the brother and sister as being reared in a manner suitable to their birth and the ancient traditions of the family. According to their years, they mingled with the higher Scottish aristocracy; and, to all appearance, there was before them a brilliant future. What might not be expected from the heirs of the House of Douglas! As if Fortune had determined to 'buckle fortune on his back,' Archibald was created Duke of Douglas in 1703. Though a young man, he was now, as we may say, 'at the top of the tree.' There was, however, something perverse, or unfortunate in the fate of the brother and sister. They did not, as one might expect, drop readily into matrimony. The Duke grew up a bachelor, and Lady Jane, to the general surprise, refused the offer of the Duke of Buccleuch, a young nobleman of the most agreeable manners. Her Ladyship was handsome in person, and

remarkably affable, but is said to have been eccentric in her notions. By way of frolic, when twenty-three years of age, she went off on an excursion dressed in men's clothes. One of her weaknesses consisted in making a confidant of a waiting-woman named Helen Hewit, who, though faithful to her throughout, could not be considered a proper adviser or companion to a lady of quality.

Similar in their unmarried condition, the Duke and Lady Jane entertained a mutual and proper regard for each other ; and so matters went on for a number of years. How there should have sprung up any change in this brotherly and sisterly affection, is not easy to understand, unless we conceive that her Ladyship had given some grave offence by her conduct. At all events, there arose an estrangement, and so far as the Duke was concerned, the estrangement ended in positive hatred and ill-will. A very unpleasant state of affairs this for Lady Jane, who depended entirely on an annuity of three hundred pounds a year granted by her brother, and which was terminable at his pleasure. She cannot be said, however, to have acted discreetly in the circumstances. Perhaps she was bitterly unhappy, and in her unhappiness clung to one she authorised to be her protector. In 1746, at the mature age of forty-eight, with the connivance of Hewit, she secretly eloped with and married Mr John Stewart, a younger brother of Sir George Stewart, Bart. of Grandtully. He had been already married, and was a widower, with a surviving son. What were the recommendations of Mr Stewart, it would be hard to say. He was usually styled Colonel Stewart, but that was only a convenient travelling name. He had no fortune, no profession, nor aptitude for

earning a livelihood : just one of those genteel hangers-on who, in virtue of good connections, contrive to live in handsome style by running up bills with tailors, boot-makers, lodging-house keepers, and others disposed to give them credit. Lady Jane was certainly wrong in hurrying into this connection. She was marrying into misery ; but is that not done every day from some silly notion of defying friends, and shewing a spirit of independence ! The reasons why women marry into obvious and lifelong misery, who might otherwise have passed a tolerably agreeable existence, are past finding out.

The Duke was enraged at the elopement and marriage of his sister ; for she had let it be understood that she was going away only for a short time for the sake of her health. Leaving His Grace in a state of resentment, we must follow the fortunes of Lady Jane. Quitting her old haunts and acquaintances, she plunged with her husband into a wild round of social and financial difficulties. Their whole resources consisted in the allowance of three hundred pounds 'a year from the Duke, but what was that to maintain the expenditure of persons who never had earned a shilling, and knew little of squaring outlay with a narrowly restricted income ? Taking Hewit with them, they went first to Holland, next they resided for a time at Aix-la-Chapelle, and lastly proceeded to France, where, having remained till 1749, they returned to and took up their residence in London.

Now commences the romance of the story. Lady Jane and Mr Stewart brought with them two male infants, who, they said, were born as twins to them in Paris on the 10th July 1748. Keeping in mind that Lady Jane was in her fifty-first year at the date

of the alleged twin-birth, there was something strange in the circumstance; but about it there was no immediate fracas. For what anybody knew, the Duke of Douglas might marry and have a direct heir to his titles and estates. Meanwhile, in a fit of anger, the Duke had stopped the annual allowance to Lady Jane, and in London she and her husband were in the direst penury. Coming within the clutch of the law, Stewart was thrown into the King's Bench prison by his creditors. Literally destitute, Lady Jane influenced some friends to apply to government for relief, and a pension was obtained for her of three hundred pounds a year. Nevertheless, whether from sheer mismanagement, or the pressure of clamorous creditors, she was put to great straits, and was on several occasions obliged to pawn her clothes and other trifling effects for bare subsistence. While Mr Stewart was in prison, she lived some time at Chelsea. Her two alleged children were with her; and from the references to them in the letters to and fro between her and her husband, there could only be inferred a genuine parental affection.

Distressed and regretful, Lady Jane bethought herself of endeavouring to move the compassion of her brother. She accordingly went to Scotland in 1752, taking the children and the servant, Hewit, with her, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation. The Duke would not so much as see her. Leaving the children in Edinburgh with the servant, she returned to London. Here, while attending on her husband, intelligence arrives of the death of the youngest of the twins, Sholto Thomas Stewart, on the 14th May 1753. Deeply affected, she returns to Edinburgh—a dreary journey of six days and

nights in a stage-coach—tries once more to effect a reconciliation with her brother; but all her efforts in this direction are vain. Impoverished, broken down in health, and we might say, heart-broken, Lady Jane dies among strangers, and is for ever at rest from her troubles. Death clears all scores. The Duke of Douglas had left his sister to die obscurely in a garret. But it was right and proper she should have a funeral befitting her rank and ancestry. She was buried in the Chapel-Royal of Holyrood, November 1753. The dust of Lady Jane mingles with that of nobles and princes.

Archibald Stewart, the elder of the two children, a boy about five years of age, now remained, and was taken in charge by a Lady Schaw, from feelings of humanity; for he was literally destitute. His father, who had never been able to keep himself, got out of his difficulties, by the death of his brother, the baronet, in 1759, when he succeeded to the title, and the estate of Grandtully. After all, there was some good about Stewart, for one of his first acts of administration, on coming into the baronetcy, was to execute a bond of provision for upwards of £2500 for the boy, Archibald, whom he frankly designated as his son by Lady Jane Douglas.

The Duke, who disbelieved Lady Jane's story about the birth of the two children, married in 1758. His Duchess, a lady of good understanding and amiable disposition, endeavoured to remove his hostility to young Stewart, in whose legitimacy she entertained no doubt, but without effect. To avoid a permanent domestic quarrel, she was forced to remain silent on the subject. The Duke did not long survive his marriage. Seized with a mortal distemper, His Grace

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died in 1761, without issue. By his decease, without direct male heirs, the dukedom was extinct. The marquissate devolved on the young Duke of Hamilton, in virtue of his direct male descent from the first Marquis.

Possessing the power to will away his immense estates, though not his titles, the Duke had executed a deed of entail in favour of the heirs whatsoever of the body of his father, James, Marquis of Douglas, with remainder to Lord Douglas Hamilton, brother to the Duke of Hamilton. This entail, or will, if we may call it so, left the law to determine who were the proper heirs. By the public generally, it was thought that the boy Archibald Stewart must necessarily be the heir to the estates of his uncle. It was known that the Duke had quarrelled with his sister in consequence of her imprudent runaway marriage, but the legitimacy of her surviving son had not been legally disputed, and it was but reasonable he should enter into possession of the family property. Such in an especial manner was the opinion of the Duchess-Dowager of Douglas, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and other influential personages, a number of whom, acting as guardians of the youth, took care to have him judicially served heir in proper form. To this preliminary measure, an opposition was presented on behalf of the guardians of the Duke of Hamilton. They contested the legitimacy of the youth, and, in fact, alleged that he was a downright impostor. Now began that memorable litigation, the great Douglas Cause, of which we shall try to give some intelligible account.

This extraordinary legal combat began in the superior Scotch court, but it was too important, from the vast

interests at stake, and from the feelings that were invoked, not to float, by appeal, to the House of Lords. There was a long contest, in the first place, in the Court of Session, then comprehending fifteen judges, some of them profound jurists, and otherwise noted for their attainments. The case was calculated to puzzle the acutest lawyers, for the evidence was strangely conflicting—in fact, a bundle of contradictions. Unfortunately, the leading persons in the drama had passed away. Lady Jane had died in 1753. Her husband, Sir John Stewart, died in 1764, while the case was in litigation. Unable to be examined judicially, he, a short time before his decease, emitted a solemn declaration, before respectable witnesses, to the effect that Archibald Stewart was his son, by his wife, Lady Jane Douglas.

The principal witness on behalf of the claimant was Mrs Hewit, now well advanced in life. She maintained that Lady Jane was duly delivered of twins on the 10th July 1748. The births took place in the house of Madame le Brun, Faubourg St-Germain, Paris. The professional accoucheur on the occasion was M. Pierre la Marr. Shortly after the births, Lady Jane was removed to a more convenient lodging. When she was able to travel, she went with her husband to Rheims, taking the elder twin with them, and there the boy was baptised with extraordinary ceremony, and tokens of public rejoicing. The younger infant being weakly, was left in charge of a nurse near Paris. Subsequently, both the children were brought to England by their parents, who treated them always with proper affection. Such, in substance, was Mrs Hewit's account of matters; but, beset and cross-questioned,

she contradicted herself in several particulars, and left doubts as to her veracity. Some letters and papers were produced in support of her view of the case, but they were not quite satisfactory. In arguing the case, stress was laid on the circumstance, that although Lady Jane had committed imprudences, she was above being chargeable with wilful fraud and imposition. She might have been giddy and thoughtless, but would not have concocted and deliberately supported a gross falsehood—all which was plausible, but not legally convincing.

The case for the opposition was carefully matured. A law-agent named Andrew Stewart had been despatched to Paris to search minutely into the truth of Hewit's statement. To begin with, he could discover no such person as Madame le Brun. She seemed to be a pure invention. As for M. la Marr, he was dead, all his papers were destroyed, and his widow could give no satisfactory information respecting his professional engagements. Certain letters alleged to have been written by him to Stewart, were, to all appearance, forgeries, or at least had been written at Stewart's suggestion, in order to support the fraud. There was a still more perplexing fact. M. Godfroi, keeper of an hotel in Paris, proved by his books, that Lady Jane and her husband lived in his house from the 4th to the 14th July 1748, and that no births had occurred during that period. Next came some remarkable evidence regarding the *enlèvement*, or carrying away of two male infants surreptitiously from Paris. One of the children, taken away in July 1748, was the son of Mignon, a workman in a glass-manufactory. The other child (the younger of the alleged twins) was the son of a person named Sanry, and he was not carried off till early in 1749. It

could not be said the children were stolen. Negotiations for acquiring them in the light of a loan or purchase were conducted through a woman who sold books at the door of Notre-Dame, and an Englishman was described as being an active agent in the transaction.

The evidence elicited regarding the *enlèvement* of the two infants is much the most elaborate and curious in the whole of this mysterious affair. That two children had been improperly carried off from their parents at the times specified could not be doubted. The difficulty lay in identifying them with the alleged twins of Lady Jane. As if to prove that the story of the twin-birth was unreal, a lady who had seen the two children together when they were brought to England, declared, from an examination of their mouths, that one was six months older than the other. This, however, was only a matter of belief. On considering the whole state of the case, the Court of Session, on the 15th July 1767, gave its decision. Seven judges were for sustaining the claim of Archibald Stewart, and seven were against doing so. The Lord President also decided against the claim; by which single vote the matter was so far brought adversely to a close.

Claimants of all kinds usually carry the crowd along with them. It was so in the present case. But, besides securing popular favour, the case of the youth, Archibald Stewart, gained the support of many persons of distinction; and, as has been said, the decision of the Scotch Supreme Court was appealed to the House of Lords. The story of Lady Jane Douglas may now be considered as entering on a new phase. The combat is transferred from the Parliament House, Edinburgh, to Westminster, and fresh lawyers step into the arena.

We shall speak of one of them—a great man in his day.

Thirty to forty years before the Douglas Cause was heard of, there dwelt in a parsonage in the county of Norfolk, a clergyman named Thurlow. His living was not great. He could just fairly manage to educate his children, and leave them to make their way in the world as they best might. He had a son, Edward, born in 1732. Ned, as he was called, was put to a village school, from which he was advanced to a higher academy at Canterbury, and finally sent as a student to Caius College, Cambridge. In all these moves, he shewed considerable ability, but it was associated with a spirit of idleness and intractability of character which vexed all to whom his education was intrusted. At Cambridge, he so outraged academic discipline, as to be severely reprimanded. Instead of expulsion, he was allowed to remove his name from the roll of students, and go about his business, which he uncomplainingly did. Already he had been entered as a student for the bar at the Inner Temple. Thither he went, took chambers, and by fits and starts read intensely in preparation for what might cast up. To gain a knowledge of law-forms, he went into the office of a solicitor, and there he had for friend and companion, William Cowper, who afterwards signalised himself as a poet. At times, he visited Westminster Hall, to see how remarkable cases were conducted.

Young Thurlow was 'called to the bar' in 1754, but for a time he had little or nothing to do. Any jobs that fell in his way barely sufficed to keep him alive. At length his prospects improved. He got a silk gown; but still continued in chambers, and spent his evenings

in social converse at coffee-rooms. One of these resorts which had a peculiar attraction for him was situated near Temple Bar, and kept by a person named Nando. It was a favourite place of meeting for young lawyers. They sat in boxes disputing with each other on any important case before the courts, the side which they respectively took being merely a matter of chance or caprice.

One evening, shortly after notice of appeal had been given in the Douglas Cause, Thurlow was at Nando's. A debate on the subject was got up. He cared nothing as to the merits of the case; but to keep up the discussion, took the part of the appellants on behalf of Archibald Stewart. Learnedly, acutely, he spoke of the cruel injury done to the memory of Lady Jane Douglas. When he set about it in right good-will, Thurlow was a tremendous arguer. He was almost too much for Dr Johnson, who was heard to say, that to encounter Thurlow on any particular subject, he would require a day's preparation. In the case brought under discussion at Nando's, there was that finely balanced amount of contradictions which presented the best possible scope for the acumen of a young barrister. The subject took Thurlow's fancy, and he went into it with uncommon zest. Analysing Stewart's claim point by point, he conclusively proved its validity, and silenced his opponents.

The argument, conducted with vehemence, attracted listeners. To hear an amusing debate of this kind, provincial solicitors on coming to town on business used to frequent Nando's, and were able to report on the clever young lawyers who had unwittingly shewn off their talents. On the night in question, two solicitors

from Edinburgh, who had come to town to prosecute proceedings in the Douglas Cause, were seated next box to that in which Thurlow was holding forth. They were surprised, delighted. Here was the very man they wanted as counsel. Of course, Thurlow knew nothing of their presence, and having said all he had got to say, he paid his reckoning at the bar, and went off to his chambers, thinking no more of the subject. The two Edinburgh agents were not disposed to lose sight of him. They inquired who he was; and next morning, without referring to his gladiatorial exhibition at Nando's, waited on him with a brief and fee as a retainer.

Just as a lucky chance afterwards brought Erskine into notoriety, so was it now with Thurlow. He undertook, and earnestly mastered the case. As a spur to his zeal, he had the support of the Duchess of Queensberry, to whom he was indebted for getting Lord Bute to make him a King's Counsel. The Duchess Catherine—wife of Charles, third Duke of Queensberry—was eccentric in a high degree, bordering on madness. She was the friend of Gay, Pope, and other poets of Queen Anne's reign. Prior, in one of his poems, celebrates her irrepressible temper :

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed.

Kitty threw herself with characteristic ardour into the Douglas Cause, vehemently defended Lady Jane's memory, left no stone unturned to make good the claim of young Stewart, whom she represented as a victim of the vilest oppression. Little wonder that Thurlow exerted himself under such inspiration. He saw it

would be the making of his fortune, if he could win the cause. It was a hard battle. One of his antagonists was Wedderburn, who at this time had been ten to twelve years at the English bar. The two were well pitted against each other. In his great concluding oration, Thurlow made light of discrepancies in the evidence. Scarcely two historians relate incidents the same way. Few people are able to speak correctly as to dates or places. Memory is weak and treacherous. It was not strange that Mrs Hewit had not remembered everything accurately. There was not the slightest proof that Lady Jane's children could be identified with the two taken away surreptitiously. As for Lady Jane herself, she was an honourable woman, with no selfish purpose to serve by the alleged imposition. Nor were the births of the children when she was in her fifty-first year anything very marvellous. Such, according to a variety of circumstances, occasionally occurred. Then there was above all, the fact of her parental care and tenderness throughout. She in reality died a martyr for their welfare. And so on Thurlow went in his argument. He won the cause. On February 27, 1769, the House of Lords adjudged that the appeal be sustained; and that the decision therein complained of be reversed. In plain terms, Archibald Stewart was declared to be the son of Lady Jane, and heir to the estates of his uncle, the Duke of Douglas.

What exultations over this decision! Public feeling in Scotland seems to have been wound up to as high a pitch of excitement respecting the decision of the House of Lords, as it could have been respecting a great battle deciding the fate of a nation. An advocate on the winning side posted off to carry the news to

Edinburgh, where a multitude hailed him with transports of joy, and taking the horses from his carriage, bore him home to his lodgings in triumph.

Becoming thus entitled to the estates, Mr Stewart assumed the surname and arms of Douglas, with the well-known motto, *Jamais arrière* (Never behind). By George III. he was elevated to the peerage, as Baron Douglas of Douglas Castle, 1790. Settling down in his magnificent domain in Lanarkshire, Lord Douglas acquitted himself creditably, and was noted for his spirited and tasteful improvements. Fortune, however, did not destine a lasting inheritance to his family. He was twice married, and at his decease left three sons and several daughters. Each of the sons succeeded in turn as Baron Douglas. All died without issue. On the decease of the third son, fourth Baron Douglas, 1857, his estates were inherited by his eldest sister, Lady Montague, and the title was extinct.

As regards Thurlow, who was so accidentally but intimately concerned in the great Douglas Cause, he rose step by step in his profession by his transcendent abilities; and was appointed Lord Chancellor, and created a peer as Baron Thurlow of Ashfield, 1778. After a long and remarkable career, he died 12th September 1806.

Such, in brief, is the story of the unfortunate Lady Jane Douglas. Looking to the great variety of characters that come upon the stage—the whimsical and unrelenting Duke, the misguided and unhappy heroine, the reckless spendthrift husband, the faithful Hewit (a kind of female Caleb Balderstone); the mystery of the twins, the ceremonious baptism of one of them at Rheims, with ringing of bells and scattering of money among the populace; the skirmishing with want in the

King's Bench prison; Lady Jane's dreary journey to Scotland, her lonely death, the mockery of a grand funeral, with nodding plumes and copiously draped mutes; the surviving child brought up on charity; the half-mad Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry; Thurlow debating over his punch at Nando's, and finally, with flowing periwig surmounting his bushy eyebrows, delivering his great oration to the Lords, and winning the cause; the overjoyed Scotch advocate dashing in a postchaise up to the Cross of Edinburgh, and frantically shouting triumph to a host of eager listeners—we say, when one thinks of all this, the wonder seems to be that the story of Lady Jane Douglas has not long since been made a subject for the stage. Surely, the dramatic muse never handled a theme so prolific in mysteries, contrasts, lights and shades, hopes and disappointments, delirious joys and the bitterest sorrows—the whole, in a surprising way, in one point of view, turning out satisfactorily at last! With but a small stretch of imagination, we can fancy what might be the closing scene: Archibald Lord Douglas, at one time a child supported by charity, is seated at a banquet, amidst friends and retainers, in a spacious hall in Bothwell Castle, richly embellished with pictures by Vandyke: The Clyde is flowing majestically under the windows: 'Bothwell Brig' in the distance: Enter peasant-girls bearing gifts of wild-flowers: One of them is invited to sing: The orchestra plays an appropriate symphony: She sings with feeling the plaintive ballad, 'O Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair:' Curtain slowly drops: The drama is ended!

STORY OF WEDDERBURN.

IN one of the old closes of Edinburgh, usually known as the Mint Close, there may be seen, near the lower end of the lane, on the left-hand side in going down, a tall massive building, with a stair leading to the different floors, each a separate dwelling. To reach the entrance to the stair, over which is the date 1672, we have to cross a small paved court. The whole aspect of the place has a certain aristocratic character, and we should rightly conclude that the dwellings in the stair had at one time occupants of some local distinction. At the middle of last century, one of the floors formed the residence of Peter Wedderburn, a Lord of Session with the judicial title of Lord Chesterhall; such designation being adopted by him from his patrimonial estate of Chesterhall, lying about twelve miles south of Edinburgh.

The Wedderburns were an old family in Scotland, noticed in history, but their possessions had dwindled down to the Chesterhall property, which was no more than a moderately sized farm, with an antiquated mansion, and a pigeon-house, as was customary with old domains where some style was kept up. It was a

pleasant enough spot. The laird farmed the land himself, killed his own mutton ; and from the well-stocked pigeon-house, as also from a tolerably spacious poultry-yard, the lady of the establishment drew supplies as a variety on ordinary fare. Being much away on his duties connected with the court, of which he had risen to be a judge, after having spent years as a practising advocate, the laird could not avoid having a town residence, and accordingly had pitched himself in what was considered a genteel quarter, at the foot of the Mint Close. Here he had for neighbour, a little higher up the lane, the Earl of Selkirk, whose house was subsequently occupied by Dr Daniel Rutherford, uncle of Sir Walter Scott.

Peter Wedderburn, before rising to the bench, had married into a family quite as respectable as his own. His wife was an Ogilvie, descended from the Earls of Airlie. She was a lady who, with good taste, accommodated herself to her husband's position, whether as a gentleman-farmer or as a judge—not that, in this last-mentioned particular, he added greatly to his income ; for Scottish judges in those times were thought to be well paid with from five hundred to a thousand a year. Peter's family was small. We hear of only two children, a son, Alexander, and a daughter, Janet. According to some accounts, Alexander, the son and heir, was born at Chesterhall, 13th February 1733. It seems, however, to be more accurately stated that the place of his birth was the Mint Close. Here, at the town residence of the family, he certainly spent much of his boyish days, playing at marbles in the little court-yard with youngsters like himself. Could any one have imagined, on looking at the boy, Alexander Wedder-

burn, when engaged in these juvenile sports, that he would some day be Lord Chancellor of England, or that his sister, Janet, would be the ancestress of a peer of the realm! Yet such were their respective destinies—so marvellous a development from the Mint Close, that one can never be certain what may turn up from the obscurest localities.

Alec, as he was ordinarily called, grew up a sharp active boy, precocious, not easily discouraged. It was a great thing for him, that his mother was a woman of a naturally good understanding, with a high sense of duty. Besides being a capital housekeeper, she possessed literary tastes, and by her assiduous teaching, materially promoted the education of her son. Peter, the father, took things easily, and, though a respectable judge, was not renowned as anything brilliant. To the mother, the boy appears to have owed almost everything. She roused his aspirations, impressed him with a love of books, endeavoured to moderate his restlessness, and was his faithful mentor. As the pretty town of Dalkeith, which lies half-way between Chesterhall and Edinburgh, was reputed to have a good grammar-school, kept by Mr James Barclay, young Alec was sent thither, to be grounded in Latin and Greek, in which he acquired a tolerable proficiency. At fourteen years of age, he was matriculated at the university of Edinburgh.)

The object of all this education was to prepare young Wedderburn to follow in his father's footsteps, as an advocate, and possibly as a Lord of Session. Anything superior to that, old Peter could not imagine for his boy, along with the reversion of Chesterhall and the venerable dovecot. At seventeen to eighteen years of age, when it was desirable to think of a profession, Alec

did not absolutely repudiate the idea of going to the bar of the Court of Session. He submitted to the requisite training ; but he had begun to be dissatisfied with the prospect, and was fired with notions of making his way at the courts of Westminster. There were already two or three instances of young Scotchmen distinguishing themselves at the English bar. The most notable of these was the Hon. William Murray, son of Viscount Stormont, who was now Attorney-general, became Lord Chief-justice of the King's Bench, and died Earl of Mansfield. There were no such trump cards in Scotland. Alec formed a resolution to take the earliest opportunity to sacrifice his prospects in the north, and go to England. Peter, the father, being communicated with on the subject, did not at all relish his son's idea of not going decently on as the laird of Chesterhall, as well as an advocate, and an expectant Lord of Session. Still, he did not utterly discountenance the project of entering at the English bar, and to humour his son, introduced him to Hume Campbell, residing at the seat of his brother, the Earl of Marchmont, and who from experience could speak of the chances of success by going to the bar at Westminster. The result was unsatisfactory. Campbell, a little out of temper with the youth's loquacity and pretensions, thought him to be an empty foolish lad, and recommended the father to get him an ensigncy in the army, as the only thing for which he was fitted. Alec treasured up this unfavourable opinion, and secretly vowed to shew him the fallacy of his disparaging remarks.

No way discouraged, but with an inborn resolution to qualify for the English bar, young Wedderburn took a journey to London, to look about him, and learn all

needful particulars. This was in 1753. As an intimate friend of David Hume, he received from him a letter of introduction to Dr Clephane, a Scotch physician, who was able to advise him. What Alec learned on the occasion confirmed him in his intentions. Before quitting London, he entered himself as a barrister at the Inner Temple, and remained sufficiently long to dine at the Hall in Easter and Trinity terms. Back he came to Edinburgh, underwent his civil law trials, and entered at the Scottish Bar in June 1754. Of course, this was only a make-shift. For three years he walked the Parliament House, with little to do as an advocate. In the General Assembly of the Church he distinguished himself for his oratorical displays, but this led to little, and he pined to try his hand in the south. A circumstance of a curious nature precipitated his migration. It has been often related, but hardly twice the same way. Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, mentions that at this time the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates was a veteran at the bar, named Lockhart, a man of such an overbearing disposition, that several juniors resolved to take an opportunity of affronting him before the court. Wedderburn happened to have the first chance, and it suited him to embrace it, for he was desirous to quit Edinburgh, and cared not what might be the upshot.

This memorable affair came off in July or the beginning of August 1757, at which time Alec was twenty-four years of age. In a case in which he was concerned, Lockhart, with his accustomed rudeness, spoke of young Wedderburn as 'a presumptuous boy!' Here was the much-desired opportunity. Calmly rising, he said: 'The learned Dean has confined himself to vituperation.

I do not say he is capable of reasoning; but if tears would have answered his purpose, I am sure tears would not have been wanting.' Starting up in a rage, Lockhart threatened vengeance. With imperturbable audacity, Wedderburn uttered some biting remarks in allusion to a painful domestic circumstance, which had brought Lockhart into discredit. At such an outbreak, the court was in profound amazement. The President firmly declared that Mr Wedderburn's language was unbecoming in an advocate or gentleman. This only roused him to a further assault. He exclaimed that his lordship had stated as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman. The wand of peace was now thoroughly broken. He was ordered to retract his words and apologise, on pain of deprivation. The scene that ensued was without a parallel in the Court of Session. 'All of a sudden,' says Lord Campbell, 'Wedderburn seemed to have subdued his passion, and put on an air of deliberate coolness—when, instead of the expected retraction and apology, he stripped off his gown, and holding it in his hands before the judges, he said: "My Lords, I neither retract nor apologise; but I will save you the trouble of deprivation; there is my gown, and I will never wear it more; *virtute me involvo* (I enrobe myself in virtue)." He then coolly laid his gown upon the bar, made a low bow to the judges, and before they had recovered from their amazement, he left the court, which he never again entered.'

It could be shewn that Lord Campbell has erred in stating that Lockhart was at that time Dean of Faculty; he was at anyrate a leading member of the bar, and the details of the incident, as related, are substantially correct. The occurrence caused much commotion in

legal and other circles. Young as he was, Wedderburn had won his way into the best literary and professional society in Edinburgh. All were aghast at his audacity in outraging the decorum of the court, and there was not a little surprise that he had been suffered to escape with impunity. It would have been a heart-breaking thing for old Peter, had he been seated on the bench on the occurrence of this escapade. He had died the year previously, and was spared so distressing a circumstance. In point of fortune, Wedderburn sacrificed little by quitting Scotland. Chesterhall was burdened with debt, and the fees at the bar had been insignificant. Still, his conduct was unwarrantable, and could neither leave pleasing recollections nor contribute to his advancement in the new field he had chosen. He lost no time in preparations for departure. Leaving orders for his books to be sent to him by sea, he quitted Edinburgh for London on the evening of the day in which he bowed his farewell to the court. Carrying with him only a small valise, he set off in the stage-coach, which occupied six tedious days in the journey.

Arriving in town comparatively poor, but with an earnest resolution to advance himself by all proper means, Wedderburn possessed brilliant talents, which only required to be known. Settling down in a set of chambers at the Temple, and considering the probabilities of success, he found he had first of all to overcome a serious drawback. This was his Scotch intonation. Resolute in vanquishing this defect—which was then thought to be of more importance than it is in these less fastidious times—he put himself as a pupil under Sheridan, and afterwards under Macklin. Both were Irishmen but their elocution was excellent; and

in their desire to help on the young Scotchman, they introduced him to their dramatic friends. The Green-Room and Stage became a school in which to study a pure English pronunciation, and this Wedderburn was not long in picking up. Being 'called to the Bar,' and equipped with gown and wig for practice in the Court of King's Bench, the consideration now was how to get briefs. Scottish clannishness stood him in good stead. His sister, Janet, had married Sir Henry Erskine, Bart., a descendant of the seventh Earl of Mar, through the Erskines of Alva, and who, besides being a lieutenant-general in the army, was colonel of the Royal Scots. This proved a good marriage for Janet, and it had a beneficial influence on her brother's fortunes. Colonel Sir Henry Erskine was a friend of Lord Bute; through which channel, and aided by a number of prosperous Scotchmen in London, Wedderburn pushed his way, was thought a wonderfully clever fellow, and began to secure the confidence of attorneys. The decease of George II. and accession of George III. with the Bute ministry, gave him a considerable lift. Professing himself a warm partisan of the government, he was returned to the House of Commons as member for the Rothesay and Inveraray group of burghs.

With the House of Commons as an arena for his abilities, Wedderburn had now the ball at his foot. Business flowed in upon him. In 1763, he was made a king's counsel, and obtained a silk gown, a preferment of which, by letter, he apprised his mother, who looked with anxiety to the outcome of Alec's migration southward. How, with these beginnings, Wedderburn rose step by step in his career, belongs to history. We are sorry to say, he cannot be represented as a man of high

integrity or acute sense of honour. Political consistency he thought little about. His object was professional aggrandisement. Doubtless, as regards looseness of principle, there were examples on all sides. The early years of the reign of George III., in which were embraced the blunders and distractions of the American war, are not to be looked back upon with satisfaction. Like a stormy petrel, Wedderburn contrived to swim on the top of the waves. His powers of sarcasm and invective were terrific. Few dared to face him. Early in his business career, he had an opportunity of attacking Hume Campbell; inflicting on him such a castigation, as to drive him from the bar of the Court of King's Bench, and to seek refuge in the Court of Chancery. Though guilty of this vindictiveness, Wedderburn was not without remorseful feelings. He was conscious of having done a wrong to Lockhart, which, on rising into power, he did his best to remedy by paying attention to his son at the English bar. Lockhart himself, at the age of seventy-five, is said to have been promoted to the bench on his recommendation.

Wedderburn's success was facilitated by his early study of the Civil Law, and the blending of Law and Equity, which he had been accustomed to in the Court of Session. Practice in the Court of Chancery came easily to him. With this advantage, along with his marked ability as a speaker—and we might say as a trimmer—his promotion was rapid. He became Attorney-general; next, he was made Chief-justice of the Common Pleas; and at length, 1780, was summoned to the House of Lords as Lord Loughborough. In 1793, he was appointed Lord Chancellor, and now was at the summit of his ambition. It is instructive

to know that the possession of the Great Seal, on which he had long set his heart, imparted no solid happiness. He acknowledged that he had been pursuing a vain phantom; and in that candid avowal have we not the moral that may be drawn from his successful but troubled career?

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See
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Laird of Chapellin

We approach the end. Lord Loughborough gave up the Great Seal in 1801; at the same time being advanced to the dignity of Earl of Rosslyn. Now in his old days, and with no longer any necessity to maintain his artificial accent, the old Scotch vernacular came back upon him, and he spoke as if fresh from 'a game at the bools' in the Mint Close. That close, with its huge dark building and little plain-stoned court, he wished to see before he died. Visiting Edinburgh for the purpose, he was too feeble to walk down the narrow lane, and was carried in a sedan-chair to the scene of his boyish games. What he specially desired to ascertain was, whether the holes in the pavement to which the marbles had been knuckled sixty years ago, were still preserved. There they were still intact. He was satisfied. His last wish was fulfilled. With little to admire in this extraordinary man, it must be admitted that his pilgrimage to the Mint Close shewed a degree of sensibility that almost redeems him from some of his failings.

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Wedderburn—to call him by his original name—was twice married, but at his death he left no issue. He died, 2d January 1805, and his remains were honoured with a public funeral in St Paul's Cathedral. His titles of Loughborough and Rosslyn, devolved, in terms of the patent, upon his nephew, Sir James Erskine, a son of his sister Janet, and from Sir James is descended the

present Earl of Rosslyn. It need only be added, that the Chesterhall property, long the seat of the Wedderburns, is now merged in the domain of Oxenford, belonging to the Earl of Stair. The old mansion where Peter Wedderburn used to recreate himself in the intervals of Session, is vanished, but the antique dovecot, as is usual with such structures, is, we believe, 'still to the fore,' and forms a picturesque object in the landscape.

STORY OF ERSKINE.

THE story of Wedderburn, an Edinburgh boy, who, reared in the profundities of the Mint Close, came to be Lord Chancellor of England, is rivalled in romantic interest in the history of the Hon. Thomas Erskine, also an Edinburgh youth, with but a poor patrimony, who, by dint of talent, rose to the same high dignity. Erskine came a little later into the world than Wedderburn. He was born 10th January 1750, and must have been in his seventh year when Wedderburn enacted the extraordinary scene in the Court of Session already pictured, and, like a fury, bolted off to push his fortune in London. In the case of Erskine, there occurs no such explosion of temper; and his early history is every way more exemplary and pleasing.

Genteel as was the Mint Close as a place of residence at the middle of the last century, it was scarcely more so than certain parts of the High Street, where there were common stairs leading to as many as nine or ten stories, each occupied by a separate family—the gentility, of course, always diminishing as you ascended to the roof—Peers, Lords of Session, or perhaps Dowager Ladies of quality, residing in the lower floors, doctors of

divinity or of medicine higher up, tradesmen in the garrets—a queer but not unhappy jumble of people living in mutual respect of each other, and making few complaints as to their scanty accommodation. In one of those tall buildings, pretty high in the stair, dwelt Henry-David, fifth Earl of Buchan. In point of etiquette, his lordship should have lived in the first or second floor above the shops; but narrow circumstances compelled him to be satisfied with one of the higher floors, which could be had for a comparatively moderate rent. It is not quite easy to understand how one in the position of an earl, with his countess and family, should have been able to live with any degree of comfort in a floor of only three or four small apartments, elevated a hundred feet above the ground, and wholly destitute of modern appliances. Yet, the thing was done. To give an appearance of roominess, a good deal was effected by having beds to resemble a wardrobe or chest of drawers. As for the servant-girl, she slept under the kitchen dresser.

Such was the town residence of the Earl of Buchan. He had an old castle somewhere in the country, but it had fallen to ruin, and he possessed no means to put it in repair. His available revenue at this time was only two hundred pounds a year. Having married a daughter of Sir James Steuart, Bart. of Goodtrees, and brought on himself the obligations of a family, his lordship was fain to seek a dwelling in town, for the sake of cheap education for his children. In his efforts at an economical style of living, he was nobly seconded by his wife. The Countess of Buchan is spoken of as having been a woman of acute intellect, elevated taste, sincere piety, and strong common-sense. She had three sons,

David, Henry, and Thomas, and a daughter, Isabella, all of whom she taught to read, and otherwise instructed. In time, the boys went to the High School, a seminary of learning well adapted for grounding in the classics. Here, Thomas made some progress. His daily fare, like that of his brothers, was what was usual among Scotch boys, even among the higher class of families—a basin of oatmeal porridge with milk for breakfast, and ('kail' or broth with a piece of bread for dinner. The earl could not afford to give meals of a costly nature. Friends dropped in to tea at six o'clock in the evening, and so far the junior members of the family had an opportunity of seeing some good society, and hearing intelligent conversation. The talk was often on religious and ecclesiastical topics; for the Erskines were related to persons who took a leading part in church polity. Small as were the outlays on these little tea-drinkings, they were felt to press rather heavily; and to lessen general expenses, the family removed to St Andrews, where rents were lower, education somewhat cheaper, and fewer friends to be entertained. Tom, as he was called, was here advanced in his learning, and became noted for his activity and powers of memory. At the dancing-school, he learned to dance *Shantrews*, and to acquit himself creditably in a minuet. The cost of the schooling was not great, but we can fancy that even at St Andrews, with all the scheming and economy of the earl and countess, they had a severe struggle to maintain a decent appearance, and make both ends meet.

Some people—perhaps a good many—with no more than two hundred pounds a year, would spend nearly the whole on personal indulgences, and care little about

educating their children. In the present case, with honours to sustain, there was a far higher sense of duty. David, the eldest son and heir, styled Lord Cardross, was sent to Leyden to complete his education; Henry was educated for the Scottish bar; and Isabella, the daughter, needed to be brought forward in lady-like accomplishments. Tom came rather worst off. With such pulls on his slenderly filled purse, the earl could not see his way to bring up his youngest son to a learned profession. If the boy had been allowed his will, he would have preferred to go into the army; but there were no funds wherewith to purchase a commission; and, to make the best of things, he agreed to enter as a midshipman on board a man-of-war. An opening of this kind being procured on board the *Tartar*, a vessel under command of Sir David Lindsay, he was assigned to a life at sea. Equipped in a cocked-hat, a blue jacket, and fanciful small-sword, he embarked at Leith, March 1764, bidding farewell to his parents, and doubtful as to his future prospects. Sailing down the Firth of Forth, and seeing Arthur Seat melting away in the distance, all before him was dark and uncertain. The utmost he looked forward to was rising to the rank of a lieutenant. How little was he aware of his destiny! The next time he saw the towering heights of his native city, he had attained to social eminence as a peer of the realm!

Fortunately, there was an elasticity of spirit in Erskine which enabled him to bear up under a harsh routine of duty. Things were then coarsely conducted in ships of war, as is shewn by Smollett's inimitable descriptions in *Roderick Random*. Minutely attentive to every detail of the service, the young midshipman

lost no opportunity of supplying the deficiencies of his education by reading and study; nor was he less careful in treasuring up every kind of professional knowledge that was available. His ship having gone to the West Indies, he there picked up information regarding the country and the state of the labouring population. On his return voyage, in acknowledgment of his steadiness and skill in seamanship, he was appointed acting-lieutenant, a circumstance which opened up the hope of rising in his profession. Great, accordingly, was his disappointment when the ship was paid off at Portsmouth, with no immediate prospect of his being again employed. He was now eighteen years of age; his father had just died, and the prospect was sufficiently blank. Returning to his first fancies, he determined to go, if possible, into the army. The small sum left to him by his father enabled him to procure an ensign's commission in the Royal Scots, or First Regiment of Foot. This change of profession took place in 1768, after an experience of four years at sea.

Erskine was now a subaltern officer in a marching regiment, flitting about from town to town, parading in a scarlet uniform, killing time by reading at circulating libraries, dancing at balls, and enjoying the ordinary amount of flirtation. So went on two years; when a flirtation with one of the belles of a provincial town—a lady of respectable family, but no fortune—abruptly led to a marriage with her, 1770. This was in some sense an imprudent act, yet it really proved to be auspicious. It inspirited him to think more earnestly than he had done before, and evoked the highest qualities of his mind. Sent with his regiment to Minorca, he was allowed to take his wife along with him. He was absent for two

years, during which he devoted every spare moment to mental improvement, and made himself familiar with the writings of Shakspeare, Milton, and other great English poets, some of which he learned to repeat from memory. The early instruction in religious matters, inculcated by his mother, now became publicly serviceable. He was selected to act as chaplain to his regiment, which was essentially Scotch, and his sermons and extempore prayers, delivered with fervour, gave unqualified satisfaction. One would say, with such a well-balanced mind, and gifts of oratory, there need have been little apprehension as to the future.

Back to England in 1772, he figured for a season in society in London, was introduced to Dr Johnson, and, as Boswell tells us, had the honour of wrangling with that incomparable gossip and disputant. In 1773, he was promoted to be a lieutenant in his regiment, and again was kept on the move from town to town. This idling away of existence, as he felt it to be, was irksome and hopeless. He could not buy steps in the service. Was he to live and die a lieutenant? No; something better must be thought of. Meditating on the awkwardness of his position, he, one day, by way of a little recreation, entered a court-room in which the town assizes were held. This was in August 1774. He was dressed in his regimentals, and attracted the attention of the presiding judge, Lord Mansfield, who, on learning that he was a son of the late Earl of Buchan, invited him to sit on the bench beside him, and, further, took some pains to explain to him the nature of the case that was being tried. This was the turning-point in Erskine's fate. He suddenly grasped at the idea of studying for the law, and from what he saw and heard,

felt assured that he could have little difficulty in excelling the barristers to whose pleadings he had just listened.

A new chapter now opens in the life of Erskine. He had tried two means of livelihood, and they had failed. A third was now to be attempted. The hazard was considerable. His brothers were uneasy at his resolution; but his mother, with a consciousness of his abilities, had no fears as to the result.

There were several difficulties to be encountered. He would, in the first place, require to study three years for the degree of M.A. at Oxford or Cambridge; then he must be admitted as a law student at Lincoln's Inn. How was all this to be accomplished while he was still in the army, and where was the money to come from to pay his fees? These untoward obstructions were successfully overcome. He procured leave of absence for six months from his regiment; and, as regards the routine of study at the university, we believe he derived some privileges in virtue of his birth. He got through his terms at Cambridge, and at last he sold his commission for a sum which gave him a lift onward. It needed it all. He had a wife with an increasing family. They were stowed away in lodgings at Kentish Town, one of the north-west suburbs of London, and the whole, as well as himself, practised the most rigorous economy. Looking at the position in which he was placed, with absolutely no friends to aid in his advancement, we can scarcely picture anything more lonely or depressing. Erskine, however, had in him the right stuff, out of which great men are buoyed to the surface. All he needed was a lucky chance to bring himself into a blaze of notoriety.

In July 1778, he was called to the bar, and for some months he underwent certain private discipline as a pleader. In November, the lucky chance came, and it did so in a way so curious and unforeseen, as to deserve special notice. Being invited to spend the day with a friend, Mr Moore, he was on his way to do so, when, in leaping across a ditch at Spa Fields, he slipped his foot and sprained his ankle. In much pain, he was carried home, and the engagement at his friend's house was necessarily broken off. Towards the evening, he felt himself so much recovered, that he resolved to join a dinner-party, for which an invitation had been received in the course of the day. He went—the inducement to dine at home not being particularly great. It happened to be a large dinner-party. There was much lively conversation with sallies of wit, in which Erskine shone with his accustomed brilliance. He made a favourable impression on Captain Baillie, an old salt, whom he had never seen before. Baillie was full of his own story. It was a case of oppression. For having, in a printed statement, shewn up certain gross abuses in the administration of Greenwich Hospital, he had, through the influence of Lord Sandwich, the First Lord, been suspended by the Board of Admiralty, and a prosecution for libel now impended over him in the Court of King's Bench. Discovering that Erskine had been a sailor, and was now called to the bar, he, without saying a word on the subject, determined to have him for one of his counsel.

Next day, while sitting in a despondent mood, Erskine heard a smart knock at the door. An attorney's clerk enters, and puts in his hand a paper along with a golden guinea. It was a retainer for the defendant in the case

of the King *versus* Baillie. Any one can imagine his delight at the unexpected circumstance. The guinea, his first fee, was treasured as a family keepsake. At first, he was not aware that there were to be along with him four senior counsel, each of whom would speak before him; and a knowledge of the fact was rather discouraging. Still, he studied and mastered the case; his acquaintanceship with sea-affairs and seamen adding zest to his mode of treatment. Before the case came on, three of the seniors were for a compromise. Erskine resolutely stood out. He saw his game. At the debate in court, before Lord Mansfield, these seniors were dry and prosy. The fourth, Mr Hargrave, began to speak, but he was compelled to leave by indisposition. It was too late to do any more that day, and the case was adjourned, which was fortunate, for the court would next day listen unjaded to Erskine's line of argument.

On the day following, 24th November 1778, the great day of Erskine's triumph, the case was left to his guidance. He stepped forward modestly, and, in a pleasing tone of voice, stated that he appeared as junior counsel for the defence, and begged to be heard. He was unknown to every one, except, it might be, to Lord Mansfield, who, on a former occasion, had shewn him some polite attention. Warming as he advanced in his argument, he in a flood of forensic eloquence, in bitter but just terms, pointed out the infamy of Lord Sandwich's proceedings, and besought the court to do justice to the object of his oppression. Instead of deprivation of office, fine, and imprisonment, poor Baillie deserved the highest approbation. 'The man,' he said, 'deserves a palace instead of a prison, who prevents the palace built by the public bounty of his country from being

converted into a dungeon, and who sacrifices his own security to the interests of humanity and virtue.' The force, the truth of his eloquent harangue, produced an impression almost unprecedented. The court, crowded with men of distinction, was mute with astonishment. The speech was without rant, or mouthing, or any indecorum. It was fervid, elegant, and convincing; for it came from the heart, and was free from any of the hackneyed arts of a practised barrister. As the best tribute to so much eloquence, the case against the defendant was discharged. Baillie came off victorious. Erskine's fortune was made. As he left the court, and walked down Westminster Hall, attorneys pressed around him with briefs and fees. In the morning he was poor and comparatively unknown. In the evening he was famed, and in the way of making several thousands a year. Some one asked him how he had the courage to speak with such boldness to Lord Mansfield. The answer he gave has been immortalised. He said: 'Because I thought my little children were plucking at my gown; and that I heard them saying: "Now, father, is the time to give us bread."'

After this, Erskine pursued a successful career at the bar, without, as was remarked, incurring either envy or detraction. His good temper and geniality of manner made him a universal favourite. In 1779, he was employed in defence of Admiral Lord Keppel, who had been wrongfully accused of misconduct at the battle with the French fleet off Ushant. He was successful in getting a verdict of acquittal; and full of gratitude for his zeal and industry, Keppel presented him with a thousand pounds.

It is unnecessary to pursue the details of his forensic

and political achievements—how he defended Lord George Gordon, Horne Tooke, and others, became member of parliament for Portsmouth, and rising in his profession, was appointed Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and raised to the peerage as Baron Erskine of Restormel, 1806. Owing to a change of administration, he did not long retain the office of Chancellor. While a judge, he was liked for his suavity. It never has been said that he was eminent as a jurist. He was celebrated mainly for his brilliant oratorical qualities, the saliency of his wit, his manly courage in defending right against might, and his indefatigable industry. He was fond of fun and jocularities, and uttered innumerable bon-mots, though, in these respects, he was perhaps outshone by his brother, Hon. Henry Erskine, who distinguished himself as an advocate at the Scottish bar. Lord Erskine's wife, who had been his faithful and enduring companion in depressed circumstances, unfortunately did not live to see her husband Lord Chancellor. She died in 1805, before he reached this dignity. He mourned and long survived her, marrying a second time in his old age. His lordship died while on a visit to Scotland, in 1823, and was succeeded in his title by his eldest son. The only thing we have to add respecting Lord Erskine is, that his *Speeches* have been collected and published, and testify to his extraordinary genius.

STORY OF SUSANNAH, COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

ON a towering height overlooking the valley of the Seine, at no great distance from Havre, stood the chateau or castle of Montgomerie, from which its proprietors, an old family of distinction in Normandy, took their surname. At the invasion of England by William the Conqueror, 1066, he was accompanied by his relative, Roger de Montgomerie, who, for his services at the battle of Hastings, was rewarded by grants of lands, and created Earl of Shrewsbury. A descendant of this personage, Robert de Montgomerie, settled in the west of Scotland about the middle of the twelfth century, and there the Scotch branch of the Montgomeries received gifts of lands, and in time rose to dignity and importance. Before 1450, the representative of the family was created Lord Montgomerie; and in 1506, the Lord Montgomerie of his day was raised to the dignity of Earl of Eglintoun. The want of male heirs caused a temporary change in the family surname. By the decease of Hugh, fifth Earl of Eglintoun, in 1612, the inheritance devolved on Sir Alexander Seton, a son of Lady Margaret Montgomerie, eldest daughter of

Hugh, the third earl, who had married Robert Seton, first Earl of Wintoun. Sir Alexander, who thus became sixth Earl of Eglintoun, and assumed the surname of Montgomerie, was one of the notable men in his day, who brought into the family the energy and proud bearing of the Setons. Not ceasing for a moment to lose his loyal attachments, he was, like some other distinguished nobles of his time, constrained by a sense of duty to uphold the principles of civil and religious liberty. As a zealous Covenanter, he adhered to the parliament, took part in the celebrated Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and fought under Leven and Fairfax at the battle of Marston Moor. Renowned for his valour, he received the popular designation of Greysteil, by which he is still known in family tradition. Cromwell, as an autocratic outcome of the national convulsion, was not relished by Greysteil, who did all in his power to promote the restoration of Charles II.

At this point in our narrative, attention has to be called to a work of considerable interest, the *Memorials of the Montgomeries*, by William Fraser, in two quarto volumes, printed for private circulation. Mr Fraser is deeply versed in genealogical and peerage lore. By his researches in the charter-rooms of grand old mansions, he has done much to clear up doubtful points in family history. In the course of his explorations among old writs in the castle of Eglintoun, he alighted upon a letter addressed by John, sixth Earl of Cassillis, to Alexander, sixth Earl of Eglintoun (Greysteil), which at once puts to flight a popular romance, founded on ballad literature. What a downcome it would have been to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who wrote an elaborate account of the affair, to have known on incontestable

authority that the versified story of 'Johnnie Faa, the Gypsy Laddie'—a thing imbedded in our youthful memory, and the air to which it was sung to us by an old aunt, still, after a lapse of seventy years, tingling fresh in remembrance—is altogether a falsehood, the invention of some clever but evil-minded *jongleur*. For the sake of honest literature, the matter cannot be passed over.

Let us first deal with the circumstances embalmed in the popular tradition. The Earl of Cassillis, quite as stern a Covenanter as the Earl of Eglintoun, married Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington—Tam o' the Cowgate, as James VI. called him. The lady was unhappy. She had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, Sir John Faa of Dunbar. When several years had come and gone, and Lady Cassillis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Faa, seizing the opportunity when the earl was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came disguised as a gypsy, with a band of followers, and, by glamour or magical illusion, induced the countess to elope. In the language of the ballad :

The gypsies cam to the Earl o' Cassillis' yett,
And oh, but they sang sweetly ;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,
That doun cam our fair lady.

And she cam tripping doun the stair,
Wi' all her maids before her ;
As sune as they saw her weel-faured face,
They cuist their glamour o'er her.

Before the countess and this crew of real or assumed

gypsies had been long gone, the earl returned, pursued them on horseback, overtook and captured them at a ford over the river Doon, called the Gypsies' Steps. Johnnie Faa and his accomplices were hanged on the 'Dule-tree' opposite the castle-gate of Cassillis, and the countess was thereafter imprisoned during the remainder of her life in an old family mansion at Maybole; her occupation, during her lifelong imprisonment, being the working of tapestry. On a fine projecting staircase in the tower, heads were carved representing those of the gypsy abductor and his band—the earl in the meantime marrying another wife. The effigies of the gypsies, still shewn on the mansion, are said to be very minute. Such is the story of the ballad of Johnnie Faa, and so circumstantial is it, that one is inclined to wonder how it should have been so ingeniously invented. Possibly, the existence of an old baronial mansion of the Cassillis family in Maybole, decorated with some carved heads—a ford in the Doon, which, at an unknown period, was called the Gypsies' Steps—a splendid umbrageous plane-tree in front of the castle-gate, which likely enough had been used as a gallows, in the days when heritable jurisdictions gave the power of life and death—the circumstance of Faa being the name of a gypsy clan—may have assisted in the fabrication of the romance. At anyrate, it is untrue that the Countess of Cassillis eloped with Johnnie Faa, or any one else. It is untrue that the Earl of Cassillis, with a band of retainers, went after them. It is untrue that he captured and hanged Faa and his associates. It is untrue that he repudiated the countess, and immured her for life in the family mansion at Maybole. And there is no evidence that the unfortunate lady worked tapestry during her lengthened

captivity. In short, the whole thing is a downright falsehood; and in this, as in many similar cases of ballad legends, the truth of history has been strangely, if not malignantly perverted. Relying on documentary evidence, Mr Fraser shews that the Earl of Cassillis was married to Lady Jane Hamilton in December 1621; that they lived together happily for twenty-one years, that is, till her decease in 1642. This is proved by the lately discovered letter of the Earl of Cassillis, intimating the death of his dear spouse, to which Lord Eglintoun answers in terms of condolence. It further appears, that a letter was addressed by the Earl of Cassillis, shortly after the death of his wife, to the Rev. Robert Douglas, in which he expresses great respect and tenderness for the memory of Lady Jane; which is quite inconsistent with the fanciful story of her elopement and imprisonment. Moreover, the earl was so devoted to the memory of Lady Jane, that he did not marry his second wife, Margaret Hay, until 1644. It was quite impossible that the countess could have eloped with Johnnie Faa while her husband was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643, for the best of all reasons, that she was in her grave a year before the earl attended that notable Assembly. We feel satisfaction in quoting Mr Fraser's remark. 'This,' he says, 'is a good proof of the value of preserving papers such as those contained in the present work. The fair fame of a lady had been tarnished by a romantic story, founded on the misapplication of a popular ballad. Her character is now cleared by the unerring testimony of contemporary writers.'

So, down the wind to the limbo of malicious fabrications, must now float the versified legend of Johnnie

Faa, with all its picturesque particulars. How the worshippers of old ballads and mythic legends will hate the ransacking of charter-rooms!

Coming to Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglington, who succeeded his grandfather in 1701, we approach the dignified heroine of our story. His lordship was thrice married. His first wife was Lady Margaret Cochrane, a grand-daughter of the first Lord Dundonald. By this marriage, he had three sons and six daughters, a goodly family to begin with. Unfortunately, the sons died young. Next, his lordship married Lady Anne Gordon, eldest daughter of George, first Earl of Aberdeen, of which union there was only one surviving child, a daughter, Lady Mary, who grew up a celebrated beauty. It was gratifying to his lordship to have so fine a family of daughters, but he was anxious for a son and heir, whom the Countess Anne, from her failing health, did not seem likely to confer upon him. At this juncture, the blooming Susannah Kennedy, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Culzean, was introduced to the world of fashion in Edinburgh, about the time of the Union (1707), and attracted considerable attention. She was of lofty stature—it is said, six feet high—extremely handsome, of elegant carriage, and had a face and complexion of bewitching loveliness. A young lady of good family with such attractions, could not fail to have a vast following of suitors among the nobility and gentry.

‘Among her swains,’ says the author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, ‘was Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, a man of learning and talent in days when such qualities were not common. As Miss Kennedy was fond of music, he sent her a flute as a gift; from which it may be

surmised that this instrument was played by females in that age, while as yet the pianoforte was not. When the young lady attempted to blow the instrument, something was found to interrupt the sound, which turned out to be a copy of verses in her praise :

Harmonious pipe, I languish for thy bliss,
When pressed to Silvia's lips with gentle kiss !
And when her tender fingers round thee move
In soft embrace, I listen and approve
Those melting notes which soothe my soul in love.
Embalmed with odours from her breath that flow,
You yield your music when she's pleased to blow ;
And thus at once the charming lovely fair
Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.
Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be
To court bewitching Silvia for me ;
Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—
Repeat my love at each soft melting touch—
Since I to her my liberty resign,
Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine.

‘ Unhappily for this accomplished and poetical lover, Lord Eglintoun's sickly wife happened just at this time to die, and set his lordship again at large among the spinsters of Scotland. Admirers of a youthful, impassioned, and sonnet-making cast, might have trembled at his approach to the shrine of their divinity ; for his lordship was one of those titled suitors, who, however old and ugly, are never rejected, except in novels and romances.’ Perhaps Susannah Kennedy half anticipated that she would some day be married to Lord Eglintoun ; there being a kind of prophecy in her father's family, that such an event was, from a certain omen, likely to take place. While one day walking in the garden at Culzean, there alighted upon her shoulder a hawk, with

his lordship's name upon its bells, which was considered by the domestics to be an infallible prognostication of her fate. All things considered, Sir John Clerk had little chance of being accepted. 'It appears,' continues the writer of the *Traditions*, 'that poor Clerk actually made a declaration of his passion for Miss Kennedy, which her father was taking into consideration, a short while before the death of Lady Eglintoun. As an old friend and neighbour, Sir Archibald thought he would consult the earl upon the subject, and he accordingly proceeded to do so. Short, but decisive, was the conference. "Bide a wee, Sir Archy," said his lordship; "my wife's very sickly." With Sir Archibald, as with Mrs Slipslop, the least hint sufficed: the case was at once settled against the elegant baronet of Penicuik. The lovely Susannah accordingly became in due time Countess of Eglintoun.'

'Even after this attainment of one of the greatest blessings that life has to bestow, the old peer's happiness was like to have been destroyed by another untoward circumstance. It was true he had the handsomest wife in the kingdom, and she brought him as many children as he could desire. One after another came no fewer than seven daughters. But then his lordship wanted a male heir; and every one knows how poor a consolation a train of daughters, however long, proves in such a case.' At length, her ladyship brought him a son, and two other male children succeeded. The Earl of Eglintoun died in 1729, having from first to last by his three wives had seventeen children. His widow, the Countess Susannah, now about forty years of age, is to be supposed to have had imposed on her considerable responsibility in taking charge of the younger members of the

family, more particularly as so many of them were daughters, requiring not only to be educated, but brought out in a becoming manner. Her ladyship, however, was self-possessed, had proper notions as to decorum, and was a first-rate manager. There was a lofty, yet genial style in her demeanour. She had a manner peculiar to herself, which inspired respect, and which was remembered as the *Eglintoun air*.

In 1730, the countess had occasion to visit Bath, with two of her daughters, Lady Eleonora and Lady Margaret; the former, on account of a temporary indisposition, being recommended to drink the mineral waters. To travel to and from Bath, was at that time greatly more difficult than it is now to go round the world; for the roads were awful, carriages were apt to be overturned and broken, and horses killed. Having reached her destination, not without misadventure, the difficulty was how to get safely home. To give an idea of Countess Susannah's scholarship, which was very much like, if not superior to, that of the best educated ladies of quality at the period—when little attention was paid to spelling—we transcribe a letter from her to a friend of the family, Lord Milton, dated Bath, November 9, 1730.

'My dear lord—I did myself the pleasure of writing to you soon after I came to this place, but hes never yete heard on word from you; pray what's the matter? Could I convie my self with the same ease as this letter, I vow I wou'd come and see. I can't say this place affords great pleasure to your humble servant. I have left too mannie attractives behind me to be sensible to waker influence. Ellie reaps not the benefite from the watters I hop'd for; but be the evant what will, I have don my dutie, which gives a lasting comfort. You tak'd

with uncertantie of coming to London. I shou'd be overjoy'd you did. The roads are so bat across the countrie that I darnot accross with an sote of horsess, so that I'm oblig'd to goe that way, but I shall stie no longer then I kiss the Queen's hands. I hope to be in Scotland befor the end of next month. I beg you'l send me a bill for 200 lb. upon the banke, least my monie shou'd run short, which I take all the care I can to prevent; but the surest way is to come soon home. If you pleas you may direct my letter to Earle Isla, and recommend my self as a verie tolirable piece of anti-quatie. Pegie's voice is much addmir'd. She hes had a master ever since I came here; but I don't find her 100 pound will goe a great way. Give mannie services for me to my dear cusin; and assure the person with whom I dranke the possat that the thoughts of them is dear to me. If Mr Crawford be turn'd out as survior in Irvin, I wish you cou'd poot Mr Samuell Boyse in his place. He hes much merite.'

Lady Eglington and her two daughters, by taking a circuitous route by way of London, were fortunate in getting home safely. In the metropolis for but a short time she shone as a star of the first magnitude. Though inheriting from the rough old cavalier, her father, certain Jacobite proclivities, she did not refrain from attending the court of George II., where her tall and graceful figure created no little admiration. A Scottish gentleman writing from London in 1730, says: 'Lady Eglington has set out for Scotland, much satisfied with the honour and civilities shewn her ladyship by the queen and all the royal family; she has done her country more honour than any lady I have seen here, both by a genteel and prudent behaviour.'

The Edinburgh mansion of the Eglintoun family was situated in a dingy court on the north side of High Street, latterly known as the Stamp-Office Close. Though hemmed in on all sides, it was a commodious building, with a handsome staircase, and an air of aristocratic distinction. Its chief drawback, according to modern notions, consisted in the narrow and mean entrance from the street, which, at the utmost, could admit only a sedan-chair with its bearers. Here, however, dwelt the Countess of Eglintoun, in a style befitting her rank, along with her daughters; and hence did they ceremoniously sally through the narrow passage, each in her sedan, to attend the fashionable balls in the Assembly Rooms, situated in the recesses of the Old Town—the procession lighted by links borne by servants and caddies. Tradition speaks of the goodly sight it was to see the long procession of sedans, containing Lady Eglintoun and her daughters, emerge from the close and proceed to the Assembly Rooms, where there was sure to be a crowd of admirers congregated to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chair to the pavement. It could not certainly fail to be a remarkable sight—eight beautiful women, conspicuous for their stature and carriage, all dressed in the splendid though formal fashions of that period, and inspired with dignity of birth and consciousness of beauty.

It was perhaps reckoned an eccentricity of character, in an age when the nobility were not signalled by a regard for learning and the fine arts, that the Countess Susannah manifested a kindly affection for literary talent. Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet—affecting a relationship with the Ramsays of Dalhousie, and referring to them as

Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My prop, my stoop, my ornament—

was not slack in discovering the Countess Susannah as an encourager of literary effort. As Gay found an indulgent patron in Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, so did Ramsay, in launching the *Gentle Shepherd*, lay that charming pastoral drama at the feet of the Countess of Eglintoun. We know not, after an interval of a hundred and fifty years, how far the dedication—full of extravagant praise—helped the author to secure public attention. It was probably of no permanent value, for the merits of the work would in time have given it a high place in literature. If possible, to secure success at a time when efforts of this kind were doubtful, the drama was prefaced by verses by Hamilton of Bangour, laudatory of the Countess of Eglintoun, and embodying a just compliment to herself and her daughters. The verses have been quoted a hundred times ; but in honour of Susannah, we give them once more :

In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind ;
Sincere, and equal to thy neighbours' fame,
How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame !
Bold in thy presence bashfulness appears,
And backward merit loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by Heaven, Heaven's richest grace
Confessed is thine—an early blooming race ;
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm—
Divine instruction !—taught of thee to charm,
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
When thou behold'st them of each grace possessed,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest,
After thy image formed, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit or the dance to shine ;

Thrice happy who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintouns of other days !

One is pleased to know that Lady Betty, Lady Margaret, and the other 'lovely Eglintouns of other days,' made good matches, and were the mothers of men more or less distinguished for intellectual attainments. Some of the best blood in Scotland in the present day can be traced to these ladies. Besides watching over her daughters, the countess had to care for the education of her eldest son, Alexander, who was a mere boy when he succeeded as tenth Earl of Eglintoun. He was an especial favourite of her ladyship. Putting him under the direction of tutors, and living with him most of the year at Eglintoun, and more lately at the interesting old mansion of Auchans, she, in her formal ceremonious way, always addressed him, though a boy, as Lord Eglintoun, and commanded all the family and domestics to do the same. Every day, his lordship, with courtly state, led his mother to the dinner-table. The entertainments which she gave on special occasions, both for the dignity of the guests and the magnificence of the service, were seldom or never equalled in those days.

It is sorrowful to turn from this picture of maternal complacency to the tragical circumstance which clouded the evening of a bright and happy life. Her son, the young Earl Alexander, grew up all that a mother could desire—the pride and hope of the family. Under the responsibilities of his position, he made spirited exertions to improve the agriculture of the county of Ayr, and to diffuse an enterprising system of rural industry. At much expense, and with considerate taste, he planted trees, and laid out the extensive grounds around the

family seat, so as to make the place one of the most beautiful in Scotland. How abruptly was this promising young nobleman to be cut off from a scene so enviable ! On the 24th of October 1769, he left Eglintoun Castle on horseback, his carriage and four servants attending, and stopped at Ardrossan parks, where he observed a man with a gun in his hand in the act of poaching for game. The man was Mungo Campbell, an officer of excise, who had been already challenged and forgiven for this offence. Somewhat precipitately, as we think, the earl insisted on Campbell giving up his gun, which he refused to do. In a case of this kind, the proper course would have been, not to have acted as a constable, but to appeal to legal process. In his eagerness, however, the earl repeated his demand, at the same time advancing on Campbell, who, stepping backwards, stumbled on a stone, and fell. In rising, as is alleged, he pointed the gun at Lord Eglintoun, and fired, and lodged the whole charge in the body of his lordship. The wound was mortal. He was carried to Eglintoun Castle, where he died in about twelve hours afterwards ; his decease being universally regretted. Campbell, a man with good connections, was brought to trial for murder at Edinburgh. It was shewn that the crime was committed without premeditation, and therefore to be viewed leniently ; but, by a majority of nine to six, the jury gave a verdict of guilty, and Campbell was condemned to be executed. The unfortunate man, however, could not brook the idea of an ignominious death. On the morning after his trial, he hanged himself in his cell.

At the time of Lord Eglintoun's death, his mother was living at Auchans, which is at some distance, in

the neighbourhood of Irvine. Being immediately sent for, she was stunned with the sudden shock, but hurrying off, she was able to reach Eglintoun Castle before the young earl expired. The tenderness he displayed towards her and others is said to have been to the last degree noble and affecting. Though bearing up with pious resignation, the countess never entirely recovered from the loss which she and the family generally had sustained. Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglintoun, having died unmarried, his titles and estates devolved on his brother Archibald, who thus became eleventh earl.

Archibald was married, and had two daughters. Dying without a male heir, and his younger brother having predeceased him, the titles, and most of the estates, were inherited by his cousin, Hugh Montgomerie of Coilsfield, as a descendant of Alexander, the sixth earl. Previous to his accession to the peerage, Hugh had figured as a soldier in the Seven Years' War, had won applause by his care and skill in engineering the Highland roads, and also, for his integrity, had been elected member of parliament for Ayrshire. In this latter capacity, he was the 'soger Hugh' of Burns, not noted for his oratory :

See, soger Hugh, my watchman stented,
If bardies e'er are represented ;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend a hand,
But when there's ought to say anent it,
Ye're at a stand.

'Soger Hugh,' the twelfth Earl of Eglintoun, lived to the advanced age of eighty, and died in 1819.

As regards the Countess Susannah, she latterly lived

in comparative retirement at Auchans, and there her ladyship was visited by Johnson and Boswell on their return from their memorable tour to the Hebrides. The countess was so well pleased with Dr Johnson, his politics, and his conversation, that she embraced and kissed him at parting, an honour of which he was ever afterwards extremely proud. Boswell gives an amusing account of the interview. 'Lady Eglintoun,' he says, 'though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the country almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. Her figure was majestic, her manners high-bred, her reading extensive, and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles, and the patroness of poets. Dr Johnson was delighted with his reception here. Her principles of church and state were congenial with his. In the course of conversation, it came out that Lady Eglintoun was married the year before Dr Johnson was born; upon which she graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and she now adopted him.'

Returning to the account of her ladyship in the *Traditions*, we have some curious particulars of the manner in which she amused herself in her concluding years, in taming and patronising rats. 'She kept a vast number of these animals in her pay at Auchans, and they succeeded in her affections to the poets and artists with whom she had been acquainted in early life. It does not reflect much credit on the latter, that her ladyship used to complain of never having met with true gratitude except from four-footed animals. She had a panel in the oak wainscot of her dining-room, which she tapped upon at meal-times, when ten or twelve jolly

rats came tripping forth, and joined her at table. At the word of command, or a signal from her ladyship, they retired obediently to their native obscurity—a trait of good sense in the character and habits of the animals, which it is hardly necessary to remark, patrons do not always find in two-legged protégés.’

This venerable lady, who was born just at the Revolution which had brought William and Mary to the throne, drew out existence till 1780, and died at the ripe age of ninety-one. She preserved her stately mien and beautiful complexion to the last. Her skin was of exquisite delicacy, and its fineness, which was a mystery to many ladies not a third of her age, is said to have been due to the fact, that she never used paint or cosmetic, but daily washed her face with sows’ milk—a secret, it seems to us, worth knowing. Of course, our lady readers will understand that we do not vouch for the accuracy of this interesting tradition concerning the Countess Susannah; but it is not unlikely to be true. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, with a view to prolonging her beauty, bathed periodically in asses’ milk; and sows’ milk perhaps possesses superior virtues as a beautifying article for the toilet.

One cannot but regret that Auchans Castle, a fine specimen of an old Scottish manor-house, with towers, picturesque gables, wainscoted apartments, antique chimney-pieces, and reverentially classic from the visit of Johnson, is now uninhabited, and fast hastening to decay. In some measure as a compensation, ‘soger Hugh’ rebuilt and enlarged the castle of Eglintoun; and, what was more important in a national point of view, he, at his own expense, constructed the harbour of Ardrossan, now a useful sea-port on the coast of

Ayrshire. 'Soger Hugh' was succeeded by his grandson, Archibald William, thirteenth Earl of Eglintoun, an excellent and justly popular nobleman, for some time Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, but who is perhaps best remembered in connection with that chivalric display, the Eglintoun Tournament. As already told in one of our stories, his lordship was served heir to the titles of the Setons, Earls of Wintoun. He was thereafter created Earl of Wintoun in the peerage of Great Britain, with limitation to heirs-male. His son, Archibald William Montgomerie (paternally Seton), the fourteenth and present earl, succeeded to the honours of this old and distinguished family in 1861.

We should not close our sketch without mentioning that Mr Fraser's superb work, which few have an opportunity of seeing, is enriched with a number of family portraits, including those of Greysteil in the armour he wore during the Civil Wars, and of Susannah, Countess of Eglintoun, in the pearls and resplendent beauty with which she shone in the early part of her wedded career.

STORY OF LADY FORBES.

THE family of Forbes in its several leading branches is one of the oldest and most honourable in Aberdeenshire, for it was historically signalised as far back as the early part of the fifteenth century. One of its branches was raised to the peerage in the person of Sir Alexander de Forbes, in 1436, one of whose descendants is, at this day, the Premier Baron of Scotland. A brother of this Sir Alexander was ancestor of Alexander Forbes of Pitsligo, who was elevated to the peerage in 1633. As Lord Pitsligo, he had three successors in regular descent, the last of them being the unfortunate Alexander, fourth Lord Pitsligo, attainted for his accession to the Rebellion of 1745; his estates being at the same time escheated and sold by the crown. From the simplicity of his character, his scholarly tastes, and other circumstances, he has been fitly represented as a good prototype of the Baron of Bradwardine in *Waverley*. Another branch of the family was that of the Forbeses of Monymusk, raised to a baronetcy in 1626. They did not come to ruin in the same way as their cousins of Pitsligo; there was no rebellion in the case; but the ruin financially was not less complete. To

appease creditors, Monymusk had to be sold. It was a sad affair to leave the old venerated home, but for it there was no help. When a landed gentleman is encumbered with debts and difficulties, the best thing he can do is to denude himself of his responsibilities, and start unembarrassed on a new and hopeful career. Sir William Forbes was quite alive to a step of this kind; but when the day came for bidding adieu to his paternal inheritance, he drove away from the old home with a pang of regret. The sacrifice was made.

It was not left for this impoverished gentleman to recoup the family fortunes. His son, who died before him, married a lady, a descendant of the third Lord Pitsligo, and those two had a son, William, who, without fortune, became an advocate at the Scottish Bar. In the family history we do not hear much of the advocate. As a poor baronet, his title was perhaps an encumbrance. He, at anyrate, made a fair effort at professional advancement, and in domestic concerns was helped by a good wife, Christian Forbes, daughter of Forbes of Boyndlie, to whom he was married in 1730. Known in her time as Dame or Lady Christian Forbes, she performed a part which has been rarely equalled for dignity and self-reliance in circumstances somewhat trying for one in her social position.

Looking around in the present day, we on all hands see people with no special pretensions as to rank living in houses more superb, salubrious, and comfortable than those occupied by princes of the blood a hundred and fifty years ago. The progress made by wealth and taste within three or four generations is beyond the dreams of romance. When, in 1730, Lady Forbes arrived in Edinburgh as a newly married wife, the home to which

she was introduced was such as would now be occupied by about the humblest family in the city. Edinburgh had not yet expanded north or south. There was no New Town. The population was crowded into a single ancient street, with dingy diverging closes or lanes. High and low, rich and poor, were accommodated in the same tall buildings, with no other distinction than that the poorer dwelt in the cellars and garrets, while the nobility and gentry had the run of the first and second floors. It was a curiously intermingled state of society, shockingly incommodious, but droll and amusing, and not without some good points; for proximity in residence led to general sympathy and a certain kindness of intercourse, which cannot be said to prevail in these later times. Near the centre of the town there were lanes specially preferred as the residence of lawyers, as they could thence walk conveniently in their gowns and wigs to the courts in the Parliament House.

It was in one of these confined alleys that Lady Forbes took up house with her husband, and here she had several children, three of whom—a son and two daughters, died, leaving her, however, two sons to occupy her attention. In 1743 came a greater calamity. That year, her husband, Sir William, died, and having no longer any reason to reside in Edinburgh, she removed to Aberdeen, in order to educate her two boys with a frugality suitable to her means. In 1749, she lost the younger of the two; and now only one, the youthful Sir William Forbes, engaged her motherly care. At the excellent seminaries in Aberdeen, he received an education at an expense so small as to put to shame the extravagant outlay that would now be incurred in more modern establishments. At length, a time came when

it was necessary for the youth to adopt a means of livelihood. The learned professions were thought of; but besides that the education for any of these was costly, they were at the best precarious. Years might be spent, with no satisfactory result. Lady Forbes took the wise resolution of putting her son to a commercial profession; and through the interest of a friend, Mr Farquharson, accountant, was fortunate in getting him appointed as an apprentice to Messrs Coutts, bankers in Edinburgh. To that city she accordingly proceeded with the youth in October 1753, when he was fifteen years of age.

In a narrative regarding his mother lately published, Sir William presents us with an account of the economy which she practised on returning to Edinburgh. It cannot fail to be read with the deepest interest. 'My mother,' he says, 'did not at first begin housekeeping by herself, but we lodged and boarded with a gentlewoman, the widow of Alexander Symmer, a respectable bookseller in the Parliament Square, with whose family my brother and mother had been well acquainted. And it is worth recording, as a proof of the difference of the expense of housekeeping at that time in Edinburgh, that the sum we paid for board and lodging was no more than at the rate of £20 a year for each of us. We drank no wine, indeed; but Mrs Symmer's table, though plainly, was plentifully supplied. At Whitsunday 1754, my apprenticeship commenced, when my mother took possession of a small house, which she hired and furnished in Forrester's Wynd.' A 'wynd,' we stop to say, is a lane somewhat wider than the ordinary closes, and considered to be more of a general thoroughfare. Forrester's Wynd, which formed a

passage from the Lawnmarket to the Cowgate, is now obliterated, having been cleared away to make room for the buildings of the Advocates' Library. 'The house so rented in this dingy alley,' continues Sir William, 'consisted of a couple of rooms, a bed-closet and kitchen, all on the same floor, as was the manner in which houses were occupied at that time in Edinburgh; the rent was only £7 a year, and our establishment comprised a single maid-servant, who sufficiently answered every purpose of our private mode of living.

Yet in this humble manner my mother preserved a dignity and respectable independence, and properly supported the character of my father's widow. Dinners and suppers of ceremony she gave none, except one supper in the course of the year to the gentlemen to whom I was apprentice. But she was visited by persons of the first distinction, whom she received at tea in the afternoon. This was a mode of entertainment much practised at that time in Edinburgh, though now totally disused in the refinement and extravagance of modern luxury, and it was a custom productive of many advantages. Not only were persons of the highest birth, though of slender income, enabled in this inexpensive manner to entertain those friends whom they could not afford to receive in any other manner, but the drawing-rooms of ladies of the most opulent families, where dinners and suppers were given, were generally frequented in the afternoon by the young and old of both sexes, and thus became a school where elegance of manner, and a taste for polite and sensible conversation, were acquired, which we look for in vain in the present state of society, where in general there is more of form than of real kindness, more of vanity and expensive show than of genuine

hospitality. Those circles at that time in Edinburgh, the very remembrance of which is worn out, except among a few old people, were select, though not numerous, and very unlike indeed to the crowded routs and assemblies of the present day. We afterwards occupied various houses in other parts of the town, but always in the same humble and low-rented style, such as our slender income could afford, which at that time very little exceeded a hundred pounds a year.'

In this simple and very charming account of how a young baronet and his mother lived, when in depressed circumstances, about the middle of last century, we have a glimpse of the change of manners which had already taken place thirty years later. At the earlier period—say 1755 to 1765—dinner appears to have taken place in good society at from two to three o'clock; then there was tea at five to six, being the meeting which Sir William so heartily eulogises; lastly, supper at eight o'clock. It is curious to note that under different designations the meals at the present day are but a repetition of what prevailed a hundred and twenty years ago. For dinner we have to substitute the word luncheon; for the afternoon tea we have the modern kettle-drum, or tea at five o'clock; and supper is represented by the seven or eight o'clock dinner. There must, one would think, be something inherent in natural wants and tastes, that, despite of fashion, brings society round to the usages prevalent in the days of our great-grandmothers. The only thing to be seriously regretted is, that the old-fashioned, cheerful supper, with its songs and genial intercourse, should be so poorly represented by the stiffly ceremonious and costly dinner of our own times.

Meanwhile, how was Sir William getting on as an

apprentice to the Messrs Coutts, who carried on their banking concern on the third floor of a building in the Parliament Square? Previous to his being taken as an apprentice, old John Coutts, the father of the family, and who was for some time Lord Provost of Edinburgh, died (1750), and now the business was conducted chiefly by his sons. Of these, John, the second son, took the leading management, and it was to his counsels and example that the young baronet owed much of his success. John, however, died in 1761; his place being taken by his next younger brother, James, on whom devolved an additional burden, for Patrick, the eldest, and Thomas, the youngest son, had gone to conduct a branch of the business in London. These clearances, along with several changes in the copartnery, were not unfavourable to the advancement of young Forbes, who, from apprentice, rose to be a clerk and assistant manager. In 1763, his excellent abilities and application to business induced the firm to admit him as a partner. In these various steps in his progress, we are to view Sir William as guided not less by principles of integrity and assiduity, than by a deep-seated wish to earn means for recovering the estates lost by family misfortune—Pitsligo or Monymusk, as might be most available. That, he constantly kept in view. It served as an honourable incitement, which overcame petty difficulties and privations, and silently spurred him on with a resolution which no obstacle could abate.


It was a great thing for him to feel that, small as was his share in the business of the firm, he was on the way to fortune. All he had to do was to continue to be frugal and industrious. In rising in the world, he could not of course adhere to the scrupulously economical


routine with which he and his mother had begun house-keeping in Forrester's Wynd. In the narrative already referred to, he proceeds to mention how the modest ménage was expanded: 'We removed to a somewhat better house, and a little enlarged our household, by first keeping a foot-boy, and afterwards a man-servant. But we still continued to live in a very retired manner; for although we began occasionally to have a few friends with us at dinner or supper, I was careful not to oppress her with too much company, to which, for many years since the death of my father, she had not been accustomed, and the entertaining of whom was, by consequence, a greater fatigue than I was willing she should undergo. In this manner we lived during other seven years, until the period of my marriage.'

Sir William Forbes was married in 1770 to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Dr (afterwards Sir James) Hay; a union productive of much happiness to his future life. This event obliged him to separate from his mother, the old and venerated guide of his infant years. She continued from that time to live alone; her residence being still in one of the obscurities of the Old Town. According to Peter Williamson's Street Directory for 1784, her ladyship occupied a dwelling in Gray's Close, and there, we infer, she remained till her decease. Her concluding years formed a period of unbroken tranquillity and retirement. Blessed with a serene and contented disposition, enjoying the kindness of her son, and gratified by the rising prosperity and high character which he had obtained; and fortunate in seeing the fortunes of her own and her husband's family rapidly reviving under his successful exertions, she lived happy and contented to an extreme old age, calmly awaiting the

approach of death, to which she looked forward neither with desire nor apprehension. After a life of unblemished virtue, sincere piety, and ceaseless duty, she died on the 26th December 1789. It is impossible to imagine a long life brought to a happier or more enviable conclusion.

Lady Forbes's habits of exactness regarding daily expenditure were something remarkable. She ran no bills, but paid for everything with ready-money; and, says Sir William, 'it was very singular, that when she died, except her house-rent and servant's wages, the day of payment of which was not yet come, and the account of bread and beer for her family, which she was in the habit of paying regularly at the end of every month, not a single farthing was due to any tradesman whom she employed. She carried this degree of regularity so far, that wishing to give half a guinea to a poor woman to whom she occasionally gave alms, as the last bounty she might have it in her power to bestow on her, she had it wrapped in a bit of paper, and pinned it to her bed-curtains, in order that it might be in readiness against the first time the poor woman might call, and where we found it after her death. It will scarcely be doubted that I was at pains to discover the woman, and gave her the money. We found, too, one of her shifts wrapped up by itself, with a person's name pinned on it, of which we were at a loss to discover the meaning, until her maid-servant informed us that a poor woman having requested that my mother would furnish a shift to wrap her body in after she should be dead, she had laid this one aside for that purpose, probably thinking that it would not be so safe in the woman's custody as her own. She had been all her life accustomed to keep

a written and very minute account of her personal and family expenses. Her books and everything else in her possession were found in as exact order as if, previous to her last illness, and before her strength failed, she had actually known that her life was so near a close. A rare instance of that watchfulness which is the duty of all, but, unhappily, practised by so few.' 

The brothers Coutts having died out or quitted the banking concern, and gone to London, the business in the Parliament Square at length was carried on by Sir William Forbes and his partner, Sir James Hunter Blair, with, ultimately, Sir John Hay. It was long a flourishing business, and is now merged in the Union Bank of Scotland. Eminently successful, and much esteemed for his worth, Sir William Forbes filled a number of honorary public offices in Edinburgh. Admired for his benevolence, accomplished in his manners, and tall and graceful in person, he was in his latter days one of the notabilities of his time. It is interesting to know that he realised the long-cherished object of his life. By several different purchases, he acquired the estate of Pitsligo, that had been forfeited in 1745; he forthwith proceeded to bring the lands into the best state of cultivation, and to effect a variety of other improvements. The health of this estimable person began to decline in 1791, and in 1802 Lady Forbes died, a circumstance which sensibly affected his spirits. Yet, he was able to devote a portion of his time to literature. He wrote the *Memoir of a Banking-house*, being that in which he had been long concerned, the object of the work being to impress on his eldest son and successor those correct principles of business management by which he had himself been 

AN guided. He likewise wrote the Life of his friend Dr. Beattie, which met a favourable reception, not merely as an elegant narration of the biography of an eminent man, but as preserving a great amount of the general literary history of the country which must have otherwise perished. He did not long outlive this effort. After being some months confined to the house, he died in November 1806, surrounded by his friends, and inspired by every hope which a virtuous and useful life is capable of affording. Sir William Forbes had a large family of sons and daughters, from whom sprung numerous descendants connected with law, science, and literature.

Had Sir William Forbes lived in our own day, he would probably have been a contributor to various periodicals, for, from the quantity of miscellaneous papers which he wrote and left to his family, he appears to have devoted much of his time to literary composition. The more notable of these papers, a *Narrative of the Last Sickness and Death of Dame Christian Forbes*, has been published after an interval of nearly ninety years. It is from this interesting posthumous work we have been able to draw some of the particulars of the foregoing sketch. Appropriately, the volume was edited by a grandson of Sir William, namely, Alexander P. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin, one of the most erudite men in Scotland, and combining in a remarkable degree the estimable qualities of his family, but on whom, amidst universal regret, the tomb was prematurely closed. As a view of past manners, of which we have presented a feeble outline, the book forms an acceptable contribution to literature.

STORY OF KITTY, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

THE long-distinguished Queensberry family traced its descent from no mean source—Sir William Douglas, son of James, Earl of Douglas and Mar, killed at the battle of Otterburn, a noted Border fight with the Percies, in 1388, commemorated in the ballad of *Chevy Chase*. History records how this branch of the House of Douglas rose to the peerage through the gradations of Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and finally Duke of Queensberry in the reign of Charles II.

William, first Duke of Queensberry, was a saving, painstaking personage, and a prodigious land-buyer, in which he shewed his sagacity, for, in the progress of affairs in a limited territory, nothing is so sure to rise in value as land. He added greatly to the family domain in Dumfriesshire, and made a splendid bargain by purchasing, from the Earl of Tweeddale, the extensive Neidpath estates in Peeblesshire for little more than twenty-three thousand pounds, which now yield to his heirs about twelve thousand pounds a year. He left a son, James, who became second Duke; another son, William, first Earl of March; a third son, George,

who died unmarried ; a daughter, Lady Jean, who married Francis, Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleuch ; Lady Anne, who was married to David, Lord Elcho, afterwards third Earl of Wemyss. We mention these facts for their special bearing on the history of the family. An apparently trifling thing in the history of the peerage disperses titles and estates in different directions.

Duke William, the first Duke, with his famous bargaining in lands, we willingly pass over. The greatest man of the family, as we conceive him to have been, was James, second Duke of Queensberry, an adherent of King William, and afterwards of Queen Anne, who, for his prudence and good business qualities, was constituted High Commissioner to the last Scottish parliament in 1706, with a view to carry out that important undertaking, the Union between England and Scotland. It was a delicate and difficult affair. The English were prepared to go into any reasonable arrangement, so that they might be no longer tortured with a resolute and independent power in their rear. The Scotch, on the other hand, were by no means inclined to the alliance ; and it required dexterity—as well as some cash—to overcome the scruples of the more obstreperous. The Duke being duly empowered to overcome all obstacles, took up his quarters with his family in Edinburgh. Here he owned a spacious mansion built by his father, still known as Queensberry House, situated in the Canongate, at a short distance from the Palace of Holyrood, in which were the official apartments of the Royal Commissioner.

High in the esteem of the court, and generally admired for his ability—and by none more than Defoe,

in his *History of the Union*—the Duke of Queensberry suffered from a painful domestic affliction. His eldest surviving son, James, known as Earl of Drumlanrig, was a rabid idiot. In the present day, the unfortunate being would have been consigned for proper treatment to an asylum for youths in his condition; but in those times imbeciles of all sorts were allowed to ramble about at pleasure, or, if dangerous, were put under some severe restraint by their parents. In the case of the young Earl, care was taken to confine him in a ground apartment in the western wing of Queensberry House, the windows of which were boarded up, to prevent the poor inmate from looking out or being seen. Immured in this fashion, in a half-darkened apartment, the young Earl was not neglected as regards animal comforts. He had servants to attend upon him, and was well fed. By want of exercise and a profuse diet, he grew to an enormous size and stature.

So stood matters on that memorable 12th October 1707, when the vote of a majority of the Scots parliament was to be given for the Treaty of Union. There were frantic yellings in the streets. The nation was going to be sold and ruined. The retainers of the Duke of Queensberry were delirious in favour of the Union. To bear bulk in the general commotion, they resolved, one and all, to sally forth in favour of the unpopular act. The whole household, accordingly, sallied out *en masse*, and, among the rest, was the man whose special duty it was to attend and watch Lord Drumlanrig. All went off to the show but the idiot Earl and a kitchen-boy who turned the spit. The house being silent, and no one on guard, the Earl broke loose from confinement, and roamed wildly through the

mansion. It is supposed that the savoury odour of the preparation for dinner led him to the kitchen, where he found the little turnspit quietly seated by the fire. What a frightful atrocity ensued ! He seized the boy, killed him, took the meat from the fire, and spitted the body of his victim, which he had half roasted when the Duke with his domestics returned from his triumph in the Parliament House. We pass over the consternation that prevailed. The idiot survived his father many years, though he did not succeed him upon his death in 1711, when the titles and estates devolved upon Charles, the younger brother.

Now comes the history of Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, somewhat in the character of a farce after a tragedy. The change is, at all events, amusing, and enlightens us as to the manners of a century and a half ago. Duke Charles, born in Queensberry House in 1698, is described as being an estimable personage, but less of a statesman than his father. He is heard of chiefly through his wife, Lady Catherine Hyde, second daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and granddaughter of Lord-chancellor Clarendon, the eminent historian and statesman. In a worldly point of view, the marriage, which took place in 1720, was for both parties all that could be desired. It is unpleasant to say so, but we think the Duke had cause to rue the bargain. Duchess Catherine, or 'Kitty,' as she was called by the wits and poets of the period, was one of those young ladies of quality who, in their unregulated and boisterous spirits, consider themselves absolved from etiquette, and can do what they like.

Of all the female eccentricities of the period, none exceeded Duchess Kitty. At an early period of her

life, Prior—as alluded to in our Story of Lady Jane Douglas—had depicted her irrepressible temper :

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
By little rage inflamed :

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mammas ordained ;
And sorely vexed to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reigned.

Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken ?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

What has she better, pray, than I ?
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast ?

Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try ;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall ;
They'll grieve I was not loosed before ;
She, I was loosed at all.

Fondness prevailed ; mamma gave way :
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

With her dash and brilliance, as we see, Kitty caught Charles, Duke of Queensberry—a good thing for *her*, but not, as it happened, so agreeable a matter for the Duke, who must have been sorely tried with her imperious temper and vagaries. Kitty was to a certain extent mad. That is the most charitable view to take of her. Her madness partook of a queer compound of good-heartedness, ridiculous whimsicality, and self-assertion. To herself, she was her own law—not at all an uncommon weakness, and more common, however, in past times than now, when society has shaken itself into regularly recognised grooves. As for Duchess Kitty, she had her flatterers and parasites. She was admired for her beauty, her agreeable freedom of carriage and vivacity of mind, and wheresoever she went, had a coterie of adherents.

Eccentric in all her ways, the Duchess took a pleasure in dressing herself like a peasant-girl, and so enjoying the astonishment of those who discovered her in her plain attire. An anecdote is related of her having shewn contempt for an order that was issued, forbidding ladies to come to the Drawing-Room in aprons. Equipping herself in the forbidden garment, she went off to court. On approaching the door, she was stopped by the lord in waiting, who told her that he could not possibly give Her Grace admission in that guise, when she, without a moment's hesitation, stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship's face, and walked on in her brown gown and petticoat into the brilliant circle.

The most notable of Kitty's proceedings was her quarrelling with the king, George II.; his queen, Caroline; and the prime-minister, Sir Robert Walpole.

It is amusing to look back to 1729, and see how little could then throw the court into a state of extreme perturbation—not a foreign war, not a contest about the dynasty, not a national convulsion, but the performance of Gay's *Beggars' Opera*. From its wit and drollery, its satirical allusions, and its songs, the piece, though depicting not very agreeable scenes among certain criminal classes, was amazingly successful. The author offered it first to Cibber of Drury Lane Theatre, and it was rejected. It was then presented to Rich, who had it acted at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and with such marked success as to give rise to the saying, that it made Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*. Swift, Pope, and the whole of the association of wits of that day, took care to be present at its first performance. It had a run of sixty-three nights without intermission, and was immediately acted at all the principal theatres in England, Scotland, and Ireland. For a time, it created quite a mania. Ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of Macheath and Polly in their fans, and houses were decorated with pictures from its scenes. Miss Fenton, who first acted Polly, till then obscure, rose to distinction, and became Duchess of Bolton. For a season, the play drove the Italian opera out of England.

Opinions differed as to the moral tendency of the piece. Swift commended it for its excellent morality, as shewing vice in its strongest and most odious light. By other divines, it was strenuously censured and objected to. The saving qualities in Gay's production consisted in the lyrics with which it is profusely interlarded. The music of the *Beggars' Opera* is unsurpassed for touching tenderness. Why the court should have

taken mortal offence at the popularity of Gay's drama, is not clearly understood. Perhaps it was thought that the profligacy of manners in high quarters was too truly figured. Sir Robert Walpole, to whom is imputed the saying, that 'every man has his price,' felt that his political dealings bore an unpleasantly close resemblance to Macheath, when he sings :

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we haven't better company
Upon Tyburn Tree.

It is one of the greatest manifestations of wisdom, never, on frivolous grounds, to complain of ill-usage. It is best to allow jests and ill-natured squibs to pass into oblivion; taking notice of them only makes matters worse. If Sir Robert Walpole imagined that he was satirised in the character of Macheath, a dashing highwayman, he should have laughed at the joke, and thought no more about it. Instead of doing so, he broke into a rage at being held up, as he thought, to public derision, appealed to the Lord Chamberlain, as guardian of the stage, and caused the performance of the piece to be stopped. Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, was now in her element. A mean advantage had been taken of Gay, a poet and a man of good reputation. He was martyred by the court, and ought to be sympathised with and supported. She accordingly became the patron of the unfortunate dramatist. She went about soliciting subscriptions of a guinea each for printing copies of his play. In her eagerness, she carried her subscription-paper around the Queen's Drawing-Room, and even, with her matchless audacity,

asked the king to be a subscriber to a work, the performance of which his own officer had suppressed ! An outrage so flagrant could not be passed over. The Duchess was officially forbidden to come to court ; a message which gave her no concern. She characteristically replied, that ‘ the command was very agreeable to her, as she had never gone to court for her own diversion, but to bestow civility on the king and queen.’ As a result of this miserable fracas, the Duke of Queensberry resigned his post as High Admiral of Scotland, although requested to remain in office.

Exiled from court, the Queensberry family paid a visit to Scotland, and were accompanied by Gay. A new scene now opens in the whimsical career of Duchess Kitty. We might as well try to follow a butterfly as to track her in her devious course. For a time, she and the Duke resided in Edinburgh, in that huge square mansion at the foot of the Canongate, environed by a boundary-wall like a fortification ; and for a time they were at the family palace of Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire. The author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh* mentions that there used to be an attic in an old house opposite Queensberry House, where, as an appropriate abode for a poet, Gay was stowed by his patrons. ‘ It is known, however, that while in Edinburgh, he haunted the shop of Allan Ramsay, in the Luckenbooths—the flat above that well-remembered and classical shop, so long kept by Creech, from which issued the *Mirror*, *Lounger*, and other works of name ; and where, for a long course of years, the *literati* of Edinburgh used to assemble every day like merchants at an Exchange. Here Ramsay amused Gay, by pointing out to him the chief public characters of the city, as they

met in the forenoon at the Cross. Here, too, Gay read the *Gentle Shepherd*, and studied the Scottish language, so that on his return to England he was enabled to make Pope appreciate the beauties of that delightful pastoral.' We can conceive that altogether Gay spent a pleasant time in the Scottish capital. At Drumlanrig, there was less of literary solacement, and he had to fall back on the natural scenery of Nithsdale, simple, wild, and beautiful. In a mausoleum at the parish church of Durisdeer there was one artistic object, which he was doubtless shewn, a representation in statuary, by Roubilliac, of James, Duke of Queensberry, the hero of the Union, and his Duchess. The noble pair are represented lying in a bed in their state dresses; but though in some respects fantastic, the figures are true to life, and are viewed with a sense of relief in the present day, when the realisation of baldness is the predominant ideal. Roubilliac, now apt to be scouted, was a great artist. His figure in white marble of Lord President Forbes, in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, transcends anything we have seen in modern sculpture. We do not know what Gay thought of the figures at Durisdeer, but learn that he was pleased with wanderings in Nithsdale, and often derived pleasure for poetical meditation in a cave away from busied concourse, such as would assail him on a return to Fleet Street.

While in Scotland, the Duchess continued to dress herself as a peasant-girl; her object here, as elsewhere, being to ridicule the stately feminine costumes of the period. One evening, some country ladies paid her a visit, dressed in their best brocades, as for some state occasion. Her Grace proposed a walk, and they were

of course under the necessity of trooping off, to the utter discomfiture of their frills and flounces. After dragging the poor ladies about, she at last pretended to feel tired, and sat down upon the dirtiest dunghill she could find at the end of a farm-house; saying to her companions: 'Pray, ladies, be seated;' inviting them to plant themselves round about her. They stood so much in awe of her, that they durst not refuse; and of course the Duchess had the satisfaction of afterwards laughing at the destruction of their silks.

One of Kitty's freaks was an affected horror of seeing people at table eat from the point of their knife—a practice now exploded, but then common, for the forks were of steel, and mostly with two prongs. When she saw her guests lift the food to their mouth on their knife, she screamed out, and begged them not to cut their throats. Gay, who was grateful to the Duchess for her kindness, begged Swift to think of her with respect, notwithstanding this weakness.

There was no end to Her Grace's caprices, which sometimes took a turn more cruel than destroying the silk dresses of her obsequious neighbours. When she went to an evening entertainment, and found a tea-equipage paraded which she thought too fine for the rank of the owner, she would contrive to upset the table and break the china. The forced politeness of her hosts on such occasions, and the assurances which they made that no harm was done, delighted her exceedingly. At one time when a ball had been announced at Drumlanrig, after the company were all assembled, Her Grace took a headache, declared that she could bear no noise, and sat down in a chair in the dancing-room, uttering a thousand peevish complaints. Her

son, Lord Drumlanrig, who understood her humour, said : 'Madam, I know how to cure you ;' and taking hold of her immense elbow-chair, which moved on casters, rolled her several times backwards and forwards across the saloon, till she began to laugh heartily—after which the festivities were allowed to commence.

On this occasion, Kitty did not remain above a month or two in Scotland. Along with the Duke and her retinue, she returned to London, where there was a much better chance of setting 'the world on fire,' than in the quiet society of either Edinburgh or Dumfriesshire. With all her eccentricities and resentment, she in time found her way back to court.

The Duke and Duchess had only two children, sons, Henry, Lord Drumlanrig, and Charles. It is alleged that Henry inherited from his mother a certain capriciousness of character. Whether arising from natural infirmity, or from the devices practised upon him, his career was sadly unfortunate. It has been alleged that Kitty, by her inconsiderate freaks, was the real cause of the catastrophe which ensued. Lord Drumlanrig is said to have fixed his affections on a Miss Mackay, a lady of respectable but not elevated station, and of great beauty and accomplishments. She returned with an equal ardour the passion of the young nobleman, and a correspondence was carried on between them of a very affectionate nature. When Lord Drumlanrig informed his parents of his attachment, and intention to marry Miss Mackay, the Duke offered no objection ; but Her Grace would not hear of the alliance. She had already settled decisively in her own mind that he should marry Lady Elizabeth Hope, eldest daughter of John, second Earl of Hopetoun. This result she

effected by intercepting the correspondence between Lord Drumlanrig and Miss Mackay, and even causing a letter to be forged representing that Miss Mackay was married. So runs the tradition ; but we greatly doubt its accuracy. Kitty was frivolous, but not deliberately wicked. We shall be glad to learn, if, in the exploration of the Queensberry papers, any document has cast up to relieve her memory from the scandalous imputation. Be it as it may, the marriage of Lord Drumlanrig with Lady Elizabeth Hope took place at Hopetoun House, 24th July 1754. After passing some weeks in Scotland, Lord Drumlanrig proceeded with his bride to England, accompanied by his father, mother, and brother. Riding before the carriages, Lord Drumlanrig 'was killed by the going off of one of his own pistols, near Bawtry, in Yorkshire, 19th October 1754.' Such is the account of the affair in the *Peerage* of Sir Robert Douglas. Others, ascribing the broken-hearted and deranged state of the young nobleman to a discovery of the cruel trick that had been played upon him, say that he shot himself on the journey. His wife, the poor countess, who is allowed to have had no hand in any manœuvre to effect the marriage, never recovered the shock. She died childless, 7th April 1756, in her twenty-first year, and was buried with her husband at Durisdeer.

Misfortune had still something in reserve for the Duchess Kitty. She was destined to lose her second son, Charles, who succeeded to the honorary title of Lord Drumlanrig on the death of his brother. Not being of a robust constitution, he went to Lisbon for the benefit of his health in 1755. It was an unfortunate selection. On the 1st of November of that year, the disastrous earthquake took place which laid all Lisbon

in ruins. Drumlanrig escaped with his life. His fatigue and exposure on the occasion proved most injurious. He was able to return to England, but died in 1756. What effect these desolating events had on the light-hearted Kitty must be left to conjecture. Until late in life, she retained her beauty and vivacity. At the funeral of the Princess-Dowager of Wales, in 1772, Her Grace, with all the buoyancy of thirty years previously, walked as one of the assistants to the chief mourner; a circumstance which occasioned the verses of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford:

To many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtained it for an age.

Kitty, however, was now near the close of her brilliant and eccentric career. She died in 1777; and the Duke, her husband, passed away a year afterwards. At his demise, the dukedom, with very large estates, devolved on William, third Earl of March, who now, as fourth Duke of Queensberry, united in his own person the proprietorship of the extensive estates of the Douglas family.

In the annals of the peerage, we know of nothing to be so lamented and reprobated as the career of the fourth Duke of Queensberry. A noble inheritance, an historic name, high station, immense opportunities of well-being, were thrown away on a worthless profligate, who cannot be said to have possessed a single redeeming quality. Known as the beau, the courtier, the patron of horse-racing, and every variety of folly as whim directed, he drew out life as a species of social

scandal. In his latter years, the Duke's eccentricities were a source of amusement—if not censure—in London. When no longer able to make his appearance on the turf, he occupied himself, sitting daily, during fine weather, on the balcony of his house, watching the passing crowd, and hence became known as 'Old Q., the Star of Piccadilly.' As a confirmed bachelor, and at enmity with the heirs of entail of his estates, he did all in his power to make the most of his property, irrespective of future consequences. On Neidpath he inflicted a terrible blow. In 1795, he sold the fine old timber which had been the pride of the neighbourhood, leaving the banks of the Tweed a shelterless wilderness. A well-known sonnet of Wordsworth refers to this shameless spoliation :

Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy Lord !
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc (for with such disease
Fame taxes him), that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees ;
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged !—Many hearts deplore
The fate of these old trees ; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed :
For sheltered places, bosoms, rocks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures yet remain.

Towards the concluding period of his life, 'Old Q.' contrived to maintain a certain youthfulness of aspect, by bathing every morning in warm milk, and other expedients. Scandal alleges that he slept with raw veal cutlets on his face, in order to preserve a freshness of

complexion. He certainly drew out life beyond what any one could have expected. In 1810, he died, unmarried; and there immediately ensued a dispersion of his titles and estates according to the respective patents of nobility and deeds of entail. The earldom of March, with his Peeblesshire estates, was inherited by the Earl of Wemyss, as descendant of Lady Anne Douglas, daughter of the first Duke of Queensberry. The title of Duke of Queensberry, with the barony of Drumlanrig, devolved on the Duke of Buccleuch, who was thenceforth designed Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. The title of Marquis of Queensberry, with some estates, fell to the share of Sir Charles Douglas of Kellhead. Besides his vast estates, 'Old Q.' left a personal fortune, amounting to about a million sterling, devised in legacies to various persons. So sunk and disappeared the 'Star of Piccadilly,' and ended in its independent and unimpaired form the ducal family of Queensberry.

STORY OF THE DALRYMPLES.

THE Dalrymples are an old family in Ayrshire, where they attained local distinction as land-proprietors in the fifteenth century. The first of them, however, of any public note was James Dalrymple of Stair, who was a Covenanted captain in the reign of Charles I., and at the termination of his military career, was appointed Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow. The rule at the time was, that if any professor who was a bachelor married, he had to vacate his chair, but was eligible for re-election. Professor Dalrymple submitted to this arrangement. He married, and was reappointed. The lady whom he chose as his wife was Margaret, eldest daughter and heiress of James Ross of Balneil in Wigtownshire, who brought him an estate of five hundred pounds sterling of yearly rent—a pretty large sum in these days—besides the old mansion of Carsecreugh near Glenluce. This might be called the first step in the family towards high rank. Margaret Ross, who was the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Lady Ashton, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, was a politic and high-minded woman, and possessed the

ability, as well as the will, to push her family upwards in the social scale.

Possibly at the suggestion of his ambitious wife, but doubtless influenced by his own tastes, Dalrymple resigned his professorship, came to Edinburgh, and entered at the Scottish Bar. It was a hazardous step. The times were out of joint. Dalrymple, however, had a certain suppleness of character which enabled him to weather the storm. At the request of General Monk, Cromwell raised him to be a judge in the Court of Session, and taking his seat on the bench, he assumed the senatorial title of Lord Stair. His creation by Charles II. as a Baronet of Nova Scotia was another step in advance. He was like to have been worsted by being obliged to take the Declaration against Presbytery. But this he got the better of by a dexterous manœuvre. He took the Declaration, giving at the same time explanations in writing to save his conscientious scruples. The explanations were returned to him as not admissible; but he submitted to the rebuff, and kept his seat as a judge—an incident singularly characteristic of the shuffling policy at the period.

The interest attaching to Sir James Dalrymple, Lord Stair, is much deepened by the domestic tragedy of which the great novelist has made such good use. The true history of this romantic affair is fairly stated in the well-digested work of Mr Murray Graham, and was briefly as follows: Sir James and his wife, Dame Margaret Dalrymple, had a large family of sons and daughters. Janet, the eldest daughter, had, against the will of her parents, pledged her troth to a poor nobleman, Lord Rutherford. Her mother

endeavoured to break off the engagement, and to bring about a marriage with David Dunbar, son and heir of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, and who stood in the relationship of nephew to Rutherford. 'Dame Margaret Dalrymple is said to have worked upon her unfortunate child, by insisting on the Levitical law, which declares that a maiden shall be free of a vow which she has vowed, "if her father disallow it in the day that he heareth thereof." She at last prevailed over the gentler disposition and weaker will of Janet Dalrymple, who agreed to marry Dunbar. The marriage took place at the Kirk of Glenluce, about two miles from her parents' house at Carsecreugh, on the 12th of August (1669), the bride riding to church behind one of her younger brothers, who long afterwards spoke of the chilly coldness of her hand as it touched his own when holding by his waist. The bridal party remained nearly a fortnight at Carsecreugh, whence the bride was taken on the 24th of August to her husband's house of Baldoon, near the town of Wigtown. A gallantly attired troop of friends accompanied the married pair, and a dramatic entertainment or masque was prepared for them at Baldoon. But, alas! the bride's health suddenly declined and gave way, and she died at Baldoon, probably of a broken heart, on 12th of September following.' The circumstances connected with the death differ materially, it will be seen, from those pictured by the novelist. The tradition of the event, however, impressed the imagination of Scott, the result being the tale of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Dunbar afterwards married a daughter of the seventh Earl of Eglintoun, and died in 1682, by a fall from his horse. As for his rival, Rutherford, he

obtained a commission in the Household Guards, and died in 1685.

After being ten years a judge, Lord Stair was promoted to be President of the Court of Session, and appointed a member of the Scottish Privy Council. His ability was not alone demonstrated on the bench. He composed the *Institutions of the Law of Scotland*, a work which, with modern annotations, is much prized by the legal profession. The year 1681, in which this great work appeared, was noted for 'the Test,' a religious formula, that Sir James felt himself unable to subscribe. Before he could tender his resignation, he was omitted from a new list of judges, and thereupon retired into private life. Harassed by fears of persecution for being too tenderly inclined to the Covenanters, he quietly removed himself to Leyden, where he found congenial society in Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, the Earl of Loudon, and other distinguished refugees. Meanwhile his eldest son, Sir John Dalrymple (who had been knighted in early life), had risen at the Bar, and by a strange turn of affairs was, in 1687, appointed Lord Advocate, when Sir George Mackenzie was driven from office for declining to sanction the extreme views of James II. The father and son may now be said to have been on different sides; the son, however, taking anything good that cast up, and holding himself ready for any political change that circumstances required—not a bad prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Lord Turnipet. The circumstances soon came. King James fled; William of Orange landed in England, bringing Sir James Dalrymple in his train; and under the Revolution Settlement Sir John, his son, declared himself favourable to the new order of things. Nor did he

disdain to occupy the onerous position of Secretary of State for Scotland, a position rendering him responsible adviser to the crown in all Scottish affairs. In 1690, his father being raised to the peerage as Viscount Stair, Sir John was now usually designated Master of Stair. On this Sir John Dalrymple, Master of Stair, and Secretary of State for Scotland, we propose to concentrate attention. Macaulay speaks of him as 'able, eloquent, and accomplished;' he might be all that, but inasmuch as he was the prime instigator of an act of barbaric cruelty, the Massacre of Glencoe, his name has been rendered historically infamous.

At the Revolution, certain Highland clans stood out in a hesitating way for King James, and gave some uneasiness to government. The Earl of Breadalbane was employed to bring about a pacification by means of bribes in money and otherwise; the negotiation being enforced by a royal proclamation in August 1691, intimating a free pardon to all who had been in arms against King William, provided they should come in any time before the 1st of January next, and swear and sign the oath of allegiance. Those who did not accept these terms were to be treated as enemies and traitors—that is to say, they and all belonging to them would be subject to extirpation by military violence. In the present day, we can hardly understand such a threat, because all offenders against the law are liable to a fair trial, and put on their defence. At that period, however, in Scotland, the letting loose of military on a neighbourhood, in virtue of 'letters of fire and sword,' was still in certain circumstances resorted to, as a short method of doing wholesale execution. Dalrymple fiendishly wished for an opportunity of cutting off a few clans

by this brief means of slaughter, as an example and warning to all who entertained hostile feelings to the new government. His letters from the court at London during the remainder of the year, shew that he grudged the merciful terms offered to the Highland Jacobites, and would have been happy to find that a refusal of them justified harsher measures. He really hoped that the Macdonalds of Glencoe, a small clan under a chieftain bearing the subordinate surname of M'Ian, would hold out beyond the proper day. He thought it better that the time of grace expired in the depth of winter, for, as he said in a letter to Colonel Hamilton, 'that is the proper season to maul them, in the cold long nights.' As the chiefs of several clans took the oath of allegiance before the sheriffs of their respective counties within the required time, it seemed probable that the only recusant to be dealt with would be the unfortunate M'Ian. In a dilatory manner the aged chief hung back till it was too late to take the oath according to the prescribed terms. But his failure amounted only to a technical mistake. In reality he had sped to Inverlochy or Fort-William before the end of the year, and tendered his oath to the governor there, when, to his dismay, he found he had come to the wrong officer. It was necessary he should go to Inveraray, many miles distant, and there give in his submission to the sheriff of Argyleshire. In great anxiety, the old man toiled his way through the wintry wild to Inveraray. He had to pass within a mile of his own house, yet stopped not to enter it. After all his exertions, the sheriff being absent for two days after his arrival, it was not till the 6th of January that his oath was taken and registered. The register duly went thereafter to the

Privy Council at Edinburgh, but the name of Macdonald of Glencoe was not found in it. It was afterwards discovered to have been by special means obliterated, though still traceable.

Sir John Dalrymple was delighted to find that poor M'Tan was in his power. In a letter, dated 11th January, addressed to Sir Thomas Livingstone, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, he says: 'Just now, my Lord Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oaths; at which I rejoice—it's a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that — sect, the worst in all the Highlands; it is very good news here.' Elsewhere he says he obtained that very day a letter from the king concerning the Highland rebels, commanding the troops to cut them off, 'by all manner of hostility,' and for this end to proclaim high penalties to all who should give them assistance or protection. Particular instructions, subscribed by the king, followed on the 16th, permitting terms to be offered to Glengarry, whose house was strong enough to give trouble, but adding: 'If M'Tan of Glencoe and that tribe can well be separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that sect of thieves.' On the same day, Dalrymple himself wrote to Colonel Hill, governor of Inverlochy: 'I shall entreat you that, for a just vengeance and public example, the thieving tribe of Glencoe be rooted out to purpose. The Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane have promised they shall have no retreat in their bounds.' He felt, however, that it must be 'quietly done;' otherwise they would make shift both for their cattle and themselves. There can be no doubt what he meant. If the clan were attacked in open warfare, they might disperse with their

cattle, and less or more escape ; whereas, if approached quietly and deceitfully, they would be 'rooted out and cut off.'

Here then the tribe were to be summarily slaughtered, much in the way in which the inhabitants of back-settlements in America used to be stealthily approached and ferociously killed by bands of Indians. Everything being thus secretly prepared, the commander, Livingstone, wrote to Colonel Hamilton of Inverlochy garrison to proceed with his work against the Glencoe men. 'A detachment of the Earl of Argyle's regiment—Campbells, hereditary enemies of the Macdonalds of Glencoe—under the command of Campbell of Glenlyon, proceeded to the valley, affecting nothing but friendly intentions, and were hospitably received. Glenlyon himself, as uncle to the wife of one of the chief's sons, was hailed as a friend. Each morning he called at the humble dwelling of the chief, and took his morning-draught of usquebaugh. On the evening of the 12th of February, he played at cards with the chief's family. The final orders for the onslaught, written on the 12th at Ballachulish by Major Robert Duncanson (a relation of the Campbells), were now in Glenlyon's hands. They bore: "You are to put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have a special care that the old fox and his son do on no account escape your hands. You're to secure all avenues, that none escape ; this you are to put in execution at five o'clock precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after it, I'll strive to be at you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on."

'Glenlyon was but too faithful to his instructions. His soldiers had their orders the night before. John

Macdonald, the chief's eldest son, observing an unusual bustle among the soldiers, took an alarm, and inquired what was meant. Glenlyon soothed his fears with a story about a movement against Glengarry, and the lad went to bed. Meanwhile, efforts were making to plant guards at all the outlets of that alpine glen; but the deep snow on the ground prevented the duty from being fully accomplished. At five Lieutenant Lindsay came with his men to the house of the chief, who, hearing of his arrival, got out of bed to receive him. He was shot dead as he was dressing himself. Two of his people in the house shared his fate, and his wife, shamefully treated by the soldiers, died next day. At another hamlet called Auchnaion, the tacksman and his family received a volley of shot as they were sitting by their fireside, and all but one were laid dead or dying on the floor. The survivor entreated to be killed in the open air, and there succeeded in making his escape. There were similar scenes at all the other inhabited places in the glen; and before daylight, thirty-eight persons had been murdered. The rest of the people, including the chief's eldest son, fled to the mountains, where many of them are believed to have perished. When Colonel Hamilton came at breakfast-time, he found one old man alive, mourning over the bodies of the dead; and this person, though he might have been even formally exempted as above seventy, was slain on the spot. The only remaining duty of the soldiers was to burn the houses and harry the country. This was relentlessly done, two hundred horses, nine hundred cattle, and many sheep and goats being driven away.

'A letter of Dalrymple, dated from London the 5th March, makes us aware that the Massacre of Glencoe

was already making a sensation there. It was said that the people had been murdered in their beds, after the chief had made the required submission. The secretary professed to have known nothing of the last fact, but he was far from regretting the bloodshed. "All I regret is that any of the sect got away." When the particulars became fully known—when it was ascertained that the Campbells had gone into the glen as friends, and fallen upon the people when they were in a defenceless state, and when all suspicion was lulled asleep—the transaction assumed the character which it has ever since borne in the public estimation, as one of the foulest in modern history.'

Such, in brief, are the particulars of this shameful affair, for which the Master of Stair must chiefly be held responsible. The massacre, no doubt, proceeded in virtue of the king's instructions, but the Secretary Stair was the king's adviser, and, as we have seen, he entertained a rancorous hatred of the Glencoe men. Nothing can shelter him from infamy; yet the annalist of the family attempts to gloss over his conduct by inferring that he 'was unconscious of the unjustifiable severity and atrocity of the act.' Unconscious of the cruelty of ordering a multitude of human beings to be deceitfully thrown off their guard and butchered like wild beasts! The fact is, Sir John Dalrymple became ashamed, and somewhat alarmed for what he had done. In our own times an act like that of the Massacre of Glencoe would be known all over the world in four-and-twenty hours. On its occurrence, so slowly did news travel, that the affair was only beginning to be talked of in Edinburgh and London some months afterwards, and did not become matter of public clamour until 1695. A royal

commission was that year appointed to inquire into the facts of the case, the result being that Secretary Stair was blamed for having exceeded his instructions. He resigned office, and the king granted remission for his excess of zeal. As a further act of royal condescension, when Dalrymple became second viscount by the decease of his father in 1695, he was created Earl of Stair—a curious instance of a great wrong being rewarded by an accession of honours.

The first Earl of Stair did not long enjoy his new honours. Aware of the odium he had incurred by the Glencoe massacre, and worn down by political manœuvring and debates in favour of the Union, he died suddenly on the 8th January 1707. So here was an end of one of the cleverest, and, we may say, the cunningest and least scrupulous men of his day. There was a moral in his fate. His greatness as a statesman was tarnished by an act of profound villainy, which no apology can extenuate. Of what worth are the highest earthly honours when associated with the reputation of despicable baseness?

Sir John Dalrymple made what is called a good marriage. Early in life, he was married to Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir John Dundas of Newliston, and had several sons, the eldest of whom, when a boy, was accidentally killed by his next youngest brother, then a child of eight years of age. Two loaded pistols happened to be lying in the entrance-hall at Carsecreugh. The boy took up one of the pistols, and unwittingly shot his brother dead. This youthful homicide lived to be his father's successor, as second Earl of Stair. Attaching himself to military pursuits, he became a distinguished officer in the army under Marlborough.

He rose to the rank of field-marshal, and afterwards figured as ambassador-extraordinary to the court of Louis XIV. Latterly, he retired to his estate of Newliston, where he is reputed to have been the first in Scotland to plant cabbages and turnips in the open fields—a circumstance more honourable to his memory than all his other public services. He was likewise a great planter of trees and land-improver at his estate of Newliston, and at Castle Kennedy. There is a current tradition that the woods at Newliston were laid out by him in divisions, to resemble the relative positions of the English and French armies at the battle of Dettingen. Mr Murray Graham gives another, but not very dissimilar account of this arboricultural effort. ‘The grounds,’ he says, ‘immediately about the house of Newliston were laid out by Lord Stair in straight lines, with sunk fences and bastions, in the form of an encampment or fortified position; while the more distant grounds and woods were planted out also in straight lines, in the French taste of the time, with intersecting and corresponding avenues.’ Newliston was latterly disposed of to another proprietor. His lordship’s taste in ornamentation by trees and otherwise, was carried to still greater length at Castle Kennedy, near the shore of Loch Ryan.

Mr Graham, in his work already referred to, presents numerous particulars concerning the military and diplomatic career of the second Earl of Stair; but for these we must refer to the book itself, which is a painstaking memorial of the early and more conspicuous members of the Dalrymple family. In his latter days, during his retirement from official duties, besides amusing himself as a land-improver, the second

Earl spent much of his time in Edinburgh. Here he fell in love with a lady of local note, widow of the profligate James, Viscount Primrose, whose decease in 1706 was a relief to her ladyship. She was still a beautiful woman, and might have procured a choice of husbands among the *élite* of the period. She, however, from her unfortunate experiences, made a resolution never again to be a wife. By an exceedingly unworthy trick, related in the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, Lady Primrose was induced to alter her resolution, and become Countess of Stair—her residence at the time imparting the name of Lady Stair's Close to one of the dingy alleys of the Old Town. Her ladyship was more happy with her second husband than with her first. Her only source of vexation was Lord Stair's proneness to excessive drinking. In one of his drunken fits he so far exceeded the bounds of reason and gentlemanly conduct as to give her so severe a blow upon the upper part of the face as to occasion the effusion of blood. He immediately afterwards fell asleep, unconscious of what he had done. Overwhelmed by a tumult of bitter feeling, Lady Stair made no attempt to bind up her wound; but remained near her torpid husband, and wept and bled till morning. When his lordship awoke, and learned that the cause of his wife's dishevelled and bloody figure was his own conduct, he was so stung by remorse as never afterwards to take any species of drink except what was sanctioned by her ladyship. In this incident we see the type of those scenes of brutal violence which now prevail alone among the most ignorant of the community. Lord Stair died in 1747, and his venerable lady, after being long at the head of Edinburgh society, died in November 1759. Since the

decease of the second Earl, the title and estates have passed from one branch of the Dalrymple family to another, but concerning whom there is little general interest.

For a long time there was a superstitious belief in Scotland that the wickedness of the Glencoe massacre was visited by retribution on the descendants of its principal actors. As regards the Dalrymples, they in time ceased to be reproached with the unhappy family stain, though until this day it can hardly fail to be to them a matter of regret. The Campbells of Glenlyon appear to have felt more acutely that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. In their case the Nemesis which follows wrongdoing of all sorts has been the subject of painful remark.

Colonel Stewart, in his account of the Highland Regiments, mentions that Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, who was grandson of the Glenlyon who commanded the military at the Massacre of Glencoe, felt as if under a blight from the conduct of his ancestor. Stewart relates the following anecdote of him. In 1771 he was, as an officer in a regiment, commanded to superintend the execution of the sentence of a court-martial on a soldier condemned to be shot. A reprieve was sent, but the ceremony of the execution was to proceed until the criminal was on his knees with a cap over his head. No person was to be told previously, not even the firing-party, who were warned that the signal to fire would be the drawing of a white handkerchief out of the officer's pocket. Campbell put his hand into his pocket to draw out the reprieve, but at the same time accidentally drew out the handkerchief. The party fired, and the soldier was shot dead. The paper dropped

through Campbell's fingers, and, placing his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed : ' The curse of God and Glencoe is here ; I am an unfortunate, ruined man.' He soon after retired from the service, and the impression on his mind was never effaced. There are other legends regarding the supposed hereditary blight still resting on the Glenlyon family.

THE CECILS.

THE Cecils, of whom the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Exeter are the notable representatives in the direct line, are sprung from a family which acquired lands by gifts from the crown previous to the reign of Henry VII. They come into notice as persons of property in Lincoln, Rutland, and Northamptonshires, though not possessed of such wealth as would indispose them from personal exertion. The first of the name who rose to distinction, and who might be called the maker of the family, was William Cecil, who was born at Bourne in Lincolnshire, September 15, 1520. Educated at the grammar-schools of Grantham and Stamford, he thence passed to St John's College, Cambridge, where he signalised himself alike for diligence and aptitude in learning.

At twenty-one years of age, Cecil went to London, and entered himself at Gray's Inn, as a student of law. It is by no means certain that he designed to follow the legal profession, for at this time it was no unusual thing for a young man of family and talents to enter one of the Inns of Court, in order to gain such a knowledge of the law and the constitution of the

country as would qualify him for becoming a member of the legislature, should such be his fate. Cecil, therefore, as we may say, studied the rudiments of statesmanship, in a way likely to advance his interests. He had barely entered himself at Gray's Inn, when having already fallen in love with Maria Cheke, a young lady of good family, he married her, and felt himself only the more inspired to pursue the course in which he set out. It was a bold step, but it received the approval of his father, who was not disinclined to aid him in settling in life. As a young married man, Cecil had the best excuse for avoiding expensive habits and for resolutely winning a good name. The marriage took place in 1541, at a time when England was passing through the crisis of the Reformation, or more correctly when Henry VIII. was at the height of his power, and defying remonstrance, assumed the supremacy of the Church. If, however, the times were critical, the better was the opportunity for a youth possessing talent and enterprise.

The opportunity occurred in an unexpected manner for young Cecil. Having gone to court to see his father, who filled the office of Yeoman of the Robes, he happened to meet two priests who had come as attendants on Eustace O'Neale, an Irish chieftain. The Great O'Neale, as he was ordinarily called, was far from being in a good-humour in having to appear at the English court, for Henry had just assumed the dignity of King of Ireland, much to the dissatisfaction of the native chiefs. The usual means of pacification was resorted to with good effect; Eustace O'Neale being created Earl of Tyrone, all grudges were at an end. The two ecclesiastics his attendants thought they

had an excellent opportunity of shewing off their learning amidst the crowd of courtiers, and by bad luck they fastened on William Cecil for an antagonist in a dispute in Latin. The question was the Pope's supremacy, on which Cecil had bestowed great and early attention. The two priests were not very high in scholarship; their Latin was not first-rate. Cecil soon overpowered them in argument, and came off victorious. The circumstance being reported to the king, Henry was quite delighted, for the views of the young disputant corresponded with his own; and pleased with the talents of young Cecil, he gave him an appointment, the reversion of the Custos Brevium, an office of value in the Common Pleas. So there, at once, he was placed in a good position connected with the court. Obviously his good-fortune was due to chance; but had he not possessed the proper amount of ability, the chance would have been valueless.

Cecil unexpectedly suffered a domestic bereavement. His wife died about a year and a half after her marriage, leaving an infant son, Thomas. In 1545, he married a second wife, Mildred, one of the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, tutor to Prince Edward. All his daughters were taught by him Latin and Greek, as was then the custom among ladies of high rank; the king's daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, as is well known, being noted for their scholarship. By this alliance, Cecil procured the friendship of the Duke of Somerset, who on the decease of Henry VIII. in 1547, became Protector of the kingdom during the early years of Edward's minority. Somerset having a high appreciation of Cecil's abilities, appointed him Master of Requests, and afterwards raised him to the office of

Secretary of State. When Somerset went with an army to Scotland, to try to achieve by force of arms a marriage between young Mary Queen of Scots and Prince Edward—such having been one of the projects of Henry VIII.—Cecil accompanied him. It was a mad expedition, which led to the battle of Pinkie, and in that fierce encounter Cecil was placed in personal jeopardy.

Somerset, as is known, was precipitated from power through the machinations of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Cecil shared in the disgrace of the Protector, and was imprisoned for three months; but in less than two years after his release, his pre-eminent abilities secured for him a re-appointment to the state-secretaryship by the Duke of Northumberland, his former patron's sworn enemy. During his second secretaryship, Cecil demonstrated the power of his genius by effecting most important and beneficial changes in the commercial policy of the country. With a sagacity far beyond the spirit of his age, he endeavoured to throw trade open, and did succeed in abolishing some monopolies; but others proved too strong for him, standing as he did alone, at a time when exclusive privileges were considered the only sureties of a national trade.

When, by the death of Edward VI., Mary, as eldest daughter of Henry VIII., ascended the throne, Cecil, being a Protestant, resigned office, and retired into private life; though from his moderate views he retained an intimacy with the party in power during Mary's infamous reign. For his liberality of sentiment, he was accused of being a 'trimmer,' which is far from the truth. His predominant feeling was a sense of

justice. When a bill was introduced into parliament for a wholesale confiscation of the estates of Protestants, it was rejected mainly through his vehement opposition. Cecil foresaw that in the event of Mary's death, she would be succeeded by her sister Elizabeth, who was intensely Protestant in her opinions, and this circumstance, no doubt, fortified his conscientious convictions.

At this point in our narrative, something needs to be said of the two daughters of Henry VIII., each in turn destined to be a queen in her own right. Henry's family were brought up in the country, at mansions which he or his predecessors had acquired. One of these favourite residences was Hatfield in Hertfordshire, an easy distance from London. The place was called Heathfield in Anglo-Saxon times, and belonged to the Abbey of Ely. On the conversion of the abbey into a bishopric, it was attached to the new see; whence as the palace of the bishops it was distinguished by the name of Bishop's Hatfield. From one of these bishops it passed to Henry VIII., some of whose family used it as a place of residence. The Princess Elizabeth, born at the palace of Greenwich, 15th September 1533, was, by an order of the king, her father, removed when about three months old to Hatfield, there to remain with the establishment provided for her. A more beautiful situation or one more salubrious could not have been selected. The house was environed by an extensive park, planted with rows of trees, and intersected with broad avenues in different directions. Besides spending some of her infancy at Hatfield, Elizabeth again resided in the place during the last illness of her father, when she enjoyed the society of her brother Prince Edward, 'whose

especial darling she was.' At this time, Edward was about ten, and the princess fourteen years old. The gleeful and loving rambles of the two royal children in the environs of the old palace can easily be pictured. A few years later, when Elizabeth was at Hatfield, she was instructed in the learned languages by Roger Ascham, one of the most scholarly men of the day. A broad green avenue behind the palace is said to have formed a favourite walk of master and pupil while holding conversations in Latin.

The next time we hear of Elizabeth being at Hatfield was towards the conclusion of Edward's reign, where she kept state, and presided over a well-appointed household. The circumstances connected with her next residence at the old palace were of a less pleasant nature. Her brother Edward was dead, and her sister Mary, who viewed her with jealousy, was on the throne. Under a suspicion of her being connected with Wyatt's insurrection, Elizabeth had been imprisoned in the Tower; and at her release she was permitted to establish herself permanently at the palace of Hatfield, 1555.

Here, under the charge of Sir Thomas Pope, a worthy and courtly person, Elizabeth enjoyed a certain degree of liberty. She was indulged with walking and riding about the extensive and beautifully wooded park, and in the old palace, antique pageantries and festivities were munificently provided for her recreation. According to Nichols's *Progresses*, 'In Shrovetide, 1556, Sir Thomas Pope made for the lady Elizabeth, all at his own costs, a great and rich masking in the great hall at Hatfield; where the maskings were marvellously furnished. There were there twelve minstrels anticly

disguised ; with forty-six or more gentlemen and ladies, many of them knights or nobles, and ladies of honour apparelled in crimson satin, and embroidered upon with wreaths of gold, and garnished with borders of hanging pearl. And the device of a castle of cloth of gold set with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights, in rich harness tourneyed. At night the cupboard in the hall was of twelve stages, mainly furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessels ; and a banquet of dainty dishes . . . all at the charges of Sir Thomas Pope. And the next day the play of *Holophernes*.'

By a change of feeling towards Elizabeth, Mary visited her at Hatfield in 1557, when both were 'witness of a grand exhibition of bear-bating.' In the evening there was a play, after which, at a concert, Elizabeth played an accompaniment 'on the virginals.' So sped her residence at Hatfield, until intelligence arrived of the death of Mary, and she was called to the throne, 16th November 1558.

An aged oak, considerably decayed, is pointed out as that under which Elizabeth was sitting when the intelligence reached her that she was queen. Whatever truth may be attached to the tradition, the tree, which is one in the cross avenues of the park, is preserved with much care, by being surrounded with a railing. An account of the queen's reception of the intelligence is historically given as follows : 'Elizabeth received the news of her accession at Hatfield. Falling on her knees, she uttered in Latin this verse of the Psalms : 'It is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes,' which to this day we find on the stamp of her gold ; with a Latin inscription on her silver :

‘I have chosen God for my helper.’ Several noblemen of the late queen’s council now repairing to her, she held at Hatfield, on November 20th, her first privy-council; at which she nominated Sir Thomas Parry, comptroller of her household; Sir Edward Rogers, captain of the guard; and Sir William Cecil, principal secretary of state. . . . On November 23d, the queen set forward for her capital, attended by a train of about a thousand nobles, knights, gentlemen, and ladies.’

As everybody is aware, Elizabeth was particularly fortunate in having a minister and adviser of such extraordinary prudence and sagacity as Sir William Cecil, who had received the honour of knighthood on being appointed Secretary of State in the reign of Edward VI. By Elizabeth, as has been seen, he was nominated to the same office. In 1571, he was elevated by her to the peerage by the title of Baron Burleigh, and in 1572, appointed Lord High Treasurer.

While residing at Hatfield, and looking forward to the possibility of some day ascending the throne, Elizabeth had been in confidential correspondence with Sir William Cecil, and now the intimacy was completed. For forty years, Cecil was not only Elizabeth’s prime-minister, but her adviser on a variety of subjects, and to him may be imputed the great and salutary movements of her reign. Cecil’s policy at home and abroad was at once shrewd and cautious, and liberal and comprehensive, while he displayed a power of decision, ready and stern, when necessity demanded. As a statesman, Cecil was above animosities and favouritism; his enemies never suffered, and his friends profited nothing, by his power. Capacity,

truth, and honour were what he sought in public men. Had he been less just, history might have been more generous to his memory. In acknowledgment of his great services, the queen, as above stated, created him Baron Burleigh in 1571. This great man, the faithful servant of Queen Elizabeth, died August 15, 1598. The queen survived him only five years.

Sir William Cecil left two sons. Thomas, his son by his first wife, inherited his title of Lord Burleigh; in Robert, son by his second wife, were conspicuously perpetuated those high statesman-like qualities which recommended him to the favour of Elizabeth. Receiving from her the honour of knighthood, he was made Secretary of State. The accession of the Stuart dynasty in 1603, raised the Cecils to new and higher dignities. In May 1603, Sir Robert Cecil was raised to the peerage as Baron Cecil of Essendon; and in August 1604, he was advanced to the Viscounty of Cranbourne. On the 4th May 1605, he was created Earl of Salisbury; at the same time his elder brother Thomas, Lord Burleigh, was created Earl of Exeter. The circumstance of two brothers being made earls in the same day is something remarkable in the English peerage.

King James, on his arrival in England, had taken a fancy for Theobald's (Cheshunt), the country seat of Sir Robert Cecil, and exchanged it with him for Hatfield, which is henceforth identified with the Salisbury branch of the family. On becoming proprietor, Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, effected great changes on Hatfield. The old house was removed, and a new one erected in its stead, between the years 1605 and 1611. The mansion so erected, which is of vast size, and built of brick with white stone facings, is of

the Elizabethan style of architecture. Its outlook on a park seven miles in circumference, sectioned by broad avenues of oaks and beeches, and stocked with red and fallow deer, is by far the finest thing of the kind in Hertfordshire, and can scarcely be matched elsewhere, except perhaps at Woburn in next county. In the renovations on the establishment, the ancient banqueting-hall was spared. It stands a little apart, north from the house, near to the entrance from the town of Hatfield. This interesting old hall is now used as a stable, for which it is commodiously fitted up to accommodate a large number of horses. The lofty groined oak roof is the delight of architects.

Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, was, like his father, created Lord High Treasurer, but the honours heaped on him did not confer happiness. Worn out with business, he in his last illness was heard to say to Sir Walter Cope : 'Ease and pleasure quake to hear of death ; but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved.' He died in 1612, being a year after his completion of Hatfield. He was succeeded by his son William, as second Earl, since whose time the family has occupied a front rank in the peerage. James, seventh Earl, was created Marquis of Salisbury in 1789.

We may now turn for a little to the Exeter branch of the Cecils. Its history is rather uneventful, though the monotony is relieved by a somewhat romantic incident, which has been versified by Tennyson. We can give only a few facts ; the names and dates being verified by Burke's 'Peerage.'

The eighth Earl of Exeter, who acceded to the title in 1722, had a son, Brownlow Cecil, his successor,

and a second son, Thomas-Chambers Cecil, who at his decease left a son, Henry. Brownlow succeeded to the earldom in 1754; he was married, but had no issue. Henry Cecil, his nephew, was therefore heir-presumptive. With good abilities and artistic tastes, Henry Cecil appears to have been a little eccentric. He married a lady of a good family, but the marriage, of which there were no children, proved unhappy, and was dissolved by divorce in 1791. Free to marry again, and nearly forty years of age, he roamed about the country on foot, and professing to be an artist taking views of the scenery, he called himself Mr Jones. In his wanderings he got into Shropshire. Here, at the prettily situated village of Bolas Magna, he arrived late in the evening, and looked about for some cottage in which he might find shelter for the night. He was so fortunate as to procure accommodation at the house of Thomas Hoggins, a decent farmer, who lived with his wife and his daughter Sarah, a young and comely girl.

As a result of staying a few days under the roof of Mr Hoggins, young Cecil fell in love with Sarah, and was accepted as a suitor. It was a hazardous thing for the farmer to run the risk of giving his daughter to a total stranger, but he ran the risk. The marriage took place on the 3d October 1791. Tradition does not mention whether Cecil still kept to his assumed name; but we imagine that his real name must have been given on his marriage. There was not any suspicion of his relationship to the Exeter family. That was a secret kept even from his wife. Mrs Cecil believed him to be a painter, with some small patrimony, and looked forward to spending her life with him in the

village. Meanwhile, Cecil fondly endeavoured to cultivate her mind by reading and general information, so as to render her an agreeable companion, and prepare for any eventuality. It is pleasing to know that with considerable tact she acquired the tastes and language of a lady. In due time they had a daughter born to them, who lived only a few days.

A circumstance now occurred which naturally affected the future state of affairs. In December 1793, Cecil learned from a country newspaper that the aged Earl, his uncle, was dead, and he saw that his presence would be required at Burleigh House, near Stamford, Northamptonshire. Yet, he did not tell Sarah, his wife, what a change had taken place in his own and her position. He wished the fact to come out somewhat in the nature of a dramatic surprise. Merely saying that business called him to Northamptonshire, and that his wife should accompany him, he bade good-bye to the Hoggins family, and set out on the journey—a pretty long one across England. The pair travelled on horseback, Sarah sitting on a pillion behind, and holding by her husband in the old-fashioned style. The flutter of surprise which she experienced on arriving at Burleigh House, and being ‘introduced as the Countess of Exeter, may be left to conjecture.

The conduct of Sarah, Countess of Exeter, fully justified the choice of the Earl. Unfortunately, her married life was brief. After her arrival at Burleigh, she had three children, a daughter, Sophia, and two sons, Brownlow, and Thomas. In 1797, she died in giving birth to the younger son, Thomas. Had she lived four years longer, she would have been a Marchioness; for the Earl of Exeter was created a Marquis in 1801.

His lordship married in 1800, Elizabeth, Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, by whom he had no children. At his decease in 1804, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Brownlow, as second Marquis, from whom the Exeter branch of the Cecils is descended.

The Salisbury branch of the Cecils, directly in descent from Sir William Cecil, the minister of Queen Elizabeth, and his second wife, Mildred, one of the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, has latterly occupied a prominent position. The second Marquis, who died in 1868, was twice married, and had altogether ten children. His successor was Robert-Arthur-Talbot, eldest surviving son by the first marriage, who is the present peer, and is possessed of great versatility of talent. While we write he occupies the position of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and has been created a Knight of the Garter. In the whole family there is demonstrated an energy of character which sustains the reputation of their great ancestor, Sir William Cecil.

With reverence for a family of such lasting distinction, we had no little pleasure in visiting Hatfield, and admiring a place so identified with the history of Queen Elizabeth. Among the objects of art which attract attention are seen family and historical pictures by Mabuse, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others. The portraits of the two Lord High Treasurers in their ruffs and robes of office, convey the idea of thoughtfulness and acute intelligence. Among the other pictures, we noticed one of Queen Elizabeth, also a picture of her rival, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, depicted in a black mantle, bordered with white lace, and at her girdle a cross and rosary. There

is a likeness of Richard III., and one of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a somewhat robust figure. Two pictures are particularly pleasing. One is that of Miss Price, a little girl, painted by Reynolds. It is truly exquisite. The other picture is that of the late Marchioness of Salisbury, grandmother of the present Marquis, by Gainsborough. This lady had a sad fate. At an advanced age, she was accidentally burned to death in her apartment at Hatfield, in 1835. Over the mantel-piece in the large drawing-room there is a statue in bronze, life-size, of James I. The feeling communicated by a visit to Hatfield is, that we are living somewhere about the year 1600, and are surrounded by a species of historical panorama. In the grand old library, with its stores of learning, days could be spent in exploration. We say nothing of the balls and receptions in winter given by the Marchioness of Salisbury, when sometimes more than a thousand guests are invited, and which are of peculiar magnificence. From the fanciful illuminations in the wide-spreading avenues and flower-gardens, the scene on these occasions more resembles fairyland than reality. We may conclude by saying that the Story of the Cecils, past and present, is significantly a part of the history of England.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

A STRANGER with archæological tastes on lately visiting Edinburgh asked a friend to point out to him the tomb of the Great Marquis of Montrose. The request was puzzling, for although it was known that the remains of Montrose had been buried in Edinburgh, people generally could tell nothing as to the situation of his tomb. The gentleman appealed to at length bethought himself from historical recollections that Montrose's tomb was somewhere in the church of St Giles, an old Gothic building that has undergone various vicissitudes. An eminent antiquary being consulted, the spot which had received the mangled remains of the Great Marquis was pointed out. It was a dark cavern, underneath the southern side of St Giles, reached by a flight of steps from the southern transept, and which was occupied as a coal-cellar. Inspecting this dismal cavern, there was no vestige of tomb or any sepulchral ornament. The place was just a dirty, dingy coal-cellar, with a stove in one corner for sending warm air to the church above. We are not going to expatiate on so indecent a desecration; but will proceed to tell in a brief way

the story of the distinguished man whose bones lie mouldering in that miserable coal-cellar.

The family of Graham, which attained to rank under the titular distinction of Montrose, is said to have settled in Scotland in the reign of David I., about the middle of the twelfth century. Brave and useful at a time when personal bravery was of importance, the family for various services had grants of land from the crown, and gradually rose to eminence. The first notable member of the family was Sir John Græm of Dundaff, who during the wars of the succession fell at the battle of Falkirk, 1298. Early in the fifteenth century, Sir William Graham married for his second wife a daughter of Robert III. Robert, the eldest son of this branch, was ancestor of the Grahams of Claverhouse. The principal line of the Grahams having lands in Kincardine and Forfar shires, burst into distinction in the peerage in the reign of James I. Patrick Graham having been one of the hostages to the English for the ransom of James, returned home in 1432, and was soon after created a peer as Baron Graham. The grandson of this personage was created Earl of Montrose in 1504. Hence there was a succession of several earls, whom it is unnecessary to individualise, until we come to James, fifth Earl of Montrose, born in 1612, and who succeeded his father in 1626. Now comes the history of the notable man of the family.

While a youth, James Graham was sent to the University of St Andrews by his guardian and brother-in-law, Archibald, Lord Napier, son of the famous inventor of logarithms. He was an apt if not an ardent student, and during the two or three seasons of his attendance at college, acquired a respectable amount

of classical knowledge, besides exhibiting a genuine predilection for literature, which the stormy character of his after-life never quite destroyed. In his seventeenth year he married Lady Magdalen Carnegie, sixth daughter of the first Earl of Southesk, by whom he had two sons. On the occasion of his marriage, he had his portrait painted by Jameson, the pupil of Van Dyck. For the next three years he lived quietly at Kinnaird Castle, pursuing his studies. Having attained his majority, he left Scotland to travel on the continent, visited the academies of France and Italy, and perfected himself in all the accomplishments becoming a gentleman and a soldier.

Returning home, the young Earl of Montrose arrived about the time when Charles I. began his fatal struggle with the English parliament, and when Scotland was in a state of religious perturbation. In all quarters, things were verging towards a civil war—on the one side royalists, on the other Puritans and Covenanters. It was a grave crisis, and a young man entering the world behoved seriously to consider to which party he would attach himself. Naturally, from family tradition and his own fervour of character, the Earl of Montrose would probably have declared himself for the royalists; but, as is alleged from a cold reception at court, or other causes, he threw in his fate with the Covenanting lords, and was zealous in the cause. In short, he took part with the majority of the nation, who, in the first place, honestly contending for civil and religious liberty, were not aware that in revolutionary progress there is usually a lower depth, in which anarchy ends in military despotism. It was distinctly so on the present occasion, and in not a very long time did Montrose see

that he had been too precipitate in his choice of party. At first, he zealously took part in framing the famous National Covenant, 1638; and in the year following he made three military expeditions to overawe the royalists in Aberdeenshire. He twice took the city of Aberdeen, imposing heavy fines, but resisting the importunities of Covenanting zealots to expose the town to the horrors of conflagration. His humanity, although redounding to his credit, was doomed to be a drawback on his character.

For a time, national distractions were allayed by concessions made by Charles I., who, in a conciliatory spirit, invited the leading Covenanting nobles to meet him at Berwick. By attending this meeting, Montrose is alleged to have been henceforth more lukewarm in the cause he had espoused. Yet, in 1640, when a Scottish force crossed the Tweed under the command of Leslie, in order to join the troops of the Parliament at York, Montrose was the first man who forded the river. Recalled to Scotland, he was accused of plotting against Argyll, who occupied a prominent place in the Scottish Estates, and was confined in Edinburgh Castle, where he remained till the beginning of 1642, when he was set at liberty. Whether from the indignity he felt at his treatment by Argyll on this occasion, or from a growing conviction that he had erred in attaching himself to the popular party, Montrose soon broke with the Covenanters, and privately ranged himself on the side of the king.

Set right, as he considered, in the line of duty at a tremendous national struggle, Montrose plunged with heroic energy into the cause of Charles I., which was already almost desperate. Erecting the royal standard

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at Dumfries, he was excommunicated by the Commission of the General Assembly, 1644, and obliged to retire into England. In the same year, in reward for his loyalty, the king raised him to the dignity of Marquis of Montrose. After the defeat of Prince Rupert at Marston Moor, he left his men with that general, and returned to Scotland in the hope of raising forces in the Highlands. Now may be said to begin his most brilliant military exploits. For a time he travelled in the disguise of a groom with only two attendants—a circumstance that Sir Walter Scott has made use of in his *Legend of Montrose*. There is hardly anything in British history more chivalrous than what ensued. In a marvellous manner gathering together troops, Montrose attacked an army of the Covenanters, consisting of upwards of six thousand foot and horse, at Tippermuir, 1st September 1644, totally routed them, and took their artillery and baggage, without losing a man. Perth immediately surrendered to Montrose, and he had some further successes; but threatened by a superior force under the Marquis of Argyll, he retreated northwards into Badenoch, and thence sweeping down into Argyllshire, he mercilessly ravaged the country of the Campbells. Exasperated with the devastation of his estates, Argyll marched against Montrose, who, not waiting to be attacked, surprised the army of the Covenanters at Inverlochy, 2d February 1645, and totally defeated them, no fewer than fifteen hundred of the clan Campbell perishing in the battle, while Montrose lost only four or five men.

Brilliant as were these victories, they had no abiding influence in quenching this terrible civil war. It was a game of winning and losing; and looking to the fact

that the Scotch generally took the side of the Covenant, the struggle was almost hopeless. Still Montrose was undaunted. After the Inverlochy affair, he went southwards through Elgin and Banff into Aberdeenshire, carrying everything before him. Major-general Baillie, a second-rate Covenanted commander, and his lieutenant, General Hurry, were at Brechin, with a force to oppose him; but Montrose, by a dexterous movement, eluded them, captured and pillaged the city of Dundee, and escaped safely into the Grampians. On the 4th May, he attacked, and by extraordinary generalship, routed Hurry at Auldearn, near Nairn. After enjoying a short respite with his fierce veterans in Badenoch, he again issued from his wilds, and inflicted a still more disastrous defeat on Baillie, at Alford, in Aberdeenshire, July 2. There was now nothing to prevent his march south, and he set out with a force of from five thousand to six thousand men. The proper thing would have been to attack and capture Stirling, but that town was suffering from plague, and it was discreetly let alone. Crossing the Forth at the fords of Frew, eight miles above Stirling, he drew his army through the hilly ground in the centre of Stirlingshire, apparently designing to attack Glasgow, which was the only considerable town in the south of Scotland now free of the plague. But before executing that purpose, he was overtaken by Baillie at Kilsyth, and obliged to come to an engagement. The force at the command of Baillie was considerable, and he might have achieved a victory, if left to his own judgment. Unfortunately for him, he had to submit to the direction of a Committee of the Estates, not well acquainted with military affairs.

Montrose was well posted among a cluster of cottages and gardens, and his men had little to apprehend in case of attack. They, however, felt discouraged on observing a horse regiment which took up its position opposite to them. When the royalists saw the breast-plates of these men glittering in the sun, they could not help expressing some reluctance to charge them, complaining that they had to fight men clothed in iron, on whose persons their swords could be of no avail. Montrose overheard the muttering which went on along the line; and he no sooner heard it, than his ready genius suggested an idea, by which he might not only obviate the evil effects which it was calculated to produce, but even turn to his own advantage the circumstance which occasioned it. 'Gentlemen,' he said to the cavalry around him, 'do you see these cowardly rascals whom you beat at Tippermuir and Auldearn? Their officers, I declare, have at last found it impossible to bring them again before you, without first securing them against your blows with coats of mail. To shew our contempt for them, we'll fight them, if you please, in our shirts.'

With this brilliant sally, Montrose threw off his own coat and waistcoat, buckled up the sleeves of his shirt, and drawing his sword with an air of peculiar resolution and ferocity, immediately stood before them a perfect living statue or model of all that can be conceived terrific in the appearance of a soldier. His cavalry, who heard his address, were the first to imitate his example; and from them the enthusiasm of the moment speedily spread to the remoter ranks of the Highlanders and Irish. The proposal being, indeed, recommended by the heat of the

day, it was everywhere received with applause. The horsemen contented themselves with merely taking off their upper garments, and buckling up their shirt sleeves; but the foot stripped their whole persons, even to their feet, retaining only their shirts, the skirts of which they tied betwixt their legs, while they also bared their arms to the shoulder. The people of this district of Scotland still retain a terrible remembrance of Montrose's naked army, which fought, they say, more like butchers than soldiers.

The battle soon commenced, the royalist Highlanders being ably supported by Lord Airlie with a squadron of Ogilvies, who drove back the Covenanters. Terrified beyond measure by the appearance of the naked and savage-looking royalists, certain Fife regiments which Baillie had brought into the field, turned and dispersed themselves in every direction over the wide irregular country behind them. Montrose's men immediately gave chase, and put great numbers to death. Those on horseback alone escaped. The fugitive officers chiefly fled towards Stirling. The Marquis of Argyll did not stop till he reached the little port of South Queensferry, upwards of twenty miles from the fatal field, where, taking boat, he got on board a vessel lying in the Firth of Forth, and so stood out to sea. The number of slain was upwards of six thousand, with very few killed on the side of the royalists.

The victory so effected, 15th August 1645, was the greatest Montrose ever gained. His triumph was complete, for the victory of Kilsyth put him in possession of the whole of Scotland. The government of the country was broken up; every organ of the recent administration, civil and ecclesiastical, at once vanished.

The conqueror was hailed as 'the great Marquis of Montrose.' Glasgow yielded him tribute and homage; counties and burghs compounded for mercy. The city of Edinburgh humbly deprecated his vengeance, and implored his pardon and forgiveness. While encamped at Bothwell, he received a commission from Charles I., constituting him Lieutenant-governor of Scotland, and general of all his Majesty's forces there. He was also honoured with a communication to proceed towards the border, and there, with the help of noblemen of influence, including the Earls of Home, Roxburghe, and Traquair, fall upon the Scottish army in the north of England.

It was easy for the king in his great straits in England to invest him with supreme authority. Montrose had not the power to execute the orders imposed on him. His army melted away, for he had no means of securing adherence. Nominally at the head of power, he was in fact powerless. With all his masterly ability, he had been only a successful commander in a kind of guerrilla warfare—not the appointed and trusted generalissimo of a kingdom. It may be admitted that he had nominally restored the royal authority, and properly supported, all would have been well. As it was, his authority was but an empty pageant. Two months before the battle of Kilsyth, the royal forces in England were totally defeated at Naseby, and matters were tending towards the surrender of the king. The conquests of Montrose were, in fact, valueless. He had fought a great fight, and it was sad to think with how little avail. Perhaps he was not quite aware of the low pass which the king's affairs had reached in England; nor did he know that the members of the terrified Scotch

Estates could at once bring across the border an overpowering squadron of those indomitable Ironsides who had laid the royal authority in the dust. Not without a degree of pity do we read what ensued.

As if nothing could interrupt him in his march to the southern border, Montrose set out with a considerably diminished army, consisting of no more than seven hundred foot and two hundred mounted gentlemen. When near the border, he learned that General Leslie had reached Berwick with a detachment to intercept him, whereupon he resolved to retreat to the Highlands, where he could manœuvre with some degree of advantage. Acting on this resolution, he arrived on the night of the 12th September at a plain called Philiphaugh, near the town of Selkirk, and there his small army was encamped, while he took up his quarters in the town. The scouts whom he sent out in all directions brought no tidings of Leslie and his forces, although as a matter of fact they were quartered in the village of Melrose, only a few miles distant. Thick mists are said to have been the cause of this want of information, which, however, we must impute to negligence or treachery. At all events, Leslie with a body of four thousand horse marched along the bank of the Tweed from Melrose in the morning of the 13th, and presented themselves to the small and dismayed body of royalists at Philiphaugh.

Montrose at the first note of alarm hurried on horseback from the town, and putting himself at the head of his small band of cavalry, met the huge force with a firmness perfectly admirable. He even managed with this little band to repulse and stagger the great squadrons which attacked them. Again they came up

to the charge ; and again they were driven back. The bravery displayed by this desperate few was all in vain. A detachment that Leslie had sent to make a circuit and fall on the rear of the royalists, at this moment came down with flashing sabres on Montrose's small band of heroes, and at once decided the fate of the day. Finding themselves in danger of being completely surrounded and cut off, the party which had been led by Montrose broke away, making off through such portions of the field as seemed clearest of the enemy, each providing as he best might for his own safety. For a short time Montrose continued to fight in a sort of despair, supported by thirty brave friends who stuck to him. At length, on being entreated to spare himself for the sake of the royal cause, he gave the word to retreat, and the mass of Leslie's army made no attempt to oppose him.

With a few trusty followers on horseback, Montrose passed over the wild hill of Minchmuir to Traquair. Thence he proceeded westwards, crossing the Tweed at Howford, and following the road by an avenue of old elms, which led to the ancient tower of Ormiston. There is still a legend in the locality regarding the haggard appearance of the party in passing up the avenue, and of the short stay they made at the tower, which has been versified :

These ancient elms a tale could tell,
Of that famed flight o'er Minchmuir Fell,
When gallant Graham, escaped from foes,
Alighted here for brief repose.

From Ormiston, Montrose went by an old road along the high grounds to Peebles. There he rested for a

night with his followers, previous to making his retreat to the Highlands.

On the flight of Montrose from Philiphaugh, his little army surrendered themselves prisoners. For safe custody, they were conducted to Newark Castle, an ancient mansion belonging to the Buccleuch family, at the opening to the vale of Yarrow. Confined to the court-yard of the castle, the prisoners expected that their lives would be spared. With no wish to commit an act unwarranted by the usages of war, Leslie was disposed to be merciful; but constrained by the solicitations or commands of his gloomy clerical associates, he caused the whole to be shot by his troopers—a base act that remains a stain on his character. It was a horrid massacre. The spot where the poor wretches were buried in a field in the neighbourhood, is still called ‘the Slain Men’s Lee.’

The battle of Philiphaugh, which lasted little more than half an hour, was fought on Saturday, 13th September 1645. By the victory achieved by the Covenanting forces all that had been effected by the battle of Kilsyth was undone. Montrose was a helpless wanderer. His attempts to raise a fresh insurrection in favour of the royal authority were abortive, and at length were put a stop to by the surrender of Charles I. to parliamentary commissioners, followed by the king’s withdrawal of his commission. Till more auspicious times, Montrose went abroad. At Paris, he became acquainted with Cardinal de Retz; and that penetrating judge describes him in his *Memoirs* as one of those heroes, of whom there are no longer any specimens in the world, and who are only to be met with in Plutarch.

We now come to the last act in this melancholy drama.

Hearing of the death of Charles I., Montrose offered his services to Charles II., who was residing as a refugee at the Hague, and by him was authorised to conduct a fresh expedition into Scotland. He entered on this enterprise with his usual spirit; landing at Orkney with some forces early in 1650. The campaign was of short duration. In passing through the county of Sutherland, his party were intercepted by General Strachan, and dispersed. Montrose wandered about for some time in the mountainous country, in which he was nearly starved for want of food. At length he was taken prisoner, and sent on to Edinburgh, at which he was aware an ignominious death awaited him.

On Saturday, 18th May, the captured hero was brought into Edinburgh by the gateway at the foot of the Canongate. Here commenced the series of ignominious inflictions, which had been decreed by the committee of the Scotch Estates. He was in the first place commanded by the hangman to uncover himself in obedience to the terms of his sentence. On his refusing or hesitating to do so, the hangman rudely snatched off his hat, and took it away from him. He was then placed in a cart, which had been constructed on purpose for his transportation through the city, and which was peculiarly calculated to exhibit his person to the crowd. Bound in a tall chair, he was carted to the Tolbooth, with every circumstance of disgrace. In going up the Canongate, the procession passed in front of Moray House, on the stone balcony of which stood the Marquis of Argyll and his family, to see the show. It has been stated that in the depth of her hatred and contempt, the Marchioness of Argyll leant over the balcony and had the meanness to spit upon the unfortunate hero.

On the Monday following this degrading exhibition, Montrose was brought by summons before parliament. Before this tribunal he delivered a pathetic and manly appeal, vindicating his actions ; and in particular shewing that he had changed his original principles only on discovering that certain leaders of the Covenantee party designed to take the life of the king and to subvert the monarchy, which in point of fact had been done. His address, of course, made no impression on his hearers. He was sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, and dismembered next day at three o'clock. He heard his doom with dauntless fortitude. In the ensuing night he reduced his last sentiment to verse, and inscribed it on the window of his cell. The lines were afterwards found to run as follows :

Let them bestow on every airt a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake ;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake ;
Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air ;
Lord ! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou 'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou 'lt raise me with the just.

Any account of the execution of Montrose must necessarily be passed over. It is sufficient to say that dressing himself ceremoniously as if for a festive occasion, he submitted with dignity to his fate. After life was extinct, his body was dismembered on the scaffold ; his head stuck on a pike at the west end of the prison or Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and other parts of his person placed over the gateways of different towns ; while the trunk was buried underneath the gallows, on the Boroughmuir. Thus perished the great Marquis of

Montrose, May 21, 1650. At the time, the body which held rule in Scotland doubtless felt justified in what they did; but, as everybody is aware, they were destined to undergo a speedy and fearful awakening. In less than six months afterwards, September 3, Oliver Cromwell defeated the Scotch under Leslie at Dunbar, following on which, a year later, was the defeat, at Worcester, whereupon all that the Covenanting party had been contending for was ruthlessly stamped out. The General Assembly was dispersed by military violence; and Scotland was reduced to the condition of an appanage of England. This in plain terms is what the Covenanting party brought on the country. In the changing of his views, Montrose was seen to have been in the right.

So matters remained until 1660, when monarchy was restored in the person of Charles II. A revulsion of feeling now ensued regarding Montrose. His scattered remains were collected and deposited in the Abbey Church of Holyrood, where they remained till 14th May 1661, when the body was, with the greatest solemnity and magnificence, carried to the church of St Giles, and interred in the vault underneath the Montrose aisle—a vault which has been tastelessly suffered to degenerate into the coal-cellar already alluded to. It is to be hoped that something will be done to restore the aisle and the vault in a manner befitting the memory of the Great Marquis.

Little can be said of Montrose's family. Of his two sons, the elder pre-deceased him; and he was succeeded by his other son, James, as second Marquis, to whom the title was restored. There was hence a regular succession till the present day. James, the fourth Marquis, who took an active part in promoting the Union, was

advanced to the dignity of Duke of Montrose, 1707.
The present peer succeeded as fifth Duke, 1874.

As an agreeable conclusion to our story of the Great Marquis of Montrose, we may present a correct copy of a much-admired lyrical ballad, of which he was the author. It is conceived in the true Cavalier style.

LYRICAL BALLAD

BY THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world—of THEE—
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest Monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a *Synod* in mine heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne :
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have *each subject at my will*,
And all to stand in awe ;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if *Committees* thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee *glorious* by my pen,
And *famous* by my sword ;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown, and deck thee all, with bays,
And love thee more and more.

THE BUCCLEUCH FAMILY.

THE story of the Scotts of Buccleuch carries us back more than five hundred years, to a time when society in Scotland was in a comparatively unsettled condition. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the family is seen to have had pretty large possessions in several southern counties. Their earliest possessions were Kirkurd and Scotstoun, in the county of Peebles. Richard, one of these Peeblesshire Scotts, who lived from 1265 to about 1320, acquired by marriage the lands of Murthockston, now Murdieston, in Lanarkshire, which have not remained, however, in the family. Richard is supposed to have been a younger brother of Walter le Scott; and in the second half of the thirteenth century he was made Ranger of Ettrick Forest, which brought into his possession the lands of Rankilburn, in Selkirkshire. That estate comprehends a wild, lonely, and narrow valley, diverging from the larger vale of Ettrick. One of the many ravines or cleuchs in the Rankilburn is called Buccleuch. Here, the Scotts built a manor-house, and from their residence there they gradually dropped the designation of Rankilburn, and adopted that of Buccleuch.

The sixth in the main line in the genealogical tree

was Sir Walter Scott, Lord of Murdieston. According to common legend, finding that his property in Lanarkshire was too peaceful to offer any field for enterprise, he exchanged it in 1446 for half the barony of Branksholm in Teviotdale; and it is said that after the bargain was completed, he dryly observed, that although he might suffer by his near neighbourhood to the borders, 'the Cumberland *cattle* were as good as those of Teviotdale.' We must deem this to have been a jocular myth; for the Lord of Murdieston was not a marauder, but a man of peaceful habits, and acted as one of the conservators of the truce with England from 1438 to 1460. Its vicinity to his Selkirkshire property was more probably the reason for his acquiring Branksholm, or Branksome as it is now called. At all events, Branksome Hall long remained a favourite residence of the Scotts of Buccleuch, and it still pertains to them in a modernised and enlarged form. The purchase of land was not common in Scotland at that period. There was no wealth derived from commerce, as in the present day, to invest in the purchase of estates, and the barons generally were too poor to do more than keep up a petty state on their domains. Yet, at that time estates underwent constant transfers, and the foundation of great territorial properties was laid. The fertile source of these changes was forfeiture to the crown on account of acts of rebellion, and the estates thus attainted being usually conferred by the king on those who aided him in allaying these unhappy disorders. The secularisation of monastic and church property at the Reformation, was another means of territorial extension among favourites of the crown. By lucky gifts of this kind, the greatness of many families was established.

The rebellion of the Douglasses in 1455, and their defeat at Arkenholm, near Langholm, left vast spoils to be distributed among the Maxwells, Johnstons, and Scotts. Only for a time did the House of Douglas suffer a reverse of fortune. It revived in the Earl of Angus during the early years of the reign of James V. At the king's request, Sir Walter Scott of Branksholm collected about a thousand men to rescue him from Angus. This led to the battle of Melrose, in 1526. The conflict, still remembered on the borders, ended in the defeat of Buccleuch; but the king at length succeeded in emancipating himself from the hands of the Douglasses. Sir Walter Scott had a share in the confiscation of the property of the Earl of Angus, obtaining a grant of the lordship of Jedburgh Forest, 1528. The possession of extensive estates by the Buccleuch family on the Scottish border, is therefore partly due to such fortunate windfalls as the confiscations of the property of Angus. We have to admire the good sense of the family, shewn in preserving their ancient possessions through successive generations, instead of squandering them, as some others have unfortunately done.

To quote from the *Peerage* of Sir Robert Douglas: 'Sir Walter Scott being extremely obnoxious to the English, the Earl of Northumberland, in 1532, detached fifteen hundred men, who ravaged and plundered his lands, and burned Branksome, but failed in their principal object, which was to kill or make him prisoner. In resentment of this, Sir Walter and other border chiefs assembled three thousand men, whom with consummate skill and valour they conducted into England. They laid waste a large part of Northumber-

land, baffled and defeated the English, and returned home loaded with prey.' Following on this affair, proceedings were instituted against Sir Walter, having their origin in the feuds betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, alluded to in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. But after the death of James V. Sir Walter was re-established by act of parliament in his estates, honours, and dignities. The next thing we hear of Sir Walter was that he had charters of Deloraine and other lands, so far adding to the family possessions. Sir Walter terminated a life of vigorous exertion in 1552, when he fell in an encounter with Sir Walter Kerr of Cessford (ancestor of the Duke of Roxburghe) on the High Street of Edinburgh.

There was a succession of Sir Walters, all knights, which in history is a little confusing. We pass on to the famous Sir Walter who distinguished himself by a daring and well-conducted enterprise, 13th April 1596. The incident was that which is commemorated in the ballad of Kinmont Willie, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. We shall relate it as briefly as possible, adopting the narrative given in the *Minstrelsy*.

Lord Scroop being the English warden on the west marches, and the Laird of Buccleuch having the charge of Liddesdale, they sent their deputies to keep a day of truce, for redress of some ordinary matters. The place of meeting was at Dayholme of Kershop, where a small burn divides England from Scotland. There met as deputy for the Laird of Buccleuch, 'Robert Scott of Hayning ; and for the Lord Scroop, a gentleman within the west wardenry, called Mr Salkeld. These two, after truce taken and proclaimed, as the custom was, by sound of trumpet, met, in a manner, friendly, and upon

mutual redress of such wrongs as were then complained of, parted on good terms, each taking his way homewards. Meanwhile, it happened that one William Armstrong, commonly called *Will of Kinnmont*, was in company with the Scottish deputy, against whom the English had a quarrel for many wrongs he had committed. This man having taken his leave of the Scots deputy, and riding down the river of Liddel on the Scottish side, towards his own house, was espied, from the other side of the river, by the English, who then pursued him. After a chase of three or four miles, he was taken prisoner, and brought to the English deputy, who carried him away to the castle of Carlisle.

‘The Laird of Buccleuch complaining of the breach of truce (which was always taken from the time of meeting unto the next day at sun-rising), wrote to Mr Salkeld and craved redress. He excused himself by the absence of the Lord Scroop. Whereupon Buccleuch sent to the Lord Scroop, and desired the prisoner might be set at liberty without any bond or condition, seeing he was unlawfully taken. Scroop answered that he could do nothing in the matter, it having so happened, without a direction from the Queen and Council of England, considering the man was such a malefactor. Buccleuch, loath to inform the king of what was done, lest it might have bred some misliking betwixt the princes, dealt with Mr Bowes, the resident ambassador of England, for the prisoner’s liberty; who wrote very seriously to the Lord Scroop in that business, advising him to set the man free. But no answer was returned. The matter thereupon was imparted to the king, and the queen of England was solicited by letters to give direction for his liberty; yet nothing was obtained;

which Buccleuch perceiving, and apprehending that the king and himself were touched in honour, he resolved to rescue the prisoner by the best means he could.

‘Upon intelligence that the castle of Carlisle was surprisable, he gathered together two hundred horse, assigning the place of meeting at the tower of Morton, some ten miles from Carlisle, an hour before sunset. With this company, passing the water of Esk, he about two hours before day crossed the Eden beneath Carlisle Bridge, and came to the plain under the castle. There making a little halt at the side of a small burn, he caused eighty of the company to light from their horses and take the ladders and other instruments which he had prepared, with them. He himself accompanying them to the foot of the wall, caused the ladders to be set to it; which proving too short, he gave order to use the other instruments for opening the wall nigh the postern; and finding the business likely to succeed, retired to the rest whom he had left on horseback, for assuring those that entered upon the castle against any eruption from the town. With some little labour a breach was made for single men to enter, and they who first went in broke open the postern for the rest. The watchmen and some few whom the noise awaked, made a little resistance, but they were quickly silenced and made captive. After which they passed to the chamber wherein the prisoner was kept; and having brought him forth, sounded a trumpet, which was a signal to them without that the enterprise was performed. By the time the prisoner was brought forth, the town had taken the alarm, the drums were beating, the bells ringing, and a beacon put on the top of the castle to give warning to the country. Whereupon Buccleuch commanded his

company and the prisoner to horse ; and made to the river Eden, at which certain persons were assembled to stop his passage ; but he caused the trumpet to be sounded, took the river, day being then breaking, and meeting with no opposition, he retired in order into Scottish ground, and so went on his way homewards.

‘The queen of England having notice of the event, stormed not a little. One of her chief castles surprised, a prisoner taken forth of the hands of the warden, and carried away, so far within England, she esteemed a great affront.’ The affair created much ill-feeling between the two nations, and much anxious diplomacy was carried on before a satisfactory arrangement was concluded by the Commissioners at Berwick.

The ballad of Kinmont Willie, in the *Minstrelsy*, adheres pretty closely to the narrative in the form that is generally accepted, and which has just been related. Buccleuch, spoken of as ‘the bauld Buccleuch,’ suffers nothing in valour in the poetical description. How he got across the Eden in his retreat northwards is told with characteristic vivacity.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi’ a’ his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroop his glove flung he—
‘If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me !’

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroop ;
He stood as still as rock of stane ;
He scarcely dared to turn his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

Incidental to the proceedings that ensued on the Kinmont Willie affair, Sir Walter Scott was surrendered to the English, and was presented to Queen Elizabeth. According to a family tradition, when presented to the Queen, she, in her usual abrupt manner, demanded of him how he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous. 'What is it,' answered the undaunted chieftain—'what is it that a man dares not do?' Elizabeth, struck with the reply, said to a lord in waiting: 'With ten thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe.'

The union of the crowns in 1603 led to measures for finally suppressing disorders on both sides of the border. It was, however, no easy matter to reduce to orderly habits men who clung to old traditions, and had been accustomed to rapine. At this juncture, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch rendered good service by raising a regiment of the boldest and most desperate of the Scottish borderers, and carried them over to the Netherlands to assist Maurice Prince of Orange in his warfare with the Spaniards. For his services on this occasion, the king raised him to the dignity of the peerage, by the title of Lord Scott of Buccleuch. In 1608, he had a charter of the lands of Fernyhope and Dryhope in Selkirkshire. He died on the 5th December 1611. The family, now ennobled, rapidly rises to fresh titular distinctions.

Walter, second Lord Scott of Buccleuch, had the command of a regiment in the service of the States of Holland, and served with great reputation against the Spaniards. In 1619, he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Buccleuch, and had charters of

Canobie and other lands, by which the family estates were largely augmented. He died in the reign of Charles I., in 1633, and was succeeded by his son Francis as second Earl. In the lifetime of this nobleman, the family property was largely extended in 1642, by the addition of lands in Liddesdale, while the great barony of Dalkeith was acquired from the Morton family. The House, or as it is popularly called, the Palace of Dalkeith, now greatly modernised, is pleasantly situated in the midst of an extensive and well-wooded park, adjoining the town of Dalkeith, at the distance of six miles from Edinburgh. In old times it belonged to the Douglas family, who here entertained the French historian Froissart, the chronicler of the chivalry of the fourteenth century. On the execution of James Douglas, who had been created Earl of Morton, Dalkeith was included in his attainder. The estate was finally restored to the family; yet the castle of Dalkeith, as it was then called, seems long to have been considered crown property, and used as a temporary residence by members of the royal family. It was also for some time a residence of General Monk, during his government of Scotland under Cromwell. Latterly, the castle of Dalkeith, in its altered form, became a residence of the Scotts of Buccleuch, who hence attained a territorial connection with Midlothian.

Earl Francis married Lady Margaret Leslie, only daughter of John, sixth Earl of Rothes. He died in 1651, while still only in his twenty-fifth year, leaving two daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Anne. Lady Mary was served heir to her father in 1653, the patent of nobility admitting the right of heirs-female. Having been born in 1648, she was only a child when she thus

became Countess of Buccleuch in her own right. Her fate was pitiable. Here was a girl with the rank of Countess, and heir of large possessions, who being reckoned the greatest heiress in Scotland, became an object of selfish interest to match-making mammas. Her own mother was among the number. This lady, when only about a year a widow, was married to David, second Earl of Wemyss. She is represented to have been a witty, active woman; and she laid a scheme for marrying her daughter, the girl Countess, to Walter Scott, son of Scott of Highchester. In the seventeenth century, the marrying of heiresses under twelve years of age was not an infrequent misdemeanour, and this was about the worst that occurred. Neither bride nor bridegroom could be deemed competent to enter into the marriage relationship. The marriage was celebrated in an irregular manner in February 1659, when the young Countess was not yet twelve years of age, and young Scott, her husband, was only fourteen. To give an air of legality to the transaction, the young lady was induced to emit a declaration of her marriage in August 1659, when she had completed her twelfth year. To add to the shamefulness of the whole affair, the youthful Countess was afflicted with scrofula, for which after her marriage she was taken by her mother to London, to be touched by the king, according to the superstitious notions of the period. The king's 'touching for the Evil' was of no avail. She died without issue on the 12th March 1661, in the thirteenth year of her age. In speaking of poor Countess Mary, we have barely glanced at events which might fittingly be the theme of a romance.

By the death of Countess Mary, the succession to the title and estates of Buccleuch was opened up to her

sister Anne. Whether the Countess of Wemyss engaged in schemes to get her second daughter matched in the way she had done with the first, we are unable to say. It is only certain there was the same indecent hurrying on of a marriage at a premature age. In 1663, when Countess Anne was twelve years of age, she was married to James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II. by Lucy, daughter of Richard Walters of Haverfordwest, the Duke having at this time attained his fourteenth year. The marriage was celebrated in the house of the Earl of Wemyss, in London, in presence of the king and queen. According to an eye-witness (Grammont), the youthful pair had a striking appearance. Monmouth's figure and the external graces of his person were such, that Nature perhaps never formed anything more complete; his face was extremely handsome, and yet it was a manly face, neither inanimate nor effeminate, each feature having its peculiar beauty and delicacy. He had a wonderful genius for every exercise, an engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur. The lady's person was full of charms; and her mind possessed all those perfections in which the handsome Monmouth was deficient. On the day he was married, Monmouth was created Duke of Buccleuch, Earl of Dalkeith, with succession to children of the marriage. On consulting Macaulay, it will be seen that Monmouth was a general favourite, and that the Protestant party had a vague idea that there existed proofs of his legitimacy. The circumstance of his being treated on all occasions as a member of the royal family, and of the honours paid to him generally, tended to confirm the idea, although resting on no proper foundation.

Except that he was heedless in his expenditure, no very grave fault could be imputed to Monmouth. As a commander of British auxiliaries abroad he did justice to his high appointment. As leader of the royal troops against the insurrection in Scotland in 1679, which terminated in the defeat of the Covenanters at Bothwell Brig, he acquitted himself with great discretion and humanity. The error of his life consisted in allowing himself to be used as a leader of the rebellion against his uncle, James II., in 1685. History tells us how his forces were totally routed at Sedgemoor; three days afterwards he was taken as a fugitive; he was conducted to London, and receiving no hope of mercy, was taken to the Tower previous to execution. In this distressing position he was visited by his Duchess and her children, and a painful scene ensued. The Duke was beheaded, 15th July 1685.

By the Duke of Buccleuch and Monmouth, the Duchess Anne had six children; and after the death of her husband, she resided occasionally in a style of princely splendour at Dalkeith Palace. Walter Scott describes the Duchess as being visited by the 'Last Minstrel' at Newark, an ancient castle belonging to the Buccleuch family, at the opening of the Vale of Yarrow :

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh :
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.

The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

Three years after she had been rendered a widow by the death of Monmouth, the Duchess Anne married secondly Charles, third Lord Cornwallis, by whom she had three children. This remarkable woman survived until 1732, and died in the eighty-first year of her age ; having, by wise economy and prudent administration of her estates, established the security of the Buccleuch domains, which had been somewhat endangered by the prodigality of Monmouth. Her Grace was succeeded by her grandson, Francis, as second Duke of Buccleuch. In 1720, His Grace married Lady Jean Douglas, second daughter of James, second Duke of Queensberry. As regards titular and territorial aggrandisement, this marriage, as will be immediately mentioned, proved to be fortunate for the Buccleuch family.

The second Duke of Buccleuch was succeeded in 1751, by his grandson, Henry, as third Duke, who afterwards travelled on the continent in companionship with Dr Adam Smith, a circumstance to which has been imputed the improvement and intelligent management of his property. Duke Henry is still remembered as a popular nobleman at the end of the last, and beginning of the present century. He raised a body of Volunteer Fencibles among the tenantry of his own estates, and took much interest

in scientific pursuits and public affairs. Along with Principal Robertson, he was intimately concerned in establishing the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1783, and was its first President for a period of twenty-nine years. His Grace married Lady Elizabeth Montagu, eldest and last surviving daughter of George, Duke of Montagu, by which alliance large estates in England ultimately vested in the Buccleuch family. On the decease of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry (Old Q, as he used to be called), the Duke of Buccleuch succeeded to the dignity of Duke of Queensberry and the extensive Drumlanrig estates, which, by subsequent and vast improvements and additions, are now of very great value.

Duke Henry died in 1812, and was succeeded by his elder son, Charles-William-Henry, who though having but a short lease of power, seems to have been as popular as his father. In a song written by Walter Scott, to commemorate a great football match on Carter Haugh, 1815, when the Duke's standard was raised, Duke Charles-William-Henry is thus alluded to :

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Landward,
From the hall of the Peer to the Herd's ingle neuk ;
And huzza ! may brave hearts for Buccleuch and the Standard,
For the King and the country, the clan and the Duke !

Charles-William-Henry was an enthusiast in forestry, and clothed every available and bleak hill-side with plantations. His expenditure on the Queensberry estates was princely, and is said to have amounted to eight times the revenue he derived from them. So much had the magnificent castle of Drumlanrig been allowed to fall into disrepair by 'Old Q,' that it cost the Duke of Buccleuch sixty thousand pounds to make

it wind and water tight and fit for habitation. In the hard times that followed the close of the French war, the Duke found employment for nearly a thousand labourers. Sir Walter Scott relates a noble instance of his self-denial and his sense of responsibility towards all who had a claim upon him as their chief. In the spring of 1817, he was asked why he did not pay his usual visit to London. Duke Charles' reply was to shew a list of the day-labourers employed on his various estates, amounting to nine hundred and forty-seven persons. The Ettrick Shepherd was his favourite tenant, and a frequent guest at his table. By him Hogg was installed in the farm of Altrive Lake at a nominal rent. A deadly malady, which for some time had been undermining his health, obliged the Duke to seek a southern climate. He was ordered to Lisbon, but died there in 1819.

This estimable nobleman was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Walter-Francis, the present Duke, born in 1806. From a number of circumstances, some of which have been mentioned, quite an accumulation of titles fell to the lot of the heir to the family honours. According to the *Peerage*, the present Duke is fifth Duke of Buccleuch, seventh Duke of Queensberry, Marquis of Dumfriesshire, Earl of Drumlanrig, Buccleuch, Sanquhar, and Dalkeith, &c., in the peerage of Scotland; and Earl of Doncaster, and Baron Tynedale, in the peerage of England. In 1829 he married Lady Charlotte Thynne, third and youngest daughter of Thomas, second Marquis of Bath, by whom he has a family; his heir-apparent being William-Henry-Walter Scott, ordinarily known as Earl of Dalkeith. We do not go into any enumeration of the many subordinate

honours pertaining to the Duke of Buccleuch, but simply add that His Grace occupies the position of Captain-general of the Royal Company of Archers of Scotland, and that his full-length portrait, executed by Sir Francis Grant, adorns the Hall of the Royal Company at Edinburgh.

A word in conclusion : The Scotts of Buccleuch have from their earlier records till the present day possessed a certain distinctive character. Unlike the Cecils and a number of other noble families, they have never been signalised in statesmanship. What they have been remarkable for is strong common-sense, vigour of character, and a patriotic love of country of that guarded nature that has not broken into excess or eccentricity. Prudent and peace-loving, they offer a conspicuous instance of perpetuity in a line enduring and unchanging, and which always increasing in honours and territorial distinction, possesses the character of a corporation, with itself for its charter. Families of this kind, whether ennobled or in the rank of commoners, are in a sense the glory of England. From generation to generation extended over centuries, and respected and honoured, as they were in long-past times, they in a material degree help to give stability and dignity to the national institutions. It would be an error to think that this perpetuation in family distinction has been injurious to social progress. Generally it is the very reverse. Families like that we have been describing present a splendid example of some of the highest virtues owned by human nature. With a character to sustain, they live decorously and modestly on their heritable domains, taking a reasonable part in legislation and what concerns the public welfare.

One thing cannot be passed over. The uniform practice in Scotland is for land-proprietors to let their farms on lease by a written contract usually for nineteen years. All the farm-buildings are erected at the cost of the landlord, and in every other respect he puts the farm into a tenantable condition; the tenant being simply bound to pay a fixed annual rent, and not to deteriorate the property during his term of occupation. By arrangements of this kind, disputes between landlord and tenant are of rare occurrence, while the country at large is brought to a degree of agricultural perfection. Nowhere are the farm-buildings and general equipments of a better order than in the territorial possessions of the Buccleuch family, which are noted as among the best managed in the country. The lands, let on lease at a fair valued rent, according to changes in times and prices, have in some cases been occupied by the same family from father to son for more than a hundred years. The tenantry at large, while distinguishing themselves by their professional skill and enterprise, are equally noted for their loyal attachment to the noble family which shews so much interest in their welfare. In the assiduous and intelligent managing of his estates, the present Duke is alike untiring and generous. We venture to say that no person in commercial pursuits excels him as a man of business. Nor has he confined his enterprise to the duties of a land-improver. As is well known, he has expended vast sums in forming a pier and harbour at Granton, on the shore of the Firth of Forth, which promises to be of yearly increasing importance. It might be safe to aver that the works at Granton constitute the largest undertaking in Scotland executed by a private individual.

His Grace has the distinction of being a Knight of the Garter. As a token of general esteem, he was lately (May 7, 1878), on the occasion of his jubilee as a landlord, entertained at a public banquet in Edinburgh, when he was presented with an affectionate and complimentary address from seven hundred tenants on his estates in England and Scotland. This circumstance, more than anything we could say, marks the general appreciation of the present Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.

THE ARGYLL FAMILY.

IN his amusing fiction, 'A Legend of Montrose,' Sir Walter Scott picturesquely describes the arrival of Captain Dugald Dalgetty at the castle of Inveraray on a mission to the Marquis of Argyll. The spectacle presented to the soldier of fortune was startling—the gibbet from which several bodies depended, the huge beheading block and axe in the outer court-yard, the Marquis in gloomy grandeur environed by his sycophantic adherents, including preachers of the stern sect of the period—the whole evidently consistent with historical accuracy, though tinged with the genius of the writer; and we may say the same of the scene which followed in the chapel of the castle, and of the vault from which Dalgetty managed to effect his escape. The feeling communicated by the vivid narrative is that the Marquis was a political and religious fanatic, who would not scruple to execute vengeance in the cause he had espoused.

The Marquis to whom the novelist refers was Archibald, eighth Earl of Argyll, who was advanced to the dignity of Marquis in 1641, and was the personage alluded to in a preceding story, as having lived in deadly enmity to the Marquis of Montrose.

The Argyll family, of which he was the head, was of an antiquity beyond the reach of ordinary record. It is traced to the lords or proprietors of the lands of Lochow, a territory in the western part of the county of Argyll. By the marriage of a female heir, Lochow passed into possession of a gentleman of Anglo-Norman lineage, named Campbell; and hence Campbell became the surname of the family in the main line as well as in its numerous branches. Other versions are given of the origin of the name, and it is difficult to get at the truth on the subject. The familiar designation given to the chief of the Argyll family was M'Callum More, son of the great Callum, and such is still employed by the Highlanders, who also use the traditional phrase, 'It is a far cry to Lochow;' signifying it would be difficult to reach them by any hostile measure.

In 1445, Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochow, or Lochawe, as it is now written, was raised to the peerage as Lord Campbell. The family possessions were gradually increased by grants from the crown and otherwise, till at length the estates embraced Inveraray on Loch Fyne, and the Campbells became a formidable clan in the West Highlands. Colin, the grandson of the first Lord, was created Earl of Argyll, and he had a further lift in family distinction and territorial heritage by his marriage with the heiress of John, Lord Lorne; for he was authorised to add the designation of Lord Lorne to his other titles, and took the galley of Lorne into his heraldic achievement. This accession of dignity occurred in 1470; shortly afterwards, the Earl had a charter of heritable sheriffship in Cowal, one of the districts of Argyllshire; which important distinction was afterwards granted to the family over the whole county,

Colin, the third Earl, being created hereditary Lord Justice-general of Scotland.

Though much involved in public affairs, the Argyll family did not attain to any great historical notoriety, until Archibald, the eighth Earl, as above stated, was advanced to the dignity of Marquis in 1641. For about a century, the Earls of Argyll had been zealous promoters of the form of Protestantism introduced into Scotland at the Reformation; and from temperament and family leaning, the Marquis became a zealous adherent of the stern religious party which, affected by the Puritanism that had sprung up in England, stood by the National Covenant, and hurled defiance at Charles I. No one could properly blame a national movement in favour of civil and religious liberty. Unfortunately, the party at the head of which Argyll placed himself, went far beyond defensive measures. Intolerant of all who differed from them in sentiment, they interfered in the Civil War in England, tried to extend Presbyterianism over that country; and as has been observed in our story of the Marquis of Montrose, largely contributed to overthrow the monarchy, and to promote the military despotism of Cromwell. A candid consideration of history compels us to say that if Montrose went extravagant lengths in the royal cause, Argyll went quite as far in the opposite direction.

Shortly after the Restoration, 1660, Argyll endeavoured to make up matters with Charles II., but without avail. He was accused of having complied with the usurpation of Cromwell, instead of holding aloof, as he might have done, like many noblemen of the period; and sentence of death was pronounced against him by the Scottish authorities. The Marquis

of Argyll was beheaded, 27th May 1661. His head was struck off by the Maiden, an instrument resembling a guillotine, and was affixed on the west end of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where the head of Montrose had been till very lately perched ; a circumstance that very sensibly marks the vicissitudes of a time of civil dissension. His body was conveyed to the family sepulchre at Kilmun, in Argyllshire. With few qualities to captivate the fancy, Argyll has always been esteemed by the people of Scotland as a meritorious patriot and martyr ; in virtue of which has been overlooked that want of courage in the field which he shewed throughout the whole of the transactions of the Civil War, though often at the head of large bodies of troops.

Archibald Campbell, son of the Marquis, and ordinarily known as Lord Lorne, was equally unfortunate, though less distinguished as a political figurant. He possessed many accomplishments, and particularly excelled in personal courage. Though his father's titles and estates were forfeited, he continued to be called Lord Lorne ; and in 1663, he was restored to his grandfather's title of Earl of Argyll, and had a charter of the family property. This favour at court was by no means permanent. In 1681, arose a discussion in the Scottish parliament concerning that bundle of absurdities known as the Test, which was imposed without mercy upon all, especially such as lay under any suspicion of Presbyterianism. Argyll refused to take the oath of adherence to the Test, unless under qualifications ; and this being construed to be treasonous, he was found guilty by a jury of his peers. This was about the most infamous transaction that had taken place at an infamous period. Argyll was a prisoner in the castle of Edinburgh, and

knew that his death was resolved on. By a fortunate manœuvre, he contrived to make his escape in the disguise of a page bearing up the train of his step-daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay, sister to the Earl of Balcarras. The Scottish ministry were in a rage. He was immediately sentenced to death in absence, and his estate and honours forfeited. Having got clear of Edinburgh, the Earl was conducted by Mr Veitch, a clergyman, through unfrequented roads, and arrived safely in London. As soon as he had an opportunity, he made his escape to Friesland, at that time the refuge of numerous persons from England.

In the secluded province to which the Earl had fled, his father had purchased a small estate, as a place of refuge for the family in the case of civil troubles; and here the Earl remained for some time so quietly that he was lost sight of. From this retreat, however, according to Macaulay, 'he carried on a correspondence with his friends in Great Britain, was a party to the Whig conspiracy, and concerted with the chiefs of that conspiracy a plan for invading Scotland.' The demise of Charles II., and the accession of his brother, James II., in 1685, added vehemence to the conspiracy. In his detestation of the cruel tyranny prevailing in Scotland, the Earl of Argyll resolved to risk an invasion of the western coast of Scotland, to be promptly followed by a descent on England. It was an ill-managed affair. Argyll with some followers landed in Orkney in April 1685; several were apprehended, and the remainder, with Argyll at their head, got to the west coast of the Highlands. A manifesto was issued; but it was not responded to. Argyll made a bold push for Glasgow; his forces melted away; and the thought of prosecuting

the expedition, which was nothing short of a rebellion, was abandoned. A more heedless attempt to upset a government can hardly be conceived. The invaders rapidly dispersed. Argyll, disguised as a peasant, was taken prisoner in Renfrewshire, carried to Edinburgh, and forced to walk on foot bareheaded up the whole length of the Canongate and High Street to the castle, passing in front of that very balcony of Moray House, from which the Argyll family had contemptuously witnessed the passing of the Marquis of Montrose.

By a perversion of legal proceedings, it was determined to put Argyll to death on his former sentence, without a new trial. The morning of his execution was spent in religious exercises, and in writing short notes to friends. He had his dinner before he left the castle, at which he discoursed with some friends with cheerful and becoming gravity. After dinner, he retired, as was his custom, to his bed-chamber, where it is recorded he slept soundly for about a quarter of an hour. This 'last sleep of Argyll' has, as is well known, formed a favourite subject of pictorial delineation. After this short repose, he was brought to the high-council house, from which he dated a letter to his wife, and thence to the place of execution. In his last moments, he conducted himself with the greatest fortitude and resignation. Finally, he adjusted his neck on the block, and his head was severed from his body. Thus died Archibald, Earl of Argyll, on the 30th June 1685; of whom it has been said, he possessed the firmness and benevolence of a patriot, and the integrity and fidelity of a man of honour. Again, there was a forfeiture of titles and estates; but all were restored to Archibald, son of the late Earl, for his services to King William; and he

was further, in 1701, created Duke of Argyll, Marquis of Lorne, &c.

In his son and successor, John, second Duke, we come to the great man of the family. The intolerant sectarian spirit of the family was modified, and we have at length a person of broad and genial views, valiant yet sagacious, who on broad grounds devoted himself to the public service. His talents were of the most versatile character. He was equally qualified for civil or military life. Handsome in person, brave and honourable, he was qualified to fill any post from a judge to a general. In 1705, he was admitted an extraordinary Lord of Session, which he resigned to his brother Archibald, Earl of Ilay, in 1708. Perceiving that the time had come when it would be for the interest of Scotland to be united on fair terms with England, Duke John exerted himself to promote the Union in the reign of Queen Anne, and had the satisfaction of being successful in his endeavours. For his valuable services on this occasion, he was created a peer of England by the title of Earl of Greenwich. As a soldier, he greatly distinguished himself in the continental wars of the period. At the battle of Malplaquet, 1709, he performed extraordinary feats of valour, and escaped unhurt, although several musket-balls penetrated his clothes, hat, and periwig. Returning home, he helped to extinguish Mar's rebellion. In 1719, he was advanced to be Duke of Greenwich.

Intense as were the Duke's feelings as a Scotsman, he in general affairs was above entertaining narrow views of nationality. His abilities as a statesman were as remarkable as his honesty of purpose. Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, refers to him in the 'Heart of

Midlothian' as acting a friendly part to Scotland, on the occasion of the Porteous Mob. This, the great Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, died in 1743, and was interred in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument by Roubiliac is erected to his memory. His Grace's high qualities were the theme of poetical panegyric by Pope :

Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.

As the Duke left no male issue, his English titles became extinct. His patrimonial estate and Scottish titles devolved on his brother, Archibald, as third Duke of Argyll. During his time an immense improvement took place in the judicial system of Scotland. This consisted in abolishing by an Act of parliament, in 1747, the heritable sheriffships and other feudal jurisdictions that had been a fruitful source of tyranny and public disorder ; and substituting legally educated sheriffs, as county magistrates, by appointment of the crown. To the proprietors of the old jurisdictions, compensation was awarded by government. The losses of the Duke of Argyll were compensated by the sum of twenty-one thousand pounds—a cheap bargain for the public, because an end was put to those capricious beheadings, hangings, and imprisonments in dungeons, which are pictured in the visit of Dugald Dalgetty to Inveraray. About 1750, Duke Archibald built the modern castle of Inveraray, from designs by Adam. It occupies a beautiful situation on a lawn overlooking Loch Fyne. Three hundred thousand pounds are said to have been expended on its erection and the laying out of the grounds. By an unfortunate mischance, the

building was partially destroyed by fire, October 12, 1877. It has since been tastefully restored.

At the decease of Duke Archibald in 1761, without issue, his titles and estates passed to his cousin John, son of the Hon. John Campbell of Mamore, second son of the Earl who was beheaded in 1685. This Duke John was succeeded by his son John as fifth Duke, who during the lifetime of his father was created Baron Sundridge, in the peerage of England. Regarding the fifth Duke, we must pause a little in the genealogical narrative, for there is something amusing to tell of his marriage.

At the middle of last century there arrived in London two young ladies, Irishwomen, who from their beauty caused a great sensation among the fashionable society of the day. They were known as the 'two fair Gunnings,' daughters of John Gunning of Castle Coote, county of Roscommon. Whatever Castle Coote may have been, it did not enrich Mr Gunning, who had three daughters and no fortune to give them. The three Miss Gunnings, however, had that which money cannot buy. With a fine figure, they were of matchless beauty; while they derived some claim to aristocratic connections through their mother, who was a daughter of Viscount Bourke of Mayo. Of Catherine, the youngest of these ladies, all we know from the gossiping literature of the period is that she was married to Richard Travis, a private gentleman in the south of Ireland. Interest therefore is concentrated on the other daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, who, spoken of as the two fair Gunnings, first made their appearance in public, by being presented at the vice-regal court of the Earl of Harrington, in Dublin. So poor were the family means

that they had not the proper dresses for the occasion; but this deficiency was made good through the kindness of Thomas Sheridan, stage-manager of the Dublin theatre. They were arrayed in the stage dresses of Lady Macbeth and Juliet, which suited them becomingly. Their mother, the Hon. Mrs Gunning, was their chaperon.

The two fair Gunnings were brought to London in 1751, and as we have said, produced an extraordinary commotion. Horace Walpole's Letters (Peter Cunningham's edition, volume three) abound in notices of these ladies at the time of their arrival in the metropolis and afterwards. Their beauty astonished everybody. Mobs followed them in the streets and the parks. For a time there was a perfect furor concerning these young Irish-women, the elder of whom, Maria, was only eighteen years of age. It was known they had no fortune, but that mattered little; nor did it signify that they were not noted for education or intelligence. Noblemen looking out for wives were deranged about them. Elizabeth, the younger, was the first to be married. Having captivated the heart of James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, who was twenty-eight years of age, she was married to him in 1752. The marriage was a very hurried affair. It took place late at night, in Mayfair Chapel; and for want of a ring of the usual kind, a ring of a bed-curtain was employed—irregularities of this kind being then tolerated by the law. Walpole writes: 'The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that he will now marry the other. The Duchess was presented [at court] on Friday. The crowd was so great that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered into chairs and on tables to get

a look at her. There are mobs at their door to see them get into their chairs ; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there.' It is added, that when the Duke conducted his bride to Scotland, they stopped a night at a Yorkshire inn, where 'seven hundred people sat up all night in and about the house merely to see the Duchess get into her post-chaise the next morning.'

By the Duke of Hamilton, the Duchess Elizabeth had three children—a daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to the twelfth Earl of Derby, and two sons, who successively became Dukes of Hamilton. Having been left a widow by the death of the Duke, her husband, she married secondly John, fifth Duke of Argyll, in 1759, by whom she had three sons and two daughters. Two of the sons became successively Dukes of Argyll ; but of these and of her daughter, Lady Charlotte Campbell, we shall afterwards speak. In the meanwhile, let us keep to the Duchess Elizabeth. She was created a peeress of Great Britain in 1766, by the title of Baroness Hamilton of Hameldon in the county of Leicester, with remainder to her heirs-male. Her Grace died in 1793, and was buried at Kilmun. For a moment we turn to her sister Maria, the other fair Miss Gunning, about whom there may be some curiosity.

Maria Gunning was married to the seventh Earl of Coventry on the 1st March 1752, or only about three weeks after her sister Elizabeth had been married to the Duke of Hamilton. The Coventries were descended from John Coventry, a successful and wealthy merchant in London who filled the office of Lord Mayor in 1425 ; his grandson being an emi-

nent lawyer who rose to distinction, and was created Baron Coventry in 1628. The fifth Lord was advanced to be Earl of Coventry in 1697. The marriage of the seventh Earl to Maria Gunning so soon after the marriage of Elizabeth caused immense sensation, and the Earl appears to have been congratulated and almost envied on account of his good-luck in having secured so great a beauty for his wife. Maria is stated to have been more lovely than her sister; though her share of intelligence was by no means of a character to be proud of.

Writing to Sir Horace Mann in October 1752, Horace Walpole says of Lady Coventry, who had just returned from Paris: 'Poor Lady Coventry [while in Paris] was under piteous disadvantages, for besides being silly, ignorant of the world and breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback on her beauty; her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to shew how ill-bred he is. . . He is jealous, proud, and scrupulous; at a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red [on her face], seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin; and then told her, that since she had deceived him and broken her promise, he would carry her back directly to England.' Fond of dress, 'Lady Coventry shewed George Selwyn her clothes. They were blue, with spots of silver of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost—my Lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them; he replied: "Why you will be change for a guinea."'

As an instance of her childish remarks, George II. one day asked her if she was not sorry there were to be no more masquerades. She replied 'that she was tired of them—indeed that she was surfeited with most London sights; there was but one left that she wanted to see, and that was a coronation.' The old king took the remark good-humouredly, and it formed the subject of amusing conversation in the palace. Lady Coventry was not destined to see a coronation; for George II. outlived her about three weeks, and George III. was not crowned till a year afterwards. With a constitution weakened by consumption, the Countess accelerated her death by an inordinate use of cosmetics, in order to give brilliance to her fading complexion, but which only injured her health. Horace Walpole speaks of her gradually drooping appearance, and that she could not have long to live. Writing November 1, 1760, he says: 'Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch with a pocket-glass in her hand, and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, and had no light in her room but the lamp of the tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of the bed, without allowing them to be withdrawn.' She died 30th September 1760, when not yet twenty-eight years of age. The Countess had a son, who became seventh Earl of Coventry.

From this digression we return to the Argyll family, whose personal appearance is allowed to have been softened and improved by a union with one of the fair Gunnings. Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll, as has been said, had three sons and two daughters. The

first son died in infancy. The second, George-William, became sixth Duke of Argyll, and inherited the Barony of Hamilton from his mother. Dying without issue in 1839, he was succeeded by his brother, John-Douglas, as seventh Duke of Argyll. In His Grace's two sisters was revived the beauty of their mother. One of these ladies, Lady Charlotte Campbell, who in 1796 married first, Colonel Campbell, son of Walter Campbell of Shawfield, created almost as great a sensation by her beauty as any of the fair Gunnings. But besides her Ladyship's charming appearance and manners, she became noted for her literary accomplishments. Her husband dying in 1809, her Ladyship, in 1819, married second, the Rev. Edward Bury; whereupon she became known as Lady Charlotte Bury. She died in 1861, having survived her second husband twenty-nine years. Latterly, she wrote a number of popular novels—'Conduct is Fate,' 'Flirtation,' &c., which were published anonymously.

The seventh Duke, by a second marriage, had two sons and a daughter, Lady Emma-Augusta. At the death of His Grace in 1847, his second and surviving son, George-Douglas, succeeded as eighth Duke of Argyll, the present peer. Lady Emma-Augusta Campbell was married in 1870 to the Right Hon. Sir John McNeill. The present peer, as is well known, is distinguished by varied statesman-like qualities, and for having occupied several high official positions. He is also noted for his literary and scientific acquirements, which have been specially shewn in his work, 'The Reign of Law.' In 1844, he married Lady Elizabeth-Georgiana, eldest daughter of George-Granville, second Duke of Sutherland, and who, to the grief of the

family, died suddenly, 1878. His Grace has a family of five sons and seven daughters. His eldest son, John-Douglas-Sutherland, Marquis of Lorne, lately appointed Governor-General of Canada, was married in 1871 to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. The Duke of Argyll has set a noble example in causing several of his younger sons to follow commercial pursuits.

How great are the changes brought about by time! Lochawe, which it was thought could not be reached by any hostile clan, now lies on one of the routes through the Highlands, and is traversed by a steam-boat for the accommodation of tourists. Those who have not visited this remote lake, in the midst of wild Highland scenery, are recommended to do so.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

THE Burdetts are an old English family, tracing their origin to one of the soldiers of William the Conqueror, who first settled and had lands in Warwickshire. Thomas Burdett, who was created a baronet in 1618, married the daughter and heiress of William Frauncys of Foremark, in the county of Derby, which has since been one of the chief residences of the family. Passing over several generations, we come to Sir Francis Burdett, the most popular English politician of his time, born in 1770, and who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1797. Entering parliament, he made himself conspicuous by his opposition to government and the war, and his advocacy of parliamentary reform, Catholic emancipation, and other liberal measures. One of the most effective political speakers of the excited period at the beginning of the present century, he for many years was member of parliament for Westminster, and was the most popular man of his day.

In 1793, Sir Francis married Sophia, youngest daughter of Thomas Coutts, the wealthy London banker; and besides his son and successor, had several daughters, the youngest of whom was Angela, to whom

and her maternal ancestors we wish to draw special attention. As regards her father, Sir Francis, the eminent politician, he died in 1844.

The Coutts family are of Scottish origin. They spring from Coutts of Auchintoul, a sagacious northern laird, one of whose sons did not disdain to seek a livelihood by going into business in the small and prettily situated town of Montrose. There, he in time became provost, an office of local distinction which was held also by his son and grandson, in the seventeenth century. One of these provosts, Alexander Coutts, had a large family of sons and daughters. Our interest is centred in Patrick, his fourth son, who, emulous of pushing out into the world, quitted Montrose, went to Edinburgh, and there occupied the position of a general merchant, importing and exporting goods, as early as 1696. Dying in 1704, he left the sum of £2500 sterling—a great bequest in those days—to be divided among his children, two sons and a daughter, who were all young, and sent to Montrose to be reared by an uncle. The two boys, John and James, possessed the salient disposition of their father. While still young, they went off to seek their fortune in trade; John returning to Edinburgh, and James proceeding to London. As James did not live to continue the family, we take up the history of John. Arriving in Edinburgh about 1718, when nineteen years of age, he served an apprenticeship in a mercantile concern, and lived with painstaking economy until he was able to go into business on his own account. Edinburgh was at that time a comparatively small place, and it had lately lost its political importance by the extinction of the Scottish parliament; but it was still a resort for persons of dis-

tion, and there were in it men, the sons of landed gentry, who were laying the foundation of families of note by assiduous attention to trade. In his efforts at establishing himself, John Coutts shewed as much eagerness as had been successfully demonstrated by the Hamiltons, the Hopes, the Trotters, the Ramsays, and other candidates for fortune. He began his mercantile undertakings in 1723, and from that year may be dated the effective rise and progress of the Coutts family.

The business initiated by John Coutts was a combination of general dealings, and the negotiation of foreign bills of exchange. He imported and sold corn, either on his own account or as a commission-agent. But, in proportion as he advanced in business and acquired spare capital, as well as the confidence of persons who deposited money at interest, he appears to have laid himself out chiefly as a negotiator of bills, a species of traffic which had not yet been appropriated by banks, and demanded much knowledge and shrewdness. Whether from family connections or otherwise, he became acquainted with people of good social standing, through whom he widened his base of operations. For some time he had for partner Thomas Haliburton, of Newmains (who, through a daughter, was great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott); next, we find him assuming as a partner Archibald Trotter, son of Trotter of Castleshiel; then by another change of firm, he was associated with his cousin, Robert Ramsay, brother of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balmain. As further marking the esteem in which he was held by the aristocratic circle of Edinburgh, he formed an intimacy with Sir John Stuart of Allanbank, whose sister he fell in love with and married. It is pleasant

to note these circumstances, as incontestably shewing how much more frequently relationships were established among the higher and middle classes early in the eighteenth century than they were in later times, when much greater reserve was introduced between different ranks of society.

Coutts's marriage with Miss Stuart of Allanbank was particularly fortunate; for, besides being an excellent housewife with lady-like manners, she proved a good mother. The pair had four sons—Patrick, John, James, and Thomas. Their dwelling, as was then the case universally, was a floor in a common-stair, on which (with two at each landing) there were not fewer than sixteen families—perhaps more; for the building was in the Parliament Close, in which were the tallest tenements in the city. The stair was specially known as 'the President's stairs,' from having been honoured as a residence by the President of the Court of Session, besides whom here dwelt several persons of eminence, including the Earl of Wemyss. One now wonders how the families of such personages were accommodated; for each dwelling consisted of only four or five small low-roofed apartments, and the stowing away of children and servants must have been a matter of ingenious consideration. As regards servants, however, few were kept. In the top story of the President's, as in most of the common-stairs, there lived a cady with his wife and family. Cadies were an order of street porters and messengers, who were useful in going errands, waiting at dinners, and undertaking a variety of other jobs, while their wives helped as domestics at a pinch; so that, by calling in such reinforcements from the garret floors, families of distinction who lived in these

old-fashioned common-stairs, managed to tide over difficulties that might otherwise have been a little perplexing.

Here, then, on the second floor of this august and populous tenement, dwelt John Coutts, with his wife and four sons; and not only so, but here he carried on his banking business—of course, much in the cramped way that we still see banking concerns conducted at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and other continental cities, where, in some by-street, you have to clamber up long stairs to cash your letters of credit. There is something to add to the accommodating qualities of that second floor on the President's stairs. In 1730, John Coutts entered the Town-council of Edinburgh 'as first merchant councillor,' and being thus fairly in the way of attaining civic dignity, he rose to be Lord Provost in 1742. Shortly before this event, he had the good fortune to succeed to about twenty thousand pounds by the death of his brother James, who had been remarkably successful as a merchant in London. It was a lucky windfall, for it enabled John, as Lord Provost, to shew off in a style of hospitality to town-councillors, bailies, and great men generally, which had never before been exhibited—no, not even when Lord Provosts of Edinburgh figured *ex officio* as members of the Scottish Privy Council. How the thing was managed within the narrow dimensions of the 'second door in the stair,' with all the assistance that could be given by town-officers and cadies, it is difficult to conjecture. No doubt, Mrs Coutts had her domestic arrangements considerably disturbed—beds taken down and stowed away, youngsters sent out of the house for a night, and so on; but in these times the wives

of Edinburgh notabilities were accustomed, on festive occasions, to see their household turned inside out, and it was all taken good-humouredly as a matter of course. Any way, John Coutts did the honours of the chair splendidly, not only in his own house, but at his own expense—two circumstances deemed remarkable; for until this time the Lord Provosts used to give their entertainments in taverns at the cost of the city. His liberality, therefore, marked an era in civic annals.

Usually, when a man is at perfect ease in his circumstances, he encourages the fine arts, and gets his portrait painted. John Coutts, when Lord Provost, followed this wholesome practice. He had his portrait painted by Allan Ramsay, an eminent limner, son of Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet. From this likeness, which is fortunately preserved in the London mansion of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, we see that this progenitor of the family possessed handsome prominent features, with a good intellectual development. The costume in which he is depicted is that of the era of George II.—a flowing periwig over the shoulders, cravat, and light-blue single-breasted coat—a close resemblance in point of size and style to the classic Kit-cats of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Re-elected after being a year in office, John Coutts was Lord Provost from 1742 till 1744. On his retirement, his health was considerably impaired, and he never got over the ill effects of his profuse entertainments. His health continuing to fail, he sought reinvigoration by a visit to Italy. The effort was unavailing. He died in the neighbourhood of Naples, in 1750; leaving at his decease the reputation of an upright citizen and useful magistrate. Before setting out on

his journey, he executed a new contract of copartnery, by which his eldest son, Patrick, was taken into the business, under the firm of Coutts, Son, and Trotter. One learns with some surprise that the stock of the company amounted to no more than four thousand pounds—a small sum to be the basis of two extensive banking establishments! John, the second son, who had been bred to mercantile pursuits in Holland, acted as assistant in the business, along with his two younger brothers; but none of them agreed with Mr Trotter, and that gentleman found reason to retire. His place as partner was taken by John Stephen, a Leith merchant, who had married Provost Coutts's sister, and had a son, Thomas, who was already making himself useful.

Now ensues a kind of revolution in that primitive banking concern. What with the four young Couttses and two Stephens, there were more hands than were at all needed; and it was judiciously resolved to make a division of forces, by promoting an allied establishment in London. John and James remained with the elder Stephen in Edinburgh, under the firm of Coutts Brothers and Co.; while Patrick and Thomas Coutts, along with their cousin, young Stephen, were detached to London. There they commenced business; the first place occupied by them being in Jeffrey Square, St Mary Axe. Leaving this branch concern for a moment, let us see what became of the old establishment in the Parliament Close.

It is pretty obvious that success in any joint mercantile undertaking often depends on the clear and vigorous intellect and good business habits of one partner; the others interested being too frequently

little better than a sham or encumbrance. John Coutts appears to have been a partner of a choice description. Possessing agreeable manners, and with a knowledge of the world derived from his foreign training, he had that species of acute intelligence and tact which fitted him for his onerous profession. By his good management, the business thrived—taking rank as the foremost of the private banks in the city. In 1754, when just starting in its renovated form, it received as apprentice a youth destined to make a figure in public affairs. This was Sir William Forbes, Bart., who, a year previously, had arrived in Edinburgh with his widowed mother, and now resided, as was befitting for a lady in reduced circumstances, in a small house, consisting of a single floor, in Forrester's Wynd. In adopting the mercantile profession, Sir William was guided by an earnest desire to recover, by a course of assiduous industry, the decayed fortunes of his family—and he lived to do so; ultimately accumulating wealth, and purchasing back the estate of Pitsligo, which had been forfeited in 1746. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he acted for two years as a clerk to Messrs Coutts, and, from his excellent abilities, he was, in 1761, admitted a partner with a small share in the business. It was a timely strengthening of the firm. James Coutts had, in 1754, gone on a visit to his brothers in London, and there, having married Miss Polly Peagrim, a niece of George Campbell, an eminent banker in the Strand, he was received into partnership under the firm of Campbell and Coutts; at the same time withdrawing from the connection with his brothers in London and Edinburgh.

A few months after Sir William Forbes had been installed as a partner, John Coutts was seized with a

mortal disease, and being ordered by his physicians to drink the waters at Bath, he died there in 1761. We need not mention the changes that now ensued in the Edinburgh firm, further than that, in 1774, Mr James Hunter, the friend and fellow-apprentice of Sir William Forbes, was taken into partnership. By the successive deaths of four brothers of his wife, Mr Hunter succeeded to an estate in Galloway of considerable value, on which occasion he assumed the surname of Blair in addition to his own. In 1781 he was elected member of parliament for the city; and a few years later, on account of his spirited exertions for the improvement of the city, while Lord Provost, he was created a baronet. The firm of Sir William Forbes, Hunter-Blair, and Co. lasted until our own times. At first, the company occupied the floor immediately below that which had been inhabited by Lord Provost Coutts. We regret to add that the tall tenement, which derived some interest from having been the cradle of the Coutts family, was unfortunately destroyed by fire during the disastrous conflagrations in November 1824. How the business was at length merged in the Union Bank of Scotland, is well known.

A word now regarding the London branch of the bank. It did not long continue on its original footing. Some changes took place. Mr Thomas Stephen died, and Patrick Coutts, who was a man of literary tastes, and fond of travelling, left the business to be conducted by his brother Thomas, a circumstance which led to a fresh change. At this time (middle of the eighteenth century) there were only two banking-houses on the west side of Temple Bar. One was the establishment of Mr Andrew Drummond, a son of Sir John

Drummond of Machany, whose elder brother succeeded as fourth Viscount Strathallan, and was killed fighting in the cause of the Stuarts at Culloden. Drummond's Bank, as it was called, was patronised chiefly by the Tory families of the English aristocracy. The other bank was that of George Campbell, who had taken James Coutts as a partner, and was patronised by the Duke of Argyll and the Whig interest. Campbell (who had been originally a goldsmith) died in 1761, whereupon James Coutts assumed as partner his brother Thomas, who now withdrew from the two houses of Edinburgh and London. The new firm was James and Thomas Coutts. Such, with its extensive aristocratic connection, may be deemed the beginning of the great banking house of Coutts and Company. James Coutts died in 1778. Patrick, who had for years retired from active life, died within the present century. Thomas was the survivor of all the brothers, and under his auspices the house in the Strand rose to its present distinction. One of his early and active partners was a man of some note, Mr Robert Herries, eldest son of Herries of Halldykes, in Dumfriesshire, and who had been bred to business in Holland—then a common thing with young men—and was afterwards a merchant in Barcelona.

Herries was a man of genius. He struck out the novel idea of issuing what are now called 'circular notes,' by which travellers, on depositing money with a banker, may procure orders to the amount, payable according to convenience, at a great number of banking establishments abroad—each circular note being, in fact, a bill on London. Appreciated as these notes now are, it seems strange that the invention of Mr Herries was

looked so doubtfully upon, that he was led to separate himself from his previous connections, and, with the aid of some friends, to establish a bank on a new footing in St James's Street, 1772. Latterly, 'as is well known, Coutts and Co. have taken a peculiarly prominent part in the issue of circular notes; the success of which has fully verified the anticipations of their projector, Mr Herries.

Outliving all his brothers, Thomas Coutts became the first banker in London—great from his wealth and munificence, mingling in the highest circles, and never forgetting Edinburgh, which he visited occasionally; notably on one occasion when, along with Sir Walter Scott, his friend (and kinsman, through the Allanbank family), he was complimented with 'the freedom of the city.' He died at a very advanced age in 1821, when by the male line the Couttses were extinct.

By his first marriage Thomas Coutts had three daughters—the 'Three Graces,' as they were called. Susan, the eldest, became Countess of Guildford; Frances, the second, became Marchioness of Bute; and Sophia, the youngest, as already said, was married to Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., the noted politician in the early years of the present century. Angela, the youngest daughter of Sir Francis, having succeeded to the great property of her grandfather, Mr Coutts, under the will of that gentleman's widow, the Duchess of St Albans, assumed by sign-manual the additional surname of Coutts, and, in 1871, was created Baroness Burdett-Coutts. On this lady's public-spirited undertakings, extensive yet delicate acts of beneficence, and efforts at home and abroad to assuage the sufferings of

animals, it would be quite unnecessary to expatiate. Latterly, she has been signalised by her munificent sympathy for the unhappy sufferers from the war in Turkey. (✓)

The town mansion of the Baroness is in Stratton Street, Piccadilly, with a spacious frontage overlooking the Green Park. Here, Mrs Coutts, afterwards the Duchess of St Albans, gave her splendid entertainments. The house possesses some fine pictures; notably one of Sir Francis Burdett, a full length; one, as already mentioned, of John Coutts, by Allan Ramsay; and a very charming picture of the 'Three Graces,' one of whom was the mother of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. /

THE WALPOLES.

THE Walpoles trace their descent from an old family possessing estates in the county of Norfolk. As the Walpoles of Houghton, they are heard of in the reign of Edward I., and for several centuries afterwards. Honoured as country gentlemen of a genial character, they did not come prominently to the front until the reign of William and Mary, when Robert Walpole of Houghton, a resolute adherent of the Whig policy, became member of parliament for Castle-Rising in Norfolk.

Though proprietors of Houghton and other lands, the Walpole family were not rich. The rent-roll of the property did not exceed two thousand pounds a year, which, although things were cheap in those days, did not leave Mr Walpole much to spare, after maintaining the dignity of his position and supplying the wants of nineteen children. It was a large family; but at that period, so great was the mortality from small-pox, that unless a man began with a numerous family, the probability was that he would be left with no children at all. As it happened, thirteen of Mr Walpole's

children were cut off in youth, leaving him six as the surviving number. The frequency of second marriages, as is observed in the records of the *Peerage*, was greatly owing to that fearful scourge, the small-pox, of which, thanks to the discovery of Jenner, we now seldom hear anything except among the more ignorant in the community.

In the original number of Mr Walpole's sons, Robert, born in 1676, was the third. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he was led to understand that as a younger son he would require to depend on himself. He accordingly exerted himself manfully so as to be ready for anything that might cast up. He became a good classical scholar, a circumstance which afterwards proved of the greatest advantage in the career that fell to his lot. Before his education was finished, his two elder brothers died, whereupon, being now heir to the property, he was brought home to be qualified as a Norfolk squire. In July 1700, he was married to Catherine, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook, in Kent. In November following, his father died, and he entered into possession of Houghton. Fortunately, by means of his wife's dowry, he was able to pay his mother's jointure and the provision for the younger children, so that he had the property unencumbered.

Young Walpole did not feel inclined to spend his life as a squire. With the education he had received, and a certain gift of oratory, he would go into parliament, and work his way forward. About this there was no difficulty, as the family had several boroughs at disposal. In 1702, he was elected member of parliament, and won the esteem of the Whig leaders. He

had the honour of helping to pass the Act of Settlement, by which, on the death of Queen Anne, the Stuarts were excluded from the throne, and the Protestant succession secured. On the accession of George I., he was made a privy-councillor, had various other high offices conferred on him, and was installed a Knight of the Garter. Overcoming his political opponents by indomitable energy, and employing his vast abilities, he became prime-minister to George I. in 1721. It was a somewhat difficult task, for the king could speak no English, and the only communication that could be carried on between him and his minister was in Latin. Unless from the fact of Sir Robert being a good classical scholar, he must have been unable to act as His Majesty's adviser. At the death of George I., he continued to act as prime-minister to George II., who having learned to speak in broken English, the intercourse with royalty was less restrained. Sir Robert remained as prime-minister until 1742, when by the exigences of party, he was forced to resign, greatly against the will of the king, whose government he had carried through many trying difficulties. For his eminent services, he was raised to the peerage as Baron of Houghton, Viscount Walpole, and Earl of Orford, and provided with a pension of four thousand pounds a year. Going to take leave of George II., he was received with a sensibility at variance with the usual character of that monarch. The king fell upon his neck, and bursting into tears, embraced him in a passion of sorrow and affection, and earnestly desired to see him frequently at court.

As preparatory to his retirement from public life, Lord Orford had rebuilt Houghton Hall in a style of

great splendour. He adorned its walls with a collection of the finest pictures, and laid out the grounds in the best taste; he settled down here, drawing his friends about him, and entertaining them with a degree of princely hospitality. Pope refers as follows to the retired minister's social pleasures :

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power !
Seen him, encumbered with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

Lord Orford, better remembered as the great Sir Robert Walpole, enjoyed his retirement from office only three years. He died in 1745, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His character, according to political bias, has been variously estimated. Love of power appears to have been his ruling motive of action. In private life he was amiable and good-tempered. He had strong common-sense, with clearness of political vision, and next to his own interest he had at heart the interest of the country. He is alleged to have sarcastically said, 'that every man has his price;' but if he bribed by money, or by giving places and titles, to secure adherents, it was what every minister did in the generally corrupt period in which he lived. He at least did not retire from office with inordinate wealth. By the costly rebuilding of Houghton Hall, and his expenditure on a lavish hospitality in his three years of retirement, he died in debt. At his decease he left three sons, Robert, Edward, Horace, and two daughters, Katherine and Mary. Robert, the eldest son of Lord Orford, succeeded as second Earl. In 1723, he had been created Baron Walpole of Walpole, county of

Norfolk, with remainder, in default of the issue male of himself and his father, to the male descendants of his grandfather. Dying in 1751, he was succeeded by his only son, George, as third Earl, to whom we shall afterwards refer.

Of Edward, the second son of the first Earl of Orford, some interesting notices are presented in the 'Letters of Horace Walpole,' and in the 'Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries,' by Eliot Warburton—two works abounding in so many amusing particulars concerning celebrities in the eighteenth century as to deserve a place in every public library.

With a good figure and agreeable manners, the Hon. Edward Walpole, when travelling in Italy, became known among ladies as 'the handsome Englishman.' As a younger son, with little beyond his wits to depend on, he looked out for a seat in parliament, and employment in some public office. Considering he was a son of Sir Robert Walpole, there was little doubt of his success. While meditating on his prospects, he took a lodging in a house in Pall-Mall, in the ground-floor of which was carried on the business of a tailor named Rennie, famed for making boys' dresses. To reach the higher floors, it was necessary to pass through the tailor's shop, where sat Mary Clement, a female apprentice, remarkable for her assiduity and good looks. Mary attracted the attention of Edward Walpole, and without any evil intent, he occasionally spoke to her and gave her small presents. These small attentions from a man of such handsome appearance and rank, exerted an immense influence over the girl, and she could think of nobody else. Her parents as well as her mistress remonstrated with her on the impropriety

of her conduct, but in vain. She was in a state of infatuation, as if the 'glamour' of ancient superstition had been thrown over her. One day, on being lectured on the subject, she rushed to the apartments of 'the handsome Englishman,' and telling her tale, declared she would never leave him. Mr Walpole, with his superior intelligence, cannot be justified. He should either have dismissed Mary Clement or married her. He did neither. The two took up house together—perhaps under an irregular engagement of mutual adherence, but without the sanction of legalised wedlock. The idea is that Mr Walpole only waited for his father's death to effect a proper marriage with this young and attached being. Excuses of this kind, however, are valueless. He committed the egregious wrong of inflicting a stigma on the reputation of Mary Clement and her offspring.

The pair had four children, three girls and a boy, and shortly after the birth of the last-mentioned, the kind-hearted and faithful Mary died. Edward Walpole was inconsolable. His tardy justice, now unavailing, as in all such cases, was punished with life-long regret. To redeem his error as far as possible, he brought up the children with the greatest care, and gave them an education to fit them for the best society. Unfortunately, he could not remove the stain on their birth, which mattered little as regards ordinary intercourse; but as concerns the girls, proved an insurmountable bar to that important desideratum, being presented at court.

It was some consolation to Sir Edward Walpole—who procured lucrative appointments under the crown, and was installed a Knight of the Bath in 1753—

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that his three daughters, Laura, Maria, and Charlotte, possessed a degree of beauty rivalling that of the fair Gunnings, besides having the advantage of a superior education and much natural intelligence. Under the auspices of their uncle, the Hon. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, whom we shall by-and-by come to, these lovely young creatures were introduced to a brilliant society; their appearance everywhere causing no little sensation among members of aristocratic families in the metropolis. At first, looking to who was their mother, there was a little shyness in making their acquaintance, but this feeling soon gave way under profound sentiments of admiration. It was a tribute not only to beauty but to goodness.

After some hesitation, and only with a fear that some younger man might carry off the prize, the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, asked Laura, the eldest of the beauties, in marriage; and the father having no objections, he was accepted. Horace Walpole says in one of his letters: 'I have forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of Windsor. We are very happy with the match. The bride is very agreeable, sensible, and good; not so handsome as her sister. . . It is the second, Maria, who is beauty itself. Her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person are perfect. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty.' Laura received no title by her marriage; but she had the satisfaction of seeing her husband promoted to be Bishop of Exeter, and as his wife there was no longer any obstacle to her being

presented at court—an honour still denied to her two sisters.

The marriage of Laura was a good beginning. She was kindly received by the sisters of the Earl of Albemarle, and the alliance materially helped the prospect of an advantageous marriage for Maria and Charlotte. The lovely Maria Walpole was not long in receiving an offer not to be refused. She was sought by James, second Earl of Waldegrave, a member of the privy-council, and Knight of the Garter. The Earl was forty-four years of age, which was a trifle too old ; but as he was estimable in character and manners, and as Earls are not to be had every day, Maria accepted the offer, and in 1759 she became Countess of Waldegrave. It is pleasing to know that Maria made an excellent wife. She had three daughters, to whom we shall immediately refer. Sad to say, her husband the Earl was smitten by small-pox. During his illness, and when dreadfully disfigured, the Countess, from a high sense of duty, and careless of her own life, attended him with the most affectionate solicitude. Neither her attentions nor the best medical skill could save him. Lord Waldegrave died in April 1763.

A few days after the Earl's decease, Horace Walpole visited his bereaved niece, and he thus writes regarding her: 'I found Lady Waldegrave at my brother's; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one. . . Her fall is great, from that adoration and attention that he paid her, from that splendour of fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration which rebounded to her from the great deference which the world had for his character. Visions, perhaps; yet who

could expect that they would pass away even before that fleeting thing—her beauty.' To divert her thoughts, Horace brought his niece to Strawberry Hill. Here she was cheered up a little ; and in dutifully attending to her three daughters, one of them an infant, her spirits gradually recovered.

More than a year elapsed before the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave ventured into society, and only then because society was anxious to have her. On reappearing, she was thought to be more beautiful than ever. The highest in the land were desirous to seek her as a wife. Among the train of her rejected suitors was the Duke of Portland. In about three years from entering on her widowhood, she relented in her obstinacy. She accepted the offer of His Royal Highness, William-Henry, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, brother of George III. ; and by this second alliance, in 1766, she was at once incorporated with the royal family—a very strange turn in the wheel of fortune for the daughter of the tailor's apprentice, Mary Clement ; but quite deserved as regards character and conduct. By this second marriage, the Duchess had a son and daughter. The son, William-Frederick, became second Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, was a field-marshal in the army, and died without issue in 1834. The daughter, Sophia-Matilda, was appointed ranger of Greenwich Park, and died as lately as 1844. The three daughters of the Duchess by her first husband had all a brilliant career. Elizabeth-Laura, the eldest, was married to her cousin, George, fourth Earl of Waldegrave ; the second, Charlotte-Maria, was married to George, Duke of Grafton ; and the third, Anna-Horatia, was married to Lord Hugh Seymour.

Charlotte, the youngest of Sir Edward Walpole's daughters, had also her share of good fortune. She was married to Lionel, Lord Huntingtower, eldest son of the third Earl of Dysart. As the Earl happened to be an odd and somewhat miserly person, there were certain drawbacks to the alliance. Charlotte very sensibly made the best of things, put up with the old man's humours; and at his death, she became Countess of Dysart, in which position she lived happily for a number of years, and died without issue in 1788.

There is one of Sir Edward Walpole's children still to be accounted for. This was his son Edward, who entered the army, and greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry as an officer on foreign service. He attained the rank of Colonel. Horace Walpole gives an anecdote of his acuteness. When in command of a small party in the expedition to the siege of St Maloes, they overtook an old man, to whom they offered quarter, bidding him lay down his arms. He replied, they were English—the enemies of his king and country; that he hated them, and would rather be killed. Walpole hesitated a moment, and then said: 'I see you are a brave fellow, and don't fear death; but very likely you fear a beating—if you don't lay down your arms this instant, my men shall drub you as long as they can stand over you.' The fellow directly threw down his arms in a passion. The Duke of Marlborough spoke of this as the only clever action in their whole exploit.

Sir Edward Walpole, the father of these children, never married. Till the last he consecrated himself to the memory of the ill-fated Mary Clement, who from her affection had sacrificed everything for him. From an anecdote that has been recorded of Sir Edward,

he appears to have been a man of generous impulses. When Roubiliac, the eminent French sculptor, settled in London about 1743, he had few friends to encourage him, and sometimes he almost despaired of success. One evening, on walking out to take the air, he accidentally found a pocket-book containing a considerable number of bank-notes, and some papers apparently of consequence to the unknown owner. Immediately he advertised what he had found and gave his address. The owner of the pocket-book proved to be Sir Edward Walpole, who had lost it in returning from Vauxhall Gardens. On calling to reclaim his property, he was so much pleased with Roubiliac's honesty, his gentlemanly manners, and his skill as an artist, that he forthwith exerted himself to make the sculptor known. He introduced him to persons of influence; and from that time Roubiliac's fortune was made. He was employed to execute the monuments of John, second Duke of Argyll, and of Handel, in Westminster Abbey; the statue of Shakspeare in the British Museum; and what we esteem to have been his greatest work of art—we might almost say the finest thing of the kind in Great Britain—the sitting figure in marble of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, President of the Court of Session, in the Parliament House, Edinburgh. On looking at that marvellous figure, so true to nature, yet so tasteful, and significant of the highest order of genius, let the spectator think how Roubiliac arose to fame by accidentally finding the pocket-book of Sir Edward Walpole.

As has been stated, Robert, Lord Walpole, succeeded as second Earl of Orford, and at his death left an only son, George, who became third Earl. George was unfortunate in finding that his estate was overwhelmed

with the mortgages and other obligations of his father and grandfather. Instead of endeavouring to economise and pay off debts, he added to his difficulties by patronising the turf, and making the most ridiculous bets. In 1756, Horace Walpole writes of this hopeful nephew: 'My Lord Rockingham and my nephew, Lord Orford, have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese to run from Norwich to London.' These costly freaks, and the embarrassments into which he sunk, caused much distress in the family. The beautifully laid-out grounds at Houghton became a scene of neglect and desolation; the mansion was in a state of decay, and thousands of pounds would have been required to put it in order. The only articles in good preservation were the pictures. To avert the impending ruin of the possessor, these were sold to the Empress of Russia for forty thousand pounds. We may safely aver that had the collection been offered for sale in the present day it would have brought six times the amount.

In the midst of distractions chiefly incurred by his own folly, Earl George died in 1791, unmarried. His title and estates would naturally have devolved on his uncle, Sir Edward, whose beautiful daughters we have been speaking of; but Sir Edward was no more, and the honours and property of the family fell to the lot of the third son of the first Earl of Orford, namely, the Hon. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, the wit, the antiquary, the man of letters, who had kept fashionable society in a state of pleasurable excitement for more than half a century. He was now fourth Earl of Orford. The unexpected honours came rather late in the day. Horace was born in 1717, and now in

1791, he was an old bachelor, in the seventy-fifth year of his age—still facetious and able to pop about, but with the spring of life gone.

Eliot Warburton has said so much, and said it so well, about Horace Walpole and his contemporaries, that no one need try to come after him. Not to render our story incomplete, we shall offer a few particulars. Like his father, the great prime-minister, Horace was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and to judge from his writings, he was an accomplished classical scholar. After finishing his education, he travelled abroad for some years, principally in Italy, where he revelled in museums, churches, picture-galleries, and ruins, and acquired those tastes for which he afterwards became well known. He returned to England in 1741, and had a seat in parliament; but he had no taste for politics, and never took any part in public life. His father procured for him the places of usher of the receipt of the Exchequer, Comptroller of the Great Roll, and Keeper of the foreign receipts. These places were little better than sinecures, and besides affording means, left time for learned and artistic leisure. Comparatively at his ease, Horace thought only of spending existence agreeably. Looking about for a spot on which he could settle down and carry out his fancies, he selected a patch of ground near Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, and therefore within an easy distance of the metropolis. On the ground, which he purchased in 1747, there stood a plain cottage. This he pulled down, and built his famous Gothic villa, styled by him Strawberry Hill. Its erection and decoration may almost be said to have formed the principal occupation of his long life.

Besides cramming his mansion with pictures, statues, and antique curiosities, he added to it a small private printing establishment, in which, with hired assistance, he printed, partly for private distribution, his literary works large and small, from a casual *jeu d'esprit* to a volume. Books executed at the Strawberry Hill press were eagerly sought after, and now are highly prized when they happen to appear at public sales. In 1758 he published his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.' This was followed by his popular romance 'The Castle of Otranto,' 'The Mysterious Mother,' 'Anecdotes of Painting,' and the 'Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.,' a work more paradoxical than of any historical value.

The permanent fame of Horace Walpole rests on his Letters, which were collected and published after his decease. Often frivolous, unduly sarcastic, and gossiping, they are deeply interesting, from the light thrown on the manners and public characters at the middle and in the second half of the eighteenth century. The toil in writing those letters must have been immense, and was attended with no other gratification than that of communicating news and humorous remarks to acquaintances. Such letters could not have been produced but for the writer's extensive acquaintanceship in fashionable circles. Members of the royal family, dukes, earls, and ladies of every degree in the peerage, came to visit him and see his wonderful villa. Some spent a whole day with him, others only a few hours. The flow of pleasantries was continuous. In June 1759, he writes: 'Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos; it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady

Ailesbury, dined there. . . 'There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell.' The shell was a rustic bower, in the form of a concave bivalve, prettily fitted up with seats to command the admiration of the beauties who honoured it with their graceful figures. On the occasion of such visits, Horace had an opportunity of exhibiting the refined gallantry of which he was a proficient.

In this kind of life, he was not a little indebted to ladies of somewhat advanced years, who in their more youthful days had flourished at court in the reigns of George I. and George II., and who were acceptable visitors at Strawberry Hill. The most notable of these female acquaintances appears to have been Lady Suffolk, a great sufferer from gout, but notwithstanding her infirmities, she was lively and communicative. She possessed amusing reminiscences of Queen Anne, and of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who fully expected to be Queen of England, and would have been so had she lived three months longer, her much-coveted inheritance passing at her decease to her son George. At the death of Lady Suffolk in 1767, Horace Walpole was deprived of a most agreeable friend, who had made many hours pass cheerfully.

One of his amusements consisted in shewing his printing-office to those who had never seen any typographic establishment. When he expected female visitors of this kind, he was ready to astonish them by printing a few lines eulogising their wit and beauty. In one of his letters he says: 'T'other day my Lady Rochfort, Lady Townshend, Miss Bland, and the Knight of the Garter, dined here, and were carried into the printing-office to see the man print. There were some

lines ready placed, which he took off. I gave them to Lady Townshend; here they are—

THE PRESS SPEAKS.

From me wits and poets their glory obtain;
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.
Stop, Townshend, and let me but print what you say;
You the fame I on others bestow, will repay.'

The pleasures derived from the private press were not without alloy. Horace had trouble with the persons he employed, and greatly more trouble with the booksellers. With his limited means of printing a book, he could execute only small editions, which were soon bought up, and it was long before he could produce a fresh supply. Here is what he says: 'The London booksellers play me all manner of tricks; if I do not allow them ridiculous profits, they will do nothing to promote the sale; and when I do, they buy up the impression, and sell it at an advanced price before my face. . . In truth, the plague I have had in every shape with my own printers, engravers, the booksellers, and besides my own trouble, have almost discouraged me from what I took up at first as an amusement, but which has produced very little of it.'

One of Horace's favourite correspondents was Gray, author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' with whom he had been acquainted as a student at Cambridge; another was Sir Horace Mann, English minister at Florence, to whom many of his letters are addressed. A more special friend was George Augustus Selwyn, a man of good family, and a sparkling wit about town. Selwyn had some very curious and antagonistic idiosyncrasies. He was passionately fond of children,

and as passionately fond of haunting sepulchres to see the festering remains of the dead, and of witnessing executions. His mind, as we are told, was sometimes so absorbed by the ceremonies of capital punishment, that on going to a dentist he chose to give the signal for pulling out the tooth by dropping his handkerchief. When Damiens was condemned to be tortured and broken on the wheel at Paris for attempting to stab Louis XV., 1757, Selwyn went off to France to enjoy the spectacle. According to the anecdote, in attempting to get too near the scaffold, Selwyn was at first repulsed by one of the executioners ; but having informed the person that he had made the journey from London solely with a view to be present at the punishment and death of Damiens, the man immediately caused the people to make way, exclaiming at the same time to give place to Monsieur, who was an amateur from England. Worn out with gout and dropsy, Selwyn died in 1791, and is lamented by Walpole as his oldest acquaintance.

On several occasions, Horace Walpole visited Paris, and became acquainted with members of its brilliant society, as well as English residents ; among these was David Hume, with whom he afterwards kept up a correspondence. The utterly depraved condition of French society did not escape Walpole's shrewd observation, and thirty years before the event, he perceived the brewing of a storm that would overwhelm society. In his old days, when confined by gout and other ailments to Strawberry Hill, he experienced the usual feelings of men who outlive their early friends. His home, too, was rendered uncomfortable by the shoals of people who latterly came to see it. To modify the annoyance, he

issued tickets of admission; still, with this and other devices, he felt that the vast trouble he had taken to render his house a treasure of art, had brought on himself the character of a showman, when he was least able to receive his guests with urbanity.

The death of his nephew, George, which made him Earl of Orford, was a fresh torture, for there were endless business letters to be read and written, statements of leases and mortgages to be considered, for all which the new dignity was no compensation. He became a fretful valetudinarian, and removing to London, he died on the 2d March 1797. The fate of his dearly cherished Strawberry Hill was very sorrowful. All its treasures of art were disposed of by auction, the sale lasting more than three weeks. The house, which had been very much an affair of lath and plaster, partly disappeared.

By the decease of Horace, fourth Earl of Orford, the earldom, according to the limitation, was extinct. Still there were honours in the family. Horatio, brother of Sir Robert Walpole, a diplomatist of the first class, had in 1756 been created Baron Walpole of Wolterton, which dignity was inherited by his son, Horatio, as second Baron. This Horatio was alive when his first-cousin, Horace, died in 1797; and to him passed the Barony of Walpole of Walpole, that had been granted to Robert, second Earl of Orford. In his favour, the earldom was revived by a new patent in 1806, when he was created Earl of Orford; and his accumulated honours are now enjoyed by his descendant. In the male line, there is no one to claim descent from the great Sir Robert Walpole. It is otherwise in the female branch. Katherine, the elder daughter of the first Earl of Orford, died unmarried. Mary, the second

daughter, married George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, and had three sons who left issue. Her eldest son, George, Viscount Malpas, died in 1764, leaving a son, George-James, who at the death of his grandfather in 1770, succeeded as fourth Earl of Cholmondeley. His descendant, the present Marquis of Cholmondeley, may therefore claim to be the lineal representative of the great Prime-Minister.

THE BEDFORD FAMILY.

THE noble family of Russell, of whom the Duke of Bedford is the head, originally belonged to Dorsetshire, on the southern coast of England. One of them, Sir Ralph Russell, knight, was Constable of Corfe Castle as early as 1221 ; which may be called a respectable antiquity. Passing over a few generations, we come to John Russell, who, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, resided a few miles from Bridport, where he and his descendants might have remained in the rank of private gentlemen, but for a remarkable chance circumstance ; though it is evident that the chance would have been unavailing had there not been mental ability and personal accomplishments to take advantage of it—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

Quite true ; but what signifies the highest flood-tide in human affairs, if people have not mental culture and tact to make the best of the opportunity ? How beautifully this is illustrated in the story of the Russells ! The incident is thus recorded :

In 1506, being the twenty-first year of Henry VII.,

Philip, Archduke of Austria, only son of the Emperor Maximilian I., and husband of Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Castile and Aragon, being on his passage from Flanders to Spain, encountered the fury of a sudden storm in the English Channel, and took refuge in Weymouth. There he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of rank in the neighbourhood. Apprising the court of the circumstance, and while waiting for instructions, Sir Thomas invited his relation, Mr Russell, then recently returned from his travels, to visit the Archduke. The invitation being accepted, the Prince was fascinated by Mr Russell's intelligence and companionable qualities, and requested that he should accompany him to Windsor, whither the king had invited him to repair. On the journey, the Archduke became still more pleased with his 'learned discourse and generous deportment;' for as he was able to converse in French and German, there was no difficulty on account of language. So pleased was the Archduke, that he strongly recommended Mr Russell to the king. As a consequence, he was taken immediately into royal favour, and appointed one of the gentlemen of the privy-chamber. Subsequently, he became a favourite of Henry VIII., and a companion of that monarch in his French wars. Now, on the high-road to fortune, he was appointed to several high and confidential offices, including that of High Admiral of England, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and Lord Privy Seal. Finally, in 1539, he was created Baron Russell of Cheney, in the county of Bucks, which estate he afterwards acquired by marriage.

To make the good-luck of the first Lord Russell

something beyond precedent, he lived at the outbreak of the Reformation in England, when monastic institutions were dissolved, and church lands, in the hands of Henry VIII., were given to lay adherents of the crown with what may be called reckless munificence. Lord Russell came in for an uncommonly large share in the general distribution. In 1540, when the great monasteries were dissolved, His Lordship obtained a grant to himself and his wife, and their heirs, of the site of the Abbey of Tavistock, and of extensive possessions belonging thereto. There was much more to come. After the accession of Edward VI., Lord Russell had a grant of the monastery of Woburn, and was created Earl of Bedford, 1550. In 1552, a patent was granted to John, Earl of Bedford, of Covent Garden, lying in the metropolitan parish of St Martin-in-the Fields, with seven acres called Long Acre, of the yearly value of six pounds six shillings and eightpence; part of the possessions of the late Duke of Somerset. Covent Garden, or more properly Convent Garden, was originally the garden of the Abbey at Westminster. Reckoned as of very small value at the time, the lands in and about Covent Garden, and stretching northwards, now covered with streets and squares, realise a princely ground-rental.

Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, who lived in the reign of Charles I., was noted for his ingenious scheme of draining an extensive tract of flat land on the east coast of England, included in Lincolnshire and other counties, with an area of four hundred thousand acres. Liable to be covered by the sea, and always in the condition of a marsh, the land was of little value, unless it was drained. This work was undertaken by the Earl

of Bedford, and carried out by him after incurring much opposition, and encountering many serious difficulties. He expended a hundred thousand pounds on the work, on condition of receiving ninety-five thousand acres of the reclaimed land. His son William, fifth Earl, incurred a fresh outlay of three hundred thousand pounds to render the work complete; and ever since it has been known as the Bedford Level. With subsequent improvements, the land is a beautiful and fertile plain; being so much added to the available surface of England.

Francis died in 1641, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, fifth Earl of Bedford, who had seven sons and three daughters, of whom the eldest surviving son was William, Lord Russell, the distinguished patriot in the reign of Charles II. Born in 1639, and educated at Cambridge, Lord William in a marked degree inherited the elevated ideas of civil and religious liberty, for which the family has always been remarkable. In 1669, he was married to Lady Rachel Wriothesley, second daughter and eventual heiress of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, Lord High Treasurer, and widow of Francis, Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of Lord Carberry. As Lady Rachel Russell, she was destined to derive lustre from her high sense of duty as a wife and mother in the most trying circumstances.

To understand the interesting and pathetic episode now to ensue in the story of the Russells, we have to call to mind the deplorable misconduct of the three last sovereigns of the House of Stuart. It may be admitted that by having to contend with the gloomy puritanism that had sprung up, Charles I. lived at an

unhappy period; but he took the worst possible way of dealing with his subjects. His self-willedness, his falsehoods, his insincerity, and his illegally despotic measures, provoked civil war, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy, and the setting up of the Commonwealth under Cromwell. Next came the reign of Charles II., who by his profligacy, baseness in becoming a stipendiary of Louis XIV., and his general misgovernment through court favourites, created the utmost dissatisfaction among his subjects. Towards the conclusion of his reign, there sprung up plots to get rid of him as well as of his brother, James, Duke of York. Of course, all such plots, however ineffectual, were treasonous, and punishable by law. In some instances, the plots were the mere inventions of a set of perjured wretches, who, for the sake of pay, did not mind falsely incriminating members of the party whose politics were adverse to the unconstitutional measures of the court.

Although perhaps aware of the danger he incurred, Lord William Russell unfortunately visited the house of a person named Shepherd, in which he heard some remarks as to the possibility of seizing the guards, but took no part in the conversation. Immediately, through the machinations of Shepherd and others, the rumour of a plot was carried to the court. Glad to have a man of mark to fasten on, the king and his brother caused Lord Russell to be seized and taken to the Tower. After being examined by the Privy Council, and sent back to the Tower, Lord Russell, says Bishop Burnet, 'looked upon himself as a dead man, and turned his thoughts wholly to another world. He read much in the Scriptures, particularly in the Psalms, and read Baxter's dying

thoughts. He was serene and calm as if he had been in no danger at all.' In answer to every interrogation, he denied all knowledge of any consultation tending to an insurrection. It was all in vain. On the 13th July 1683, he was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, to take his trial for high-treason. As seems to be common in England, he had no indictment previously served upon him, and he pleaded not guilty before he knew what was the crime charged against him. Being provided with pen, ink, and paper, he asked if he might have somebody to write for him. He was told that he might have any of his servants ; but on mentioning that his wife was in court and ready to assist him, the Lord Chief-Justice said : ' If my lady please to give herself the trouble.' Thereupon Lady Russell meekly sat down beside her husband, to aid him to the best of her ability. A wretch named Colonel Rumsey came forward as a witness for the crown, stating matters with no foundation in fact ; and by his evidence, also that of Shepherd, and others equally disreputable, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of high-treason. Next day he received sentence of death.

The assiduous labours of Lady Russell during the trial are spoken of as something remarkable ; nor did she cease the most energetic efforts to move the king to mercy ; without avail. When Lord Russell spoke of his wife, the tears would sometimes come into his eyes. Once, he said he wished she would give over her attempts for his preservation ; but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards, to reflect that she had left nothing undone, he acquiesced. He expressed great joy in her magnanimity of spirit, and said the parting with her was the

severest pang he had to suffer. In the few days he had to live, he was attended by his friend Dr Burnet, and by Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury. On the night before his execution, after parting with his children, he asked Lady Russell to stay and sup with him, so that they might take their last earthly food together. At ten o'clock she left him. He kissed her four or five times ; and she so governed her sorrow as not to add by her distress to the pain of separation. Thus, in composed silence, they parted. Next morning, accompanied by Tillotson and Burnet, he was driven to the place appointed for his execution in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Burnet describes his last moments. After praying by himself, he took off part of his dress, and laid his head on the block without the least change of countenance. His head was cut off at two strokes. Such was the end of this great and good man, 20th July 1683.

The judicial murder of Lord William Russell, and subsequently of Algernon Sidney, as well as some other patriots, served only to intensify the feelings of hatred entertained towards Charles II., and James, his brother and successor. When beset with difficulties, and ruin closing upon him, James, it is said, applied for advice and assistance to the Duke of Bedford, who sorrowfully replied that once he had a son who might have helped the king in his extremity. We almost doubt the truth of this tradition, for the Bedford family were in politics distinctly opposed to the king, who had been instrumental in bringing Lord William Russell to the block. The illegal, and it would almost seem mad proceedings of James II. lasted until the Revolution, when loaded with the execrations of England and Scotland, this the last of the Stuarts ignominiously fled

from the country. In the present day, it is scarcely possible to picture the coarse tyrannies, and the distress and confusion they created throughout the whole of James's brief and inglorious reign of three years, 1685 to 1688. Little need be the wonder that after wasting their opportunities, the Stuarts were finally thrown off in disgust, and unpitied, except by a few zealous adherents, sunk to merited extinction.

Shortly after their accession to the throne, William and Mary, in acknowledgment of the consummate virtue, sanctity of manners, and greatness of mind of Lord Russell, created his bereaved father Marquis of Tavistock and Duke of Bedford; while by an act of parliament the attainder of Lord Russell was reversed. On the death of the Duke in 1700, his honours were inherited by Wriothsley, his grandson, only son of Lord Russell the ancestor of the present Bedford family. The life of Rachel Lady Russell, after the death of her husband, was occupied and imbittered by that grief of which she has left so affecting a memorial in her Letters. This remarkable woman drew out life to the age of eighty-seven, dying as lately as 1723, and is universally quoted as having been a pattern to her sex.

Wriothsley, second Duke, was a man of no mark. He occupied himself chiefly in horticultural and agricultural pursuits. At his death in 1711, he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Wriothsley, as third Duke, who is described as being a reckless devotee to gambling and other disreputable pursuits. He died without issue in 1732, and was succeeded by his brother John, as fourth Duke. John was a person of superior ability. He took part in the political move-

ments at the middle of the eighteenth century, and was noted for his integrity of character and amiable disposition. Vast sums were expended by him in laying out the grounds and plantations at Woburn Abbey, which was now almost rebuilt on a scale of great extent, and furnished with a collection of pictures, scarcely to be paralleled in England. In executing these improvements, his greatest merit, perhaps, consisted in the skilful manner in which he arranged the magnificent park and pleasure-grounds, extending twelve miles in circumference. In these operations, the Duke seems to have had some difficulty with his gardener, who prided himself on his knowledge in planting and thinning-out trees. One day, the gardener objecting to what was proposed by the Duke, was told by him to do as he was bidden, and that his reputation would be taken care of. To be as good as his word, the Duke set up a board bearing this inscription: 'This plantation has been thinned by John, Duke of Bedford, contrary to the advice and opinion of his gardener.'

Duke John had a son, Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, who married Lady Elizabeth Keppel, daughter of William, second Earl of Albemarle, and had a sad fate. He was killed by a fall from his horse in 1767, an event that caused his widow to die of grief. He left a family of sons and daughters. The eldest son, Francis, succeeded as fifth Duke, on the death of his grandfather in 1771. This Duke Francis was one of the most popular English noblemen in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the country was agitated by the convulsion in France. As a friend of Charles-James Fox, and President of the Whig Club, his speeches carried great weight in the House of Lords. Dying

unmarried in 1802, his titles and estates passed to his brother John, as sixth Duke.

John, sixth Duke of Bedford, was more noted as an ardent agriculturist, and skilful improver of his estates, than as a politician. In London, he did much to increase the value of the family property. One of his works was the building of the present Covent Garden Market at an outlay of forty thousand pounds. He is understood to have spent a like sum on the church at Woburn. Dying in 1839, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Francis, as seventh Duke, who, like his father, preferred a country life to politics, and by his excellent management added largely to the heritable family revenue, which under him is said to have reached the sum of three hundred thousand pounds per annum. He died in 1861, and was succeeded by his only son, William, the eighth Duke of Bedford.

John, sixth Duke of Bedford, had two younger sons. One of these, George-William, a major-general in the army, was the father of Francis-Charles, the present Duke, who succeeded his cousin in 1872, and also of Lord Arthur Russell and the diplomatist, Lord Odo Russell, both of whom have been authorised to take precedence as sons of a Duke. The other brother was John, the eminent statesman, who was created Earl Russell, Viscount Amberley, in 1861, but is best remembered under his original title of Lord John Russell, for as such he long figured as a member of the House of Commons. We can run over only a few of the leading events in the career of this remarkable person.

Lord John Russell, the youngest son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, was born 18th August 1792. After

being at one or two schools, he accompanied Lord and Lady Holland on a journey through Spain. In his 'Recollections and Suggestions,' he says, on returning from this excursion, 'I asked my father to allow me to go to the University of Cambridge. But he told me that in his opinion there was nothing to be learned at English universities, and procured for me admission to the house of Professor Playfair in Edinburgh. There I had my studies directed and my character developed by one of the best and the noblest, the most upright, the most benevolent, and the most liberal of all philosophers.' Again he travelled abroad, and being returned member for Tavistock, he entered parliament in 1813, while yet not twenty-one years of age. Soon, he made himself known as an advocate of parliamentary reform, but without improving his reputation, except among a few followers, for the country was unprepared for the measures which he suggested. For a number of years he devoted a considerable part of his time to literature, one of his books being the 'Life of Lord William Russell,' a by no means brilliant performance, but which has gone through several editions. His other productions, including 'Don Carlos,' a drama, are now little heard of.

Lord John was apparently deficient in the saliency of fancy requisite for success in literary enterprise. His rôle was that of a politician set on working out certain ideas in the business of legislation. There were abuses to correct, and he put himself in the front rank as their corrector. Very much through his tenacity of purpose, the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed in 1828, and the Catholic Relief Bill was carried in 1829. His next great work, along with Earl Grey, was the Reform

Bill, passed after lengthened agitation, 1832. The Corporation Reform Bill followed. In these times, he occupied various positions in the ministry, and was for several years Premier. For a time, he acted as Colonial Minister under Lord Palmerston, and more lately as Foreign Minister. In 1861, as above stated, he was raised to the peerage, after which, in 1865, he was again for a short time Prime Minister. His political career may then be said to have terminated. In his day, and in his own particular line of abuse-corrector, he did meritorious service; but it was generally admitted that in the comprehensiveness of mind which has a regard for all interests and feelings, there was a decided short-come. At the sole interview we ever had with him, he manifested a singular degree of indifference and ungeniality, as if everything not belonging to the *grande politique* were beneath his notice; and this cold and arid manner seems to have been a marked feature in his character.

Residing retiredly at Pembroke Lodge, Surrey, Earl Russell outlived his more eminent contemporaries. Personally, he was almost unknown to the younger generation. Yet, as a public man who had done great things in his day, he was ever spoken of with respect by all parties. Universal sympathy was felt for him on the decease of his son, Lord Amberley. After languishing for years in a poor state of health, Earl Russell died, to the regret of the nation, on the 28th May 1878, when he had nearly attained to the age of eighty-six. He is succeeded in the Earldom by his youthful grandson,

CONCLUDING SKETCHES.

THE English Peerage, of which some eminent examples have been given, comprehends many old families, claiming descent from persons who, for military and other important services to the state in early times, were raised to the rank of nobility, in connection with some territorial distinction. The ordinary routine was first to be created Barons with the title of LORD, and afterwards to be advanced, as the case might be, to the rank of VISCOUNT, EARL, MARQUIS, and DUKE—a great number not getting beyond EARL. The territorial title being changed at each advance, has had a certain confusing effect in history; for the same person has had different titles in the course of his life.

Among the old venerated families in the English Peerage, we may instance the Percies, DUKES OF NORTHUMBERLAND; the Stanleys, EARLS OF DERBY; the Grosvenors, DUKES OF WESTMINSTER; the Cavendishes, DUKES OF DEVONSHIRE; the Talbots, EARLS OF SHREWSBURY; the Manners, DUKES OF RUTLAND; the Grenvilles, DUKES OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS; the Berkeleys, EARLS OF BERKELEY; the Seymours, DUKES OF SOMERSET; and the Howards, DUKES OF NORFOLK, who are the premier peers of England after

the Princes of the blood-royal. These names, with the Cecils and Russels, are identified with the history of England for centuries. They are as national as the Plantagenets and Tudors. The Ashley-Coopers, **EARLS OF SHAFTESBURY**, to whom the country owes her second great Charter of freedom, the Habeas Corpus Act, date from the seventeenth century.

Among the very old families above notified, we might single out for their historical importance the Stanleys, Earls of Derby. This family traces its pedigree to Adam de Aldithley, who attended William of Normandy to England, and had conferred on him large possessions of land. By these gifts he, of course, dispossessed some unfortunate Anglo-Saxons, but this invasion of their heritable rights was partly compensated by the marriage of two of his grandsons with the heiresses of Saxon families. Adam de Aldithley, son of his eldest son Lyulph, married the daughter of Henry Stanley of Stoneley, in Stafford, and was the ancestor of the Barons Audley; William, son of the second son Adam, married Joan, daughter of Thomas Stanley of Stafford. In compliment to the antiquity of his wife's family, William de Aldithley assumed her name of Stanley, acquired by exchange the mansion of Stoneley from his cousin Adam, and became the ancestor of the Stanleys. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, Sir John Stanley, the head of the House, married the daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Latham, of Latham and Knowsley, in Lancashire. In the early part of the fifteenth century, his territorial importance was enhanced by receiving a grant of the Isle of Man, consequent on the forfeiture of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. Shortly afterwards, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of

Ireland. His grandson, Sir Thomas Stanley, was raised to the peerage as BARON STANLEY, by Henry VI.

In the person of Thomas, second Lord Stanley, the family was advanced in dignity. His lordship contributed to the victory of Bosworth, and on the field of battle placed the crown of Richard on the head of Richmond, who, as Henry VII., created him EARL OF DERBY, 1485. Sir Edward Stanley, second son of the Earl, is renowned in history for his gallantry. He commanded the rear of the English army at Flodden, 9th September 1513; and is the 'Stanley' alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his poem of *Marmion*—

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.

For his valour at this time, Henry VIII. created him LORD MONTEAGLE—a title now in abeyance.

James, seventh Earl of Derby, married a high-born French lady, Charlotte de Trémouille, who, like her husband, was earnestly devoted to the cause of royalty. She rendered herself famous for her heroic defence of Latham House, against a strong body of the Parliamentary forces, 1644. After the battle of Worcester, the Earl fell into the hands of the enemy, and was beheaded at Bolton, 15th October 1651. These events led to the capture and forfeiture of the Isle of Man; but the island was restored to the Stanleys, and it remained in their possession until the death of James, tenth Earl of Derby, without issue, when it devolved, through a daughter of the seventh Earl, on the Duke of Athole. The feudal sovereignty of Man was bought up by the British government in 1765. At the death

of the tenth Earl of Derby, the earldom reverted to the descendant of a brother of the second Earl. Among the later notabilities of the family was Edward, twelfth Earl, who in 1780 instituted the so-called Derby stakes for a horse-race to be run for annually at Epsom. Knowsley Hall, the seat of the present Earl, is interesting for its collection of rare books and family pictures.

Comparatively few persons have been raised to the peerage by means of successful commerce or finance. Recent instances occur in the two Barings, LORDS ASHBURTON and NORTHBROOK. Several families owe their elevation to the peerage to the special affection or favour of the sovereign ; but such cases are now not so common as formerly. The more conspicuous instances of the kind are FITZ-ROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON ; Beauclerk, DUKE OF ST ALBANS ; and LENNOX, DUKE OF RICHMOND ; all which were peerage creations of CHARLES II. In this category might be classed the families of Dutch extraction ennobled as followers of WILLIAM III., among whom we may refer to Keppel, EARL OF ALBEMARLE, and Bentinck, DUKE OF PORTLAND.

Among those who were raised to the peerage on account of military or naval exploits since the middle of the eighteenth century, we may indicate Robert Clive, who, for his gallant achievements in India, more particularly for his great victory at the battle of Plassey, which may be said to have given India to the English, was created BARON CLIVE in 1762. On his premature death, his son, in acknowledgment of his father's important services to the crown, was advanced to be EARL OF POWIS, which dignity is now in the family. The more recent peerage creations of this kind have been

the well-known instances of Nelson, EARL NELSON ; Duncan, EARL OF CAMPERDOWN ; Wellesley, DUKE OF WELLINGTON ; and Napier, LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

To go a little further back, we have to instance John Churchill, who ultimately became DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. The story of Churchill is eminently suggestive of the beneficial change that has happily taken place in times and circumstances. John, who was of a good but impoverished family, was born in 1650. He got a little education, but was never able to spell. Being wholly unscrupulous, he sacrificed his honour in a way we refrain from mentioning, in order to be appointed an ensign, from which position he, by court-favour, rose to be a captain and lieutenant-colonel. Marrying Sarah Jennings, a lady as remarkable for her beauty as for her talents and imperious disposition, Churchill was raised by James II. to the peerage as Baron Sundridge. Never for a moment losing sight of the main chance, he ostensibly deserted the cause of James, when that luckless monarch fled to France, and passing over to William, Prince of Orange, he was made by him Earl of Marlborough. While in the service of William, he greatly distinguished himself in fighting against the French, yet all the time by secret manoeuvres he fraudulently kept up an intercourse with James at St Germain. It was a case of double-dealing, very common at the time. According to Macaulay, who has tracked him out by ransacking the 'Stuart Papers,' Marlborough had no sense of probity. He cared for neither Whig nor Tory. The only thing he cared for was money. 'All the precious gifts which nature had lavished on him he valued chiefly for what they would fetch.' As a military commander, he drew a large allowance, under

pretence of keeping a public table, but he never asked an officer to dinner. He made up fraudulent muster-rolls. He pocketed pay in the names of men who had long been dead, killed in battle in his own sight years previously. There were twenty such names in one troop, and thirty-six in another. The historian offers proofs of these improprieties; but fails to make sufficient allowance for the almost universal demoralisation among public men at the period. Marlborough was only an exaggerated instance of a very common kind of depravity. For fifty years after the flight of James, there were lurking hopes of a Restoration; and not until these hopes were stamped out on the field of Culloden was there anything like a distinct progress in those virtues which now distinguish the best order of society in Britain.

Time has thrown a veil over the prevailing depravities at the end of the seventeenth century, and except to point a moral it would be needless to rake them up. As regards Marlborough, history recognises in him one of the greatest military commanders ever produced in England. For having driven the French out of Guelderland, and capturing Liege, 1702, he was advanced to be Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough. Two years later, in concert with Prince Eugene of Savoy, he defeated the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, for which gallantry he was presented by the nation with the estate of Woodstock, and was voted by parliament the sum of five hundred thousand pounds, for the erection of a suitable palace. This structure, now known as Blenheim, was completed in 1715. Marlborough died in 1722. His only son having previously died of small-pox, his estates and

honours devolved by Act of Parliament on his eldest daughter, Henrietta, at whose decease they passed to her nephew (son of her sister, Anne), Charles Spencer, fifth Earl of Sunderland. In his descendants, the honours of Marlborough are continued.

Diplomacy, politics, and law have largely added to the peerage. As in every reign, and even more frequently, according to change in administrative politics, notable lawyers are promoted to be Lord Chancellors or Lord Chief-justices, with a title of nobility inherited by descendants or by relations, the peerage is constantly recruited from this cause; and so is it by the ennobling of retired Speakers of the House of Commons. In the work, 'Stories of Remarkable Persons,' we have mentioned the cases of Erskine, LORD ERSKINE; and Scott, EARL OF ELDON; also the case of Wedderburn, created LORD LOUGHBOROUGH, and afterwards advanced to be EARL OF ROSSLYN, with remainder to his nephew, Sir James St Clair-Erskine, Bart., whose descendant is now EARL OF ROSSLYN. One or two other cases may be mentioned.

William Cowper, who rose to eminence as a lawyer, was the eldest son of Sir William Cowper, Bart., member of parliament for Hertford, and a land-proprietor in Kent and Hertfordshire. The family, said to be of ancient lineage in Kent, was at least descended from one of the sheriffs in the city of London, in 1551. For one who had to make his way by professional exertion, the circumstance of being the son of a baronet and owner of lands was rather a drawback; this, however, young Cowper surmounted by his good sense and great ability. He was born at Hertford in 1664. Studying for the bar, and connecting himself with the

Whig party, by whom the Revolution was achieved, he was soon on the highway to official distinction.

An unfortunate incident very nearly marred his prospects. He had a younger brother, Spencer, a barrister, against whom, in 1699, was brought a charge of murder, of which he was wholly guiltless. It was a curious case, famous in criminal trials. We shall give only the leading facts. There lived in Hertford, in good circumstances, the widow of Mr Stout, a Quaker, with her only daughter, Sarah. The Cowpers, from their connection with Hertford, were acquainted with the Stouts, and occasionally visited them. Spencer Cowper, from a friendly spirit, was serviceable in managing some pecuniary affairs for Sarah, which she recognised by the too tender sentiment of falling in love with him to an incontrollable degree, although she knew he was a married man, and had never given any encouragement for her extraordinary notions. The impression conveyed to our mind is that the young woman was to a certain extent mentally deranged, and scarcely accountable for her actions. One evening, after Spencer with three of his acquaintances had visited the house of Mrs Stout, and quietly departed, Sarah, as it would appear, in a sudden paroxysm of disappointment in not having her affection requited, left her home unnoticed, and drowned herself in a river which flows through the town of Hertford. Next morning, her body was found; and forthwith was raised the senseless rumour, fomented for political purposes, that Spencer Cowper and his three friends were guilty of strangling the young and pretty Quakeress, and of throwing her body into the water to conceal their crime. One cannot but feel

disgusted with the rashness of such unworthy imputations. A trial of the four accused persons took place at the assizes. It was shewn for the defence that the body of Sarah Stout bore no marks of violence, and that the accused had no interest in destroying her. At that time, counsel were not allowed to plead on behalf of prisoners, and Spencer Cowper, in a manly way, pleaded his own cause. He produced a letter to himself from Sarah Stout, which afforded convincing proof of her irregularity of mind. The jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty. There was thus an end of the affair; but it gave much concern to the Cowper family. Fortunately, it did not perceptibly retard the professional advancement of the two brothers, William and Spencer Cowper. Both pushed on their way. Spencer rose to be a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. At his decease, he left two sons. One of these was Dr John Cowper, Rector of Berkhamstead, whose eldest son was the illustrious poet, Cowper.

As for William Cowper, he succeeded to the baronetcy. He was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal by Queen Anne, in 1705, and two years later he became Lord Chancellor. His services to the Crown were continued on the accession of George I., and he was advanced to the dignities of *VISCOUNT FORDWICH* and *EARL COWPER*. His lordship died in 1723. From him in regular succession the Earldom has been continued till the present time; the family by intermarriages and otherwise ever growing in territorial distinction. The fifth Earl Cowper married a daughter of Viscount Melbourne, who was the mother of the sixth Earl. After the death of her husband, this lady, the Dowager Countess Cowper, as it will be remembered, married Henry John, *VISCOUNT*

PALMERSTON, the eminent statesman and Prime-minister. His alliance with the Cowper family permits us to say a few words regarding him and his ancestry.

The Temples were an exceedingly old English family. They traced their descent from Edwyn, an Anglo-Saxon chief, who was deprived of the Earldom of Mercia by the Conqueror, and lost his life in defending himself against the Normans in 1071. The surname, Temple, is comparatively modern. It was assumed from the manor of Temple, in Leicestershire, which had belonged to the Knights Templars, and was gifted to the family. Throughout the sixteenth century, successive members of the family occupied important places of trust in England and Ireland. One of these worthies possessed a high reputation for learning, and died about the beginning of the eighteenth century, at his seat of Moor Park, in Surrey. He must have been a man of genial feeling, and a profound lover of nature. In his will, he left express directions that his heart should be buried in a silver box under the sun-dial in his garden. We are told that the sun-dial was opposite to the window where he used to admire the scene of rural beauty. He bequeathed his heart in acknowledgment of the delight he had experienced, and that there might be still something of him left in a spot, from the contemplation of which he had derived so much happiness! There must have been much that was good in this aged member of the Temple family.

In 1722, Henry Temple, the head of the house, was created an Irish peer, as *BARON TEMPLE* and *VISCOUNT PALMERSTON*. The great-great-grandson of this personage was the late Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston. His history from youth upwards is within every-

body's recollection. After being for a time at Harrow, for the sake of his education, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he resided with, and attended the prelections of Dugald Stewart—a period of his life of which he retained agreeable memories. We need not pursue his political career. Irish peers possess a remarkable privilege. A certain number of them are elected for life to sit in the House of Lords, while the others not so elected, are eligible as members of the House of Commons as representatives of English constituencies. Lord Palmerston, an Irish peer, through all parliamentary vicissitudes, and while first Lord of the Treasury and Prime-minister, represented an English constituency till his lamented decease in 1865. From default of heirs, the peerage was extinct.

A few years ago, when residing for a short time in Hertfordshire, we had an opportunity of seeing some of the magnificent properties belonging to Earl Cowper. Our first visit was to Bocket Hall, situated within a noble park of some miles in circumference, not far from Hatfield, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. Bocket Hall is a massive square edifice, overlooking the river Lea. On being conducted through the house, we were shewn the apartment in which Lord Palmerston died. It was a small and plainly furnished bedroom on the ground floor. Stretching eastwards and southwards for several miles along by Tewin Water, various estates pertaining to the Cowper family, and decorated in the gaiety of summer, invited attention. The climax of beauty was the wooded park of Panshanger, in which, in a picturesque situation, stands the residence of Earl Cowper, within a mile and a half of Hertford. Some of the trees

in the park are of great size and antiquity. An oak, 'the monarch of the wood,' measures twenty-one feet in circumference, with the branches extending over a great surface of ground. Where but in England could we see such greensward, such affectionate regard for all proper tokens of antiquity?

Panshanger House is often visited on account of its admirable collection of pictures by old masters. These works of art are principally in a saloon of spacious dimensions. Here, one revels over choice specimens of Rembrandt, Correggio, Carlo Dolci, Murillo, Velasquez, Andrea del Sarto, and Leonardo da Vinci—all priceless in value. The whole are rendered doubly interesting to the visitor by a catalogue shewing a plan of the saloon, indicating the names and places of the respective pictures. In the library is shewn a portrait of the Lord Chancellor, first Earl Cowper. There is likewise a good portrait of his grand-nephew, the poet Cowper. Houses of this kind, the patrimonial residences of old families noted in history, are a pleasing national characteristic. They indicate the endurance of the nation and its venerated institutions.

In relating the story of Lady Jane Douglas in a previous part of the present volume, we had occasion to notice that the success of her extraordinary appeal case in the House of Lords was principally due to the oratory and shrewdness of a young and, till then, unknown barrister, named Thurlow. We have now something more to say of this remarkable member of the legal profession. Edward Thurlow was the son of a clergyman, the Rector of Ashfield, in Suffolk. Born in 1732, and called to the bar, he obtained a silk gown in 1761, and passing through the stages of Solicitor-

general and Attorney-general, was constituted Lord Chancellor in 1778, when he was raised to the peerage as **BARON THURLOW** of Ashfield.

Of strong will, a good classical scholar, a profound lawyer, and with courage amounting to audacity, Thurlow was one of the most famous men of the age. With his robust figure, strongly marked features, keen piercing eyes, and his bushy eyebrows, he was something too terrific to encounter in any legal or other argument. **LORD CAMPBELL**, in his *'Lives of the Lord Chancellors,'* has gone so minutely into the history of this remarkable personage, that we need give only a few particulars. When he had taken his seat on the Woolsack, an opportunity soon occurred for shewing the mettle he was made of. In the course of a debate in the House of Lords concerning an inquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital, the **DUKE OF GRAFTON** indiscreetly and with bad taste reproached Thurlow with his mean birth. This splendid opportunity of becoming superlatively great, and in fact of cowing the House, was greedily seized hold of by Thurlow; for Grafton was descended from Henry Fitz-Roy, an illegitimate son of Charles II. by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, and he had therefore exposed himself to a frightful castigation. Mr Butler, an eye-witness, describes the memorable scene :

'Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House; then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, "I am amazed," he said in a loud tone of voice, "at the attack the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords," considerably raising his voice, "I am amazed at His Grace's speech.

The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all those noble Lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable as to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the Peerage more than I do; but my Lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited me, not I the Peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered—as a MAN—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest Peer I now look down upon.” The effect of this speech,’ adds Mr Butler, ‘both within and without the walls of parliament was prodigious.’ It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor ever possessed: it invested him in public opinion, with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people.’

While Thurlow was in office as Lord Chancellor, a commotion was caused, in March 1784, by his loss of the Great Seal, which was feloniously stolen and carried off from his house during the night; the thieves having got in by forcing two bars from the kitchen window. Perhaps the burglars expected that a large

reward would be offered for recovery of the lost instrument. If so, they were mistaken. His Majesty in Council immediately caused a new Great Seal to be made; and though roughly executed, it was next day ready for use. This make-shift Seal shortly afterwards was replaced by a new Great Seal of exquisite workmanship. No substantial inconvenience was caused by the burglary; nor were the thieves ever discovered.

Thurlow finally quitted office in 1792. Latterly, he gave much offence by his overbearing manner, and his differences with Mr Pitt rendered his dismissal inevitable. He had no heirs to whom his title could descend, and the only boon granted to him was that the remainder of his Peerage was granted to the sons of his brother. His last years were spent in retirement at Brighton, where from his conversational powers and the causticity of his remarks, he was an acceptable guest of George, Prince of Wales. A person who knew him at this period, speaks of having complimented him on his surprising memory. Thurlow, in reply, would not allow the want of memory in any one; but said it 'was want of attention, and not want of memory that occasions forgetfulness.' Such is true; but the remark is important as coming from a man of singular acuteness. He died in 1806.

In old Scottish history, several now distinguished families already noticed come well to the front. In addition, the DUKES OF ROXBURGHE deserve some special mention. In early records, frequent notice is taken of the Kers of Cessford, a family which, like that of the Scotts of Buccleuch, were concerned in maintaining peace on the Scottish border. Sir Robert Ker, Knight, of Cessford, was, in 1600, elevated to

the peerage of Scotland as Lord Roxburghe, and a few years later advanced to the dignity of Earl of Roxburghe. The fifth Earl, in 1707, was made Marquis of Bowmont and Duke of Roxburghe. Public interest is chiefly directed to John, the third Duke, born in 1740, and who, on succeeding his father, rose high in the estimation of George III.

His Grace appears to have spent most of his time in London and in foreign travel. With a handsome figure, and varied mental accomplishments, he was a general favourite among persons of refined tastes. A bent was given to his pursuits, as the result of an attachment that had been formed between His Grace, when on his travels, and Christiana-Sophia-Albertina, eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. There were no solid objections to the match; and the nuptials would have taken place, but for the circumstance that Charlotte, a younger sister of Christiana, had just at that time been espoused to George III. Etiquette then interfered, it being deemed not proper that the elder sister, as Duchess of Roxburghe, should be inferior in station to her younger sister, as Queen Charlotte. It was an absurd objection. In the present day, no such punctilio would have been suffered to interfere with the intended marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe with his bride-elect. At that time, etiquette was inexorable. The Duke and Christiana yielded to their unhappy fate. But both evinced the strength of their attachment by devoting their after-lives to celibacy.

With feelings driven in upon himself, John, third Duke of Roxburghe, became a great collector of curious old books, noted for their extreme scarcity. The

pursuit became a kind of mania. No cost, however enormous, prevented him from purchasing works that struck his fancy, and which rival book-hunters desired to possess. His house was in St James's Square, London, and here he collected his numerous literary treasures. Some amusing anecdotes of his bibliomania are given in the works of Dr T. F. Dibdin. The Duke died in 1804. Shortly afterwards, his valuable library, rich in old romances of chivalry and early English poetry, was disposed of by auction; the sale producing an extraordinary commotion among noblemen and gentlemen with antiquarian tastes. As a specimen of the prices that were run up by competition, it may be stated that a copy of the first work printed by Caxton, in 1471, sold for £1050, 10s. The largest sum, however (and perhaps the greatest ever paid for a single printed volume up till that time), was given by the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, for the first edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' which fetched £2260. In commemoration of the interest which the sale of this collection occasioned among literary antiquaries, the Roxburghe Club was instituted, for the purpose of printing a limited number of scarce manuscripts found in public and private libraries.

That fatal celibacy of John, third Duke of Roxburghe, by leaving him without issue, had a serious dislocating effect on the lineage and dignities of the family. The Duke's British honours expired, and his Scottish honours devolved on a distant relation, at whose decease there was a protracted legal contest concerning the heritage. It was at length settled in favour of Sir James Innes Northcliffe, Bart. The recent Dukes of Roxburghe can

only in a remote degree be identified with the heroic old Kers of Cessford.

To return from this digression to the main thread of these desultory sketches :

Whatever be the cause of absorption into the peerage, there prevails the peculiarity of possessing lands, such being presumed to give some assurance of sufficient and permanent wealth, to sustain the family dignity. With few exceptions, therefore, members of the peerage are large land-proprietors, and in their patrimonial domains command not only general respect, but commonly considerable political influence. Yet, although the elevation to the peerage be an object of ambition, there are feelings of a contrary nature. The higher the rank the more cumbrous are the social obligations. There are accordingly numerous instances among old and wealthy families of preferring to remain in the rank of commoners, with the privilege of being eligible as members of the House of Commons, as the more popular and powerful branch of the legislature, and where there is scope for more diversified mental activity than in the quietly dignified region of the House of Lords. For example, it is known that SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, Bart., the eminent politician and representative of an old family, might if he chose have been raised to the peerage, but preferred the bustling life of a commoner.

We have seen the same thing stated of SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart., M.P., the possessor of large landed estates in Denbighshire. Through a clear line of ancestry Sir Watkin traces his descent from CADROD HARDD (Cadrod the Handsome), a chieftain in the Isle of Anglesey, in the tenth century, and whose family

have for several generations enjoyed pre-eminent rank in the principality of Wales ; nor are they second to any among the Cambrian families in territorial possessions and political influence. In returning thanks for his seventh election for Denbighshire in 1868, Sir Watkin said : ' The position for more than a century and a half has been the most prized distinction of my family ; it was preferred by my great-grandfather to an earldom, by my father to an earldom, by myself to a peerage.' An acknowledgment of this kind throws light on the high character of the old landed gentry. Wynnstay, the superb residence of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, situated amidst park-scenery in the beautiful vale of Llangollen, is reckoned one of the glories of England.

Occasionally a degree of romance crops out in the history of noble families of an old date. A case of this kind occurs in the history of the Godolphin Osbornes, DUKES OF LEEDS. The founder of the family, as we may call him, was Edward Osborne, apprentice to William Hewit, a clothier who resided with his wife and daughter, Anne, in a house on London Bridge. One day, Anne, in leaning over the window, fell into the Thames, and was rescued from drowning by young Osborne, who plunging in after her, brought her ashore. We might call this adventure a 'swim for a wife. It was the foundation of Osborne's fortune. He was married to Anne Hewit, he succeeded to the wealth of his father-in-law, he was knighted, and rose to be Lord Mayor of London. At his decease in 1591, Sir Edward Osborne left a son and two daughters. His great-grandson, Sir Thomas Osborne, became Lord High Treasurer of England, and was elevated to the peerage as BARON OSBORNE OF KIVETON,

and VISCOUNT LATIMER OF DANBY, in 1673. Next year, he was advanced to the dignity of an Earldom, as EARL OF DANBY, under which title he is often referred to in history. There were more honours awaiting him. In 1689, he was created MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN, and in 1694, DUKE OF LEEDS. Thomas, the fourth Duke, was married to a daughter and eventually heir of Francis, EARL OF GODOLPHIN. It is unnecessary to pursue the account of the family.

In the pedigree of the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE there occurs an incident as curious and interesting as that just referred to. The Lansdowne family, who rank among the most esteemed in the peerage, trace their origin in the lineal branch to the Fitzmaurices, LORDS OF KERRY. Thomas, the twenty-first Lord Kerry, married, in 1692, Anne, only daughter of Sir William Petty, whence the name Petty became blended with the surname of the family, while at the same time, by the union, their possessions were very materially increased.

William Petty, whose fortune enriched the Lansdownes, was the elder son of a clothier at Rumsey, a small town on the coast of England. He was born in 1623. As a boy at school he was noted for his extraordinary mechanical genius, and his assiduous pursuit of knowledge. His father gave him a good education to enable him to enter the medical profession, in which he became a successful practitioner. When entering on his career as a surgeon-physician at Oxford, a circumstance occurred which greatly affected his future career. In 1650, a woman named Anne Green was tried and condemned to death for child-murder. Her fate roused considerable compassion, for there was

a general belief that she had been unfairly dealt with. Be that as it may, the law was suffered to take its course, and the unfortunate woman was hanged. After being suspended half an hour, and when it was thought that life was extinct, she was cut down, and carried away in a coffin to be dissected by the doctors, for the benefit of anatomical science. Dr Petty, the young and ingenious physician, imagined, on looking at the body, that it shewed symptoms of a possible resuscitation, were the proper means employed. It quite suited his eager spirit of enterprise to make the attempt. Assisted by other doctors, he set to work, and at length, by dint of skill and perseverance, actually succeeded in bringing the poor woman to life. Anne was, of course, astonished to find that, by the bungling of the executioner, she was still in the land of the living, and gladly she went home unmolested to her friends. It is recorded that she lived for a number of years afterwards, and had several children.

Anything seemingly marvellous in the way of cure, exalts the reputation of a surgeon. Accordingly, the bringing of an apparently dead woman to life, immensely raised the fame of Dr Petty. He was talked of far and wide. The foundation of his fortune was laid. Proceeding by invitation to Ireland, he became physician to three successive Lords-lieutenant, was knighted, and appointed to be Physician-general to the Army. With his versatility of talent, he undertook the survey of Ireland at the rate of a penny an acre, by which fortunate adventure he realised great wealth. As Sir William Petty he returned to England, and wrote a number of scientific treatises. This remarkable genius died in his house in Piccadilly, in 1687.

The accession of property by intermarriage with Sir William's daughter and heiress, enabled Lord Kerry to sustain higher honours with becoming distinction. He was promoted to be Earl of Kerry. His second son, John, was created EARL OF SHELBURNE in 1753. William, second Earl of Shelburne, was advanced to be MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE in 1784. The second Marquis died without issue in 1809, when his honours devolved on his half-brother, LORD HENRY PETTY. There are those still alive (the writer of this for one) who had the pleasure of knowing personally and appreciating the great talents of Henry, third Marquis of Lansdowne. As from default of direct heirs, he inherited the honours of the Earls of Kerry, in him were happily united the two branches of the Fitzmaurice-Pettys. A popular writer, in speaking of the Lansdowne family, remarks with more truth than elegance: 'The brains of a clothier's son brought them their great wealth.' We would more graciously, for the special benefit of the young and aspiring, conclude with the old familiar apothegm, that SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE!

THE END.

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